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I REMEMBER







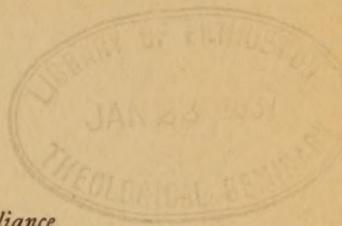
Fred B. Smith

# I REMEMBER

By

FRED B. SMITH

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for International Friendship through the Churches*



With an Introduction by  
CHARLES H. SEAVER



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## INTRODUCTION

**T**HREE may be entertainment, education, and inspiration in the story of a versatile and useful life. Few living men, I suspect, have lived richer lives than Fred B. Smith. Few can look back on seventy years with more satisfaction on account of service given their fellow-men. His is not a name conspicuously noted in current history or popularly connected with the course of human events. His influence nevertheless has been a vigorous and effective force in the history of his time beyond that of many a public servant whose name is far more widely known. His life in its incidence on countless thousands of other lives and in its connection with great problems of human relations has been extraordinarily integrated, steadily purposeful, and in some phases romantically interesting.

Many of his friends have long been urging him to set down something of this record. Others have written small scraps of it or brief sketches of it on various occasions. Only the man who has lived the life, however, can put into the record his own personality undiluted. He may not appraise objectively the influence he has exerted, or make historical estimates of other personalities within his circle of contact, but his story of his experience is necessary to a fair understanding of his life and work. So we who have known Fred Smith have wanted as much as he would write of his own life as he recalls it.

It happens that I have been a fellow-citizen of the same community for more than twenty years, and for a large part of that time a next-door neighbor. I have served with him also on some boards and committees, and attended with him various meetings in this country and Europe. We have had innumerable front-porch and back-yard discussions of nearly everything under the sun. Our respective families have borrowed and lent tools, food, books and periodicals, and what not. Even the dog and the cat from this house know the way to the kitchen in that house. There are many things about which we do not agree, from such

## INTRODUCTION

trivial questions as the possibilities of a hand at contract bridge or the policies if any of the Republican party to such more important subjects as the best vehicle for the personal consumption of tobacco or the ways to world peace. But through all these years, whether in spite of or on account of such close contact, I have developed a high appreciation of the rare personality of this man, not only as a neighbor and friend, but also as a lover of humanity whose life has been spent in the highways and byways of the world for the betterment of human relations. Others could appraise his services more appropriately and effectively; none more sincerely.

The writer of the record that makes up this book could make it, of course, only a partial record, including experiences that now seem to him most significant or most interesting. But there must be thousands of men and women in America, many also in other lands, who could tell of the influence of Fred B. Smith on their lives in experiences that will never be recorded; there are present and future leaders of causes worth while whose interest is due directly or indirectly to him, whether they are aware of it or not; there are forces of public opinion, some perhaps current and transient, others slow-growing and long-enduring, which he has helped mightily to build up. His own story must therefore seem inadequate to many who read it, knowing of individual and group activities he set going which are not mentioned in these pages—of which perhaps he is unaware.

Many years of active service may lie ahead for Fred B. Smith, in evangelism for the application of the Christian gospel to problems that sorely trouble humanity, in organization of public opinion in the interest of public welfare, in counsel and persuasion that bring together and keep together for high purposes men and women of good will; but whatever he adds to the record, or to his unrecorded service, we have here his own story of his first seventy years.

CHARLES H. SEAVER.

*White Plains, New York.*

POSTSCRIPT.—Fred B. Smith died September 4, 1936, after an illness of three months. The above foreword and all the record that follows were written before his illness. It has been thought best to let them be published as they were written.—C. H. S.

## AN EXPLANATION

**I**T has been said that a man's usefulness ends on the day he begins to think of the past. I am sure there have been exceptions to this rather sombre sentiment but I am equally sure that it is generally true; and further, that that type of older man who incessantly thrusts himself into every available occasion with "that reminds me," and then in wearisome details recites the stories of his past, has not only ceased to be useful but rapidly becomes a nuisance and if he lives long enough is a menace to society. Just because of this I have for a long time resisted the appeals of my own family and a considerable number of those who have been my intimate friends, with whom I have been associated in various forms of Christian, philanthropic and social welfare work during the years, to put in permanent form some of the experiences of my life.

In the first place, I do not want my usefulness to entirely cease now, for there are so many fascinating unfinished tasks in the Christian movement throughout the world to which I yearn to make some small contribution even yet to their fulfilment. In the second place, I do not profess to be a writer of any unique significance. Under pressure I have written some articles for the religious press, and a few books, but they have always seemed to be decidedly secondary in value as compared to other forms of service in which I have been engaged. In the third place, I am one of those who since November 11, 1918, have been declaring that "the world is in the midst of a great change," and I have continued to do so even when that statement has been made more or less a joke by the would-be near-funny folks. So strongly have I believed and do I believe that the older orders of forms of government, of systems of economics, of emphasis in religion, and theories of education, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting and that radical changes are to take place, that I have been rather reluctant to write much, fearing that a few short years hence might make it look silly and dull. In the

fourth place, I have felt a sense of shrinking from an undertaking which would involve so much personal reference. I have never been accused of an over-modest or retiring disposition, but to contemplate a deliberate series of writings in which I was to repeatedly drag out personal incidents and use the capital "I" and pronoun "me" seemed a little too difficult. I have read some very wonderful autobiographies in which the writers dealt with contemporaneous events in a superb way and the profound implications were so great that the personal elements were not flagrant. As an illustration, the marvellous book by Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts, under title, *Memories of a Happy Life*, is a high example. I knew in anticipation that talent of that kind was not mine. However, after long thought and repeated requests by those to whom reference has been made, I have written in a simple personal way, in the hope—

1. That I may give a new testimony of the unchanging facts in some principles and methods for which I have contended for nearly forty-five years.

2. That I may give courage to younger people who are engaged in Christian service or who may be contemplating dedicating their lives to the service of Christ and His Gospel of World Redemption.

I know I should fail miserably if I attempted to be profound. Therefore, I must ask generous consideration of those who read and I offer no further apology for an intimate personal method.

F. B. S.

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## PART ONE

# BOYHOOD IN IOWA AND EARLY MANHOOD ON THE MIDDLE BORDER OF DAKOTA

### I

#### GETTING LAUNCHED

No biography or autobiography seems complete without some recognition of ancestors. Therefore, lest I be suspected of evading something, I will follow briefly the regular procedure. But before indulging in genealogy I must record a deep sense of gratitude for ever being born at all or staying born after getting started.

Among some old letters of my mother's which my oldest sister discovered in the family archives, there is one written in January, 1866, from the farmhouse in Iowa to my grandmother Smith in Manchester, Vermont. The opening paragraph reads thus:

"DEAR MOTHER:

You have not heard from us in several weeks. There has been a reason. We have a new son, born December 24th. We knew you thought we had enough babies before this one came [I was the fifth] and so did we. Therefore we did not write about it. But anyway he is here and has been named Fred Burton. The neighbors say he is a likely looking boy and maybe he will turn out all right."

My name, as I learned later, was chosen from no sentimental charm but rather to soothe the wrath of the "old folks" in Vermont when they learned that the poor relations in the West had another baby to be fed and clothed. "Fred," not "Frederick," was the name of my great-grandfather and one used frequently in the family. "Burton" was to represent a rather well-to-do wing of the same family. I have no doubt it was

thought that using this name might prove to be of some value in great emergencies.

If Margaret Sanger and her disciples had been campaigning in those days and could have made an impression upon my father and mother, I shouldn't have been at all. And then, after getting over this hurdle, it seemed as though I couldn't stay born. If I was at play with a group of boys and one of us had to get hit on the head or fall out of a tree, I was the one. Trouble just came naturally my way.

A vivid illustration of this occurred when I was about ten years old. Together with a bunch of boys I played "hooky" from school one Friday afternoon and went swimming in Moss's Pond, on the outskirts of Muscatine, Iowa. In the crowd was one boy, a little overgrown, by the name of Pet Fulliam. Because he was fat and a little clumsy he didn't have quite the social standing of the more fortunate. On this eventful day he sat on the hillside and looked on. The pond was about one hundred yards wide. The day was a bit cool. On the opposite side some chaps had built a bonfire and seemed to have something to eat. Our ringleader proposed that we swim over and *investigate*. I had learned to swim only a few strokes, but did not want to be called a baby. I started bravely with the gang. When we got about half the way I lost my nerve, got a brain-storm, heart failure, or something, and went down. I have heard it said that one sinks only three times in drowning, but I know better. I was too busy to keep actual count, but it seems to me I went up and down about a hundred times. The first time I came up I looked for my friends for some help, but every one of them was paddling with all his might for the shore to save his own life. The next time I got my head out I heard Pet Fulliam, the big boy, shout, "You fellows help Fred, he is drowning." But his message fell on hard soil, even if they were in a pond of water. They were for "safety first." The next I knew I heard this same Pet's voice near me say, "Now, Fred, you just keep quiet and I will get you out." He got me around the neck and with a strong, steady stroke pulled me to shore. But for that big fellow's intervention, ten years would have been the span of my life. Needless to say, I was Pet's unfailing friend from that day on. He never looked fat to me after that rescue. He just looked strong.

In one form or another of athletics, I have had nine bones

broken in various parts of my anatomy. By one of these accidents I knew when the telephone began to be a real thing.

One day in wrestling a lad smaller than myself threw me clear over his head. I knew my shoulder was hurt but did not tell my father or mother of it then. After a day or two, however, when I could disguise it no longer, a Dr. Robertson was called and diagnosed the trouble as a broken collar-bone. He had to break it again to get it set and properly adjusted. The following summer I was playing in a baseball game at the County Fair at Muscatine and was honored by being assigned the catcher's position. No masks, gloves, or protectors were known in those days. To be sure that there would be no hits, I decided to reach in and get the throw in front of the bat. The plan worked successfully for a while until a big bully came to bat. As he swung at a ball and I reached in to take it away from him, his bat struck me across the neck. No doctor was needed to tell me my other collar-bone was broken. I knew it by experience. My father was on the Fair Grounds somewhere, but I didn't want to see him. So I started down into the town, about three miles away, to consult the same doctor who had handled the first collar-bone. I found him in his office over the Post Office. He was a big jovial sort of physician, not a crape-hanger type. He laughed and had started the process of setting the bone when a messenger came in and said, "Doctor, you are wanted on the telephone." One had just been installed in the Post Office below. He went out and in a few minutes returned, laughing a big noisy laugh, and reported: "That was your father. He asked if you had broken the same bone again." Some of the boys who had met my father on the grounds had told him of the accident. "I told him, 'No, it was the other one.'" Father had then said, "Well, doctor, if that boy has three collar-bones, break the other one while he is there."

The big Dr. Robertson added something like this, as I have brought it back to memory many times in later years: "Isn't that wonderful? It is over two miles out to the Fair Grounds but I heard his voice just as clearly as you can hear mine. I can hardly believe it to be true." That was in 1879 or 1880 and fixes with me the advent of the telephone.

Not only through these physical catastrophes and mishaps was there a sort of doubt about the wisdom of my being in existence at all, but also through psychological suggestion. Psychology as

a science had not been very far developed then, but mental suggestion was working just the same long before the professors got it analyzed in the textbooks. My two older brothers and my two older sisters seemed to share the opinion of my mother and my New England relatives that I was a sort of unnecessary appendage to the family. They hinted this strongly at times and in my years up to the teens always referred to me as the "bad boy," the "black sheep" of the flock. If I had permitted mental suggestions to fix my course, I should have gone wrong altogether. I was no pet baby brother. I had to struggle to prove that there was some justification for staying born. But that letter of my mother's in which she pictured so vividly the somewhat less than wild enthusiasm with which my birth was heralded, and that almost miraculous rescue from drowning after I had sunk enough times to drown an army, and escape from death in all sorts of smash-ups *have given me a very real conviction that somehow God must have meant me to be born and to stay born and therefore for some good reason.*

#### ANCESTRY

After setting forth these incidents of a general character it must be appropriate to take the customary look at the family tree. My father, Robert A. Smith, was born on a farm near Manchester, Vermont. My paternal grandfather, Burr Smith, was born on the same farm. My great-grandfather, Captain Fred Smith, for whom I was named, was born near Plymouth, England, was brought early to New England by his parents, and some time made his way to the distant frontier that is now Vermont. Some of the earlier Smiths, in their desire to give a certain glow to the family, have written of some of my ancestors, the Brewsters, as voyagers on the historic *Mayflower*. I have never taken time to search this out, as I have not cared to take chances on what might be developed or to claim an origin by ancestry on an already overcrowded ship.

On the other side of my father's family I am a Burton, as I mentioned in explaining my name. This Burton relationship has been written up in an interesting book of three hundred pages, the central character being Josiah Burton, an uncle of my father and a very famous judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, also the joint-founder of the Burr and Burton Seminary of Man-

chester. Of course, these Burtons were all Congregationalists. As far as my personal knowledge goes, all of them believed and those living still believe (with considerable justification, I may say) that the Congregational Church is the one proper church to which all the people will eventually come.

My mother, Endora A. Dinwiddie, was born in Crown Point, Indiana, in the midst of the Dinwiddie clan which is still prominent in Lake County. My maternal grandfather was born in Virginia among the Dinwiddies of Dinwiddie County, all of Scotch ancestry. His family tree runs back to Peebles, Scotland, where the Dinwiddies are still numerous, all of whom are descendants of the quiet, gentle Clan MacGregor made so renowned by their distinguished member Rob Roy. This wing of my ancestry was and is Presbyterian in ecclesiastical traditions and strictly United Presbyterian in practice. The Dinwiddies, like the Smiths, had either inherited or developed the pioneer, overland, move-on-somewhere habit.

My father traveled by boat, stagecoach, and railway from Vermont to the Mississippi River at Galena, Illinois, or New Diggings, Wisconsin, only two or three miles apart. Here he "broke journey" one winter to teach a term of school to resuscitate an exhausted pocketbook, and here met the Scotch lass Endora, my mother. Nobody seems to know how he got from the Mississippi River to our famous Lone Tree in Johnson County, Iowa, where he settled. I think it altogether likely that he carried a pack and hiked his way or "hooked" a ride.

My grandfather Dinwiddie (M. D.) trekked overland through the forests, swamps, and prairies from Virginia to Lake County, Indiana. Later he must have taken his family into Illinois. Nobody seems to know how they got from the Mississippi River to Newton, Iowa, where my parents were married. The journey was probably by covered wagon, as I recall hearing my grandfather tell that one of the two horses with which he had to begin his farming was killed by lightning just after their arrival. This roaming instinct in the family can be checked and double-checked. I will make reference to it in a later chapter.

These are facts which I do not know how to interpret scientifically in their relation to my own life. Experts in psychology, in heredity, in environment, in religious training might do it, and tell me this influence was helpful, that influence harmful. Any-

way, I like to think of the one strain of heroic, self-sacrificing, indomitable Pilgrims of Plymouth, England, and the frugal, pious, daring, revolutionary Green Mountain boys of Vermont, and of the other strain of the strictest sect of the Calvinists, of John Knox and the Scottish Reformation. It seems to me that they were well represented in my father and my mother.

When very young I was afraid of lightning. I remember once in a fierce thunderstorm my mother, to calm my fears, said, "Never mind, my boy, if you are to be struck by lightning, you will be, whether you are on top of the ground or down in the bottom of a well." I had a high regard for her theology but did keep dodging lightning (and successfully, I may add). This was the theology she taught by personal admonition, by prayer and singing, in season and out. Whatever may have been her particular desires about her fifth offspring, I am sure she believed implicitly that it was ordained six thousand years before that I was to be born on that exact Christmas eve.

I remember one occasion when a newspaper man was interviewing me for what he called a "feature story." After some conversation he said, "Mr. Smith, please state what you believe has been the one greatest influence for good in your life." I answered: "That is impossible, for there have been a thousand influences through personalities and events which have combined to direct the currents of my life. I cannot say which one was greatest." Some time afterward I regretted that I had not taken a little more time for thought; for if I had I would have said unhesitatingly, "*My early childhood home life.*"

That life was very simple in that pioneer farmhouse. I am sure its rugged tasks gave me not only an extraordinary physical strength but also a fixed habit of doing work that has to be done and regarding it as an enjoyable experience and not irksome slavery. But I am still more grateful for the unwavering fidelity to moral and religious duties which that home life required.

Grace was said at our meals three times a day. Family prayers were regular and unhurried. We went to church and Sunday school. I do not remember ever having any argument with my father and mother upon this question. If I was not ill, I went to church. That was that. We observed the Holy Sabbath as a day of rest and worship. No unnecessary work was

done on that day. I never saw any man at work in the fields on my father's farm on a Sunday. My mother prepared most of the food for the Sunday dinner on Saturday. We played no games on Sunday. We were a game-loving family. Cards, checkers, chess, croquet, baseball, and the like were part of our wholesome delightful recreation. But it just happened that we were not so dull mentally that we could not enjoy Sunday without resort to games.

There was no liquor in our house for either beverage or medicinal purposes. I recall no occasion when that subject was considered serious enough to be mooted.

There was strict discipline in that home in matters of obedience and general behavior. My father never used a "rod" on any one of his children. As a matter of fact, my mother was so faithful and expert in this exercise of authority that he was not needed. This trait of my father's character I must have inherited as I never resorted to that base method with my own children. I have always believed that the "rod" referred to in the Bible is not meant to be a branch from a hickory tree or a club from the woodpile in the hands of a mad brute of a father. A twig from a willow or young cherry tree in the hands of a mother, with tears in her eyes and a clutch at her heart, may be an occasional illustration of that "rod"; but for the irritable "old man" of the house, "hands off." However, my father was not soft or indifferent in this regard. He had a powerful technique of his own. If we were unruly we were denied privileges of the family fellowship, which stung more sharply than a whipping post. But greatest of all was his *look* of disapproval. I am reminded that on many occasions, when I disobeyed, the disappointed, grieved look in his eye led me to wish he would take a branch from the hickory tree and use it vigorously to settle the account.

I want to emphasize as strongly as possible that I did not "get too much religion when I was a kid." That mawkish statement is made not infrequently by men and women who seek an alibi for their low standards of morality and their hostility to religion. Each year of my maturity I have grown more grateful to God that the father and mother of my childhood had some fine standards and kept them. That memory and influence have been a glorious asset. I am now seeing families where the par-

ents in the name of liberality are definitely fixing the moral collapse of their children.

All these are happy remembrances to me and have been a great power in giving direction to my life and courage to carry on. I am fully persuaded that the sag in high ideals and sense of spiritual values, which is of such frequent comment and regret in our modern life, is in very large measure due to the slackness and carelessness of home training and discipline. Morally lazy fathers and mothers, who in many cases want an excuse for their own loose morality, are neglecting their highest responsibility in the training of their children and are hiding behind the soft philosophy of "*self-expression*." I remember with great joy my New England English Congregational father and my beautiful Scotch Presbyterian mother. To them I ascribe highest praise for the boyhood home life with its religious training and moral standards which were faithfully observed. This has been an unfailing anchorage in the periods of great moral strain. There was, I am sure, a dynamic in it for future years.

### ECONOMIC CLOUDS

I have already referred to that deep and ever-increasing affection which I had for my parents, but as I refresh my memory it seems as though this affection was intensified even in very young boyhood by observing the economic strain which seemed to be all the time, every day, and every week, and every year, imposed upon my father. I can recall dreams I had, and by certain contemporaneous events I know some of these were before I had reached my teens, about some villain who was doing some terrible thing to my father. Sometimes he was taking away his money, sometimes he was taking away his home, at other times he was in some great contest and the other participants were conspiring against him; and I would awaken with a sense of horror because I so longed to have things go well with my father. This feeling came to its height, however, during the period when I was in the schools at Iowa City. My father came up from the farm, spent a day with me and late in the afternoon had his team and the little old buggy ready to start back home. We stood on a certain street corner in Iowa City, a spot, I may say, to which I have frequently gone in later years; and there he quietly told me that the small amount which he had been giving me to con-

tinue my school work he could not afford any longer. Another very severe loss had come to him in a patent right which he had purchased for a kind of a non-freezing pump, and this would for some time take everything he could possibly raise. And then as he took my hand to say good-bye, he placed a twenty-five cent piece in the palm of my hand and said, "However, you are free to go out for yourself, earn anything you can, and make your way in the world."

He was a man of very few words, was never emotional, not accustomed to effusiveness, but that firm grip of his hand and the influence of that twenty-five cent piece in the palm of my hand has never left me. It was a symbol of the economic burden that followed him to the grave, but vastly beyond that a token of his deep love and anxiety for me. So far as I know that was the last gift of its kind he ever made to me, although later when in Dakota we all worked together in the opening of the new country and took care of the cattle, I was supposed to share in any profits, but they never amounted to enough to be remembered.

## II

### OTHER BOYHOOD RECOLLECTIONS

JUST to make things hang together as accurately as possible concerning my early life, I will note that I was born December 24, 1865, on the old homestead farm at Lone Tree, in Johnson County, in the southeastern part of Iowa.

"Lone Tree" is just Lone Tree. It always has been and always will be. It might get to be a little more so, but that is all. In its most affluent days in a boom it may have had a population of one hundred. This included permanent, summer, winter, and migrant labor residents, and one mulatto voter. It should be observed also that it was and remains Democratic in politics, predominantly Methodist Episcopal in religion (although it has two or three other lesser churches), and "wet" so far as liquids are concerned. Needless to add it has a typical "Main Street."

It got its name from one lone oak tree which by some strange miracle survived the early prairie fires. Standing upon the bleak prairies, about thirty miles west of the Mississippi River, before the days of the telegraph or the railways, it served as a guide signal for the overland pioneers. Fortunately for historical and political purposes, it still lives and is doctored and nursed by the modest gifts of the "old-timers," myself included. Here, and at Muscatine, the nearest Mississippi River town, I spent the first seventeen years of life.

#### EDUCATION

Somewhere of course I must say something about education or some supercilious folks might get the impression that I wasn't educated at all. From the high pedestal of the intelligentsia that might seem to be more or less true. But it would not be all of the truth. However, it is a brief story and does not call for much elucidation. My school and book education began in the little white schoolhouse in the country, to which with all my brothers and sisters I went. We had to walk, winter and summer, in sunshine, rain, wind, and snow, one mile and a quarter

each way every day. We had to get up early to do the "chores," milk the cows, carry in the wood, etc. It was a grand experience.

As I look back I am sure that I learned more of real abiding good sense in that insignificant little "district" school at Lone Tree than in all the other places where I sought book wisdom. We were taught how to get along with each other. We were taught how to appreciate what we had. We were taught the true values of life. That first school was a real college. Its entire system pivoted on the "Readers," edited by Dr. William Holmes McGuffey. The scholarship standing was not determined in that school by the marks given in some "exam" in reply to a set of hypothetical, fantastic, unrelated questions propounded by some unrelated professor or board, but rather whether the scholar was in the First, Second, Third, Fourth, or Fifth McGuffey's Reader. The real test wasn't just the ability to read the words but what one had read and assimilated.

I never heard of a boy or girl who had successfully "finished" McGuffey's Readers standing around on some street corner waiting for a job to come along. I believe it would be a real addition to the value of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Chicago if they would require all Freshmen to give some time to McGuffey's Readers and the subjects they introduce. There might be among the students more "horse sense" and less blasé supercilious ignorance and stupid helplessness. I am glad to learn that Mr. Henry Ford and others have erected in Pennsylvania a suitable monument to Dr. McGuffey, inscribed to "The Father of Our Educators." In these Readers and the country district school, I acknowledge the real basis of what I have called education.

And if I wanted to make this statement of education seem practically perfect, so far as my own mind is concerned, I would add that a part of our fundamental education in those earlier years of my life was reading with great faithfulness *The Youth's Companion*. Or, to put it more definitely, McGuffey's Readers were the basis of our "classroom" work, but our "home work" was to absorb *The Youth's Companion*.

I think my oldest brother was the first subscriber to it in the family. He read it until he got too smart, then my oldest sister Harriet became the subscriber. She read it for her period of higher education, then my next brother Burr came along. He

took his innings with it, to be followed by sister Helen. And then after a short period I came into this inheritance. As a matter of fact it was not only a part of my higher education but it was the inspiration that taught me salesmanship. In those years they gave some very beautiful prizes for new subscribers. I rode up and down the roads on an old horse soliciting subscriptions, and while attending school in Muscatine I became a nuisance up and down the streets as I knocked on the doors (this was before the time of doorbells) and recited the set speech which had been taught me as a sales argument for this most famous youth paper then being printed.

Put these two items together—the “McGuffey Readers” and *The Youth’s Companion*—and there was not much more to be desired in the way of education, so we thought.

My father was a graduate of the Burr and Burton Seminary in Vermont and was greatly concerned that we, his children, had so limited opportunities in this respect. At great financial sacrifice he therefore rented the farm for a time, and moved into Muscatine that we might get the additional benefit of the public schools. After this I went to Iowa City where all at one time I was a student in a very famous old Hiatt’s Academy, Williams Business College, and the State University. The latter came about, not because I was of university standing in books, but because I was of university class in baseball. The Athletic Committee or Board saw me playing on the Academy team and proceeded to bootleg me into the University. Had it not been for the great trek into Dakota in the years 1882 and 1883 I should doubtless have graduated at the University. In later years I took two helpful years of the New York Chautauqua’s Reading Course with a very interesting group in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Summing it up, my education in the schools was by a sort of à la carte method, for all of which I am thankful and have no shadow of regret. If I had had less it would have been unfortunate, I am sure. If I had had more, I might have been diverted into some other vocation that would have given me less satisfaction than has come to me from my lifework.

#### A TORNADO

When I was about eight years old I remember being with one of my brothers, both my sisters, and an aunt, out in the

garden picking currants. This was probably in the month of June. It was a desperately hot day. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, I climbed up on a fence to rest from the tedious task. I happened to look to the west, and there in the distance I saw a very black cloud whirling around at tremendous speed. At the bottom of it was a sort of handle, as it might be called if one were describing the cloud as an umbrella. In the terms of a funnel it would have been the small end.

I called to my sisters, my aunt, and my brother to come and see this strange-looking cloud. While we were observing it, I saw my father come out through the field riding a horse from the team with which he had been working. He was coming at full speed waving his arms. As he got nearer, we heard him shout: "Get in the cellar, it's a tornado!" We ran to the house. My father, reaching there at about the same time, sent us down the stairway. He was halfway down the stairs when there was a crash and he himself had to jump, for the house went away from us. It was picked up and landed against some cottonwood trees about fifty feet to the east.

A little to the south of the house there stood an old barn with great oak beams and framework, all of them hewn out by my father with his own broadaxe. I visited this same old barn in 1933 and found it with the same beams on the same foundation. If it doesn't go by fire, I believe it will stand there for five hundred years. The roof, however, was of gable architecture and that storm cut it off just as though a carpenter had sawed it off. We could not find half a dozen shingles left. The storm blew almost directly east for about sixteen miles and left not one house standing in its path. Only some of the barns of the type I have referred to survived.

As I write I happen to be holding in my hand an actual photograph taken at Wichita, Kansas, of a tornado of the kind I have described. The paper says this storm leveled everything in Kansas for a distance of about twenty-five miles. The photograph seems to reproduce in my mind that other picture which has remained there undimmed or unchanged, and to confirm just what I remember of that earlier storm in Lone Tree, Iowa. A "tornado" (or "cyclone" as it is often wrongly called) is not a high wind, but a whirling terrifically-driven something that defies all obstructions.

### I WAS A BANDIT

In many recent years I have found myself much embarrassed when I have been in some groups where present tendencies among the youth were being discussed. When they reached one phase of this subject I have had simply to slip back into a corner and keep still. Once one of my neighbors telephoned me and asked me to come to his house one evening to meet three or four other fathers. They spent the whole evening in great distress because they said their own sons and all the young sons of the neighborhood were becoming a gang of ruffians, whose main interest seemed to be in making wooden guns and pistols and then going up and down back streets, screaming and shouting, murdering hypothetical citizens, robbing fancied women and children. The reason of my embarrassment was that much of my early life, at least up to my teens, included many similar experiences.

I was always trying to make a gun and always wanted to run down the road, hold up a stagecoach, rob the mail, shoot the driver, and then run wildly, desperately into the hazel bushes. There I would hide while the sheriff and the detectives would search high and low for this brute bandit. I have learned that when my two sisters wanted to get rid of me in the house they used to advise me to run down to Dimmick's and play being a robber. I just naturally loved it. And so far as I can remember, all the boys of the entire neighborhood of my age were ruffians of just the same kind. As a matter of fact, I think the sons of the men in that evening round-up were all "sissies" compared with my gang. I fear I am suspicious of any man who was not at some time in his life ambitious to be the hero of a hold-up gang.

Along with this same tendency of my early youth, I remember one of the most desperate undertakings of a lifetime. I had a pal by the name of Art Steer, the son of a lovely Quaker home. We were agreed that our fathers and mothers and older brothers and sisters just did not understand boys, and that there was no chance for us ever to be great if we had to stay under this unreasonable suppression. After due deliberation we decided to make a break for liberty.

First, we were going to buy two old-fashioned high-wheeled bicycles and make our escape. We had each saved up three or

four dollars, so we wrote to a firm in Chicago for a catalogue to find out prices. It is now easy to recall the awful shock when I learned that one of these things would cost about one hundred dollars. So that first plan failed.

Then we decided that we would run away on foot. We would go up to Wilton Junction, which was about ten miles away, and there steal a ride on one of the freight trains of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, headed for the west. Our goal was Denver, Cripple Creek, Leadville, the hills, the valleys, the canyons of the Rocky Mountains. It did not seem to us it would be difficult to get out there. It was only six or seven hundred miles.

On an agreed morning we met just as the daylight was breaking. We had each tied up a shirt and an extra pair of stockings. When we reached the railroad we started tramping the ties from Muscatine to this metropolis called Wilton Junction of about five hundred people. We trudged along until our feet began to get sore and our muscles weary. Those ten miles seemed an awfully long walk, but nevertheless we made it. As the evening began to come on and we were waiting for some westbound freight train, a sort of homesickness came over us. After thorough investigation of the situation we decided to go back home that night and try again later.

The only way to return we could think of was to get on the cow-catcher of a little old local train that ran down our branch line. We got on the opposite side of the tracks just at dark when the train came in, jumped up on the cow-catcher, and were off. Of all my experiences since—in storms at sea, in blizzards on land, in flights in the air fifteen thousand feet high—nothing seemed so outrageously thrilling as that ten-mile ride on the cow-catcher of an engine. I do not know the highest rate of speed. Perhaps we went as fast as twenty miles. But it seemed as though every little bridge were going to give way, as though at every curve the train were going off the tracks. We hung on and we hung together until finally we reached Muscatine. Then the greatest task of all seemed to be that of going back home and facing the old folks. We lived only about a block apart, and when we came to the place where we had to separate we each admonished the other to be brave.

All the years have not dimmed the sense of weakness as I

walked in the side door of our home at an hour perhaps as late as eight o'clock. I braced myself for the wrath that I knew was going to be visited upon me. But as it was Saturday night and the supper hour past, everybody had gone out but my father. He sat in a rocking chair reading the evening paper. When I walked in he seemed very calm, looked over his glasses, and said, "Hello, Fred, your mother left your supper in the oven. It is out there waiting for you." He never asked where I had been or made a comment about my mysterious disappearance for a whole day. My mother returned after a while. She did not say anything except, "Did you find your supper in the oven?" Of course, my wicked brothers in the next day or two had to taunt me. I learned that one of our neighbors driving down from Wilton Junction had seen us with our packs on our backs, heading for the great wild west. He had come to our house and told my father. Together they enjoyed a great laugh, as they were perfectly certain that when it became dark we would get back some way.

So I was a bandit and a runaway. Somehow I could never grow out of a fellow-feeling with the wayward youngsters of later generations.

#### MY OLDEST BROTHER'S WARNING ABOUT HELL

I remember one boyhood impression made upon me of the fearful peril of "eternal punishment." It happened when I was about eight years old. My eldest brother, who from his childhood was very religious, had a precious melon patch on the top of what we called "old sand knoll." He guarded it with great care from the younger members of the family.

As I walked by it I developed a burning appetite for a taste of watermelon. I finally decided that the only real chance to satisfy my craving would be while he was away at church on Sunday. Therefore, on a certain Sunday morning, I feigned illness so that I was unable to go either to Sunday school or church. But after the family left, including my melon-growing brother Charles, I was suddenly convalescent. I got up, went up to the melon patch, and certainly made free with some of the ripest fruit. For an hour or more I indulged myself without fear of any interference.

A few days later, however, when my brother had missed one

or two of his finest specimens he found out somehow that I was the guilty thief. Meeting me halfway between the barn and the house he stopped me and said: "There, you stole some of my watermelons; you go in the house and put your hand on the red-hot stove (it happened just then my mother was baking bread) and you will then know what your life in eternity is going to be like."

Well, it was a terrible thing for an older brother to say to an eight-year-old youngster, for at that time the doctrine of eternal damnation was the chief theme of most of the preaching we heard. I did not go into the house and put my hand on the stove, but for many a long week and month I would sometimes be awakened in the night with a terrific nightmare. In my dreams I contemplated the fact that for stealing a few watermelons I was doomed to hell for all eternity. As a matter of fact, it was many and many a long year before I shook that thing off. I am not yet quite certain but that perhaps such a violent though fanciful experience had some kind of lasting effect for good or bad on my moral nature.

#### BORN WITHIN ONE HOUR OF CHRISTMAS

During all this period of fomenting and fermenting ideas there was one factor which I have always been unable to properly estimate. I have never been quite certain whether or not the combination of the date of my birth, my mother's desire, and an old preacher's visit was a continuing undercurrent in all the processes of my life. I was born on a Christmas eve. As a matter of fact, I have been told that I missed being a Christmas gift by only one hour. It was also known that I was to be the last of that family. Both my mother and father told me that just about then an old minister, who had formerly been pastor of a Congregational Church at Iowa City, called to pay his respects to this newest member of the family and to extend his congratulations to the father and mother, and that in that interview my mother had said that she had cherished a hope that if this baby was a boy he might be a minister. At any rate this got more or less talked about.

Sometimes the members of the family would bring this back in a vivid sort of way in some of my outbursts of temper and in some of my exhibitions of rebellion against the rules of the

household. In this kind of sarcastic method of restraint one or two of the older children of the family would often join very enthusiastically. It was one of my oldest brother's favorite methods of rebuke for my early waywardness. At other times it seemed to be just a joke; that is, they would refer to it as the most absurd impossibility, not infrequently when we had visitors. However, the talk stayed in my mind. I do not know how much it may have influenced later decisions when I came to facing stern realities of life, quite apart from any sentiment about the proximity of my birthday to Christmas, or any desires which my mother may have cherished. Economic necessities settle a good many questions, even in early boyhood planning. This was true with me.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF A BOYHOOD GOD

As one grows older it is astonishing how there seems to be a cycle in the processes of memory and that certain apparently very trivial incidents come back to influence one's life. I remember that in Iowa, in my boyhood on the farm, there lived just one-half mile from us a family by the name of Shepherd and a stepson by the name of John Barcus. Although he was two or three years my senior in age, we were great pals. We went to all kinds of Fourth of July celebrations, picnics, and baseball games together. He had one of those natural singing voices, a remarkably high-range tenor with an exceedingly sympathetic tone. During that time when we had debating societies or spelling matches in the schools they were always asking John to sing one of his songs.

When the great trek came into Dakota, his family and mine took up claims and the house in which he lived stood exactly one mile from ours. Here we continued those same relationships, and here again he became even more of a singer at the country schoolhouse entertainments. He had quite a repertoire, but he had one bit of a ballad which was his standard encore. The theme of it was the great difficulties that everybody seems to meet in life, but at the close of each verse there came this refrain:

*“Then what is the use in repining  
For where there's a will, there's a way?  
Tomorrow the sun may be shining  
Although it is cloudy today.”*

I heard him sing it when I was a small lad. I heard him sing it over and over again as I moved up into my teens and out into life on the Middle Border, which is recorded in the following chapter. And I think I am safe in saying that upon hundreds of times, when I seemed to be up against some impossible situation and there was no apparent way out or around or through, there would come back to me that quaint country rendition by my old buddy, John Barcus, with the peculiar emphasis he always placed upon that line, "where there's a will, there's a way," and I would brace up and carry on. And now as I am called upon to bring into review the story of the years, I am quite sure that John Barcus' song was a real factor in my life's work.

### III

#### LIFE ON THE MIDDLE BORDER

**I**MUST have been foreordained from ancient times to be a wanderer on the face of the earth. I have noted of my ancestors on both sides of my family that for the most part they were either going somewhere or coming back. Years ago some of them were caught by the "go west" idea and ventured all, for the romance of greater liberty and larger opportunities. My mother's people came to the new land of hope via the James River and Virginia; my father's people, by the route of Massachusetts Bay and New England.

My grandparents on the Dinwiddie side remained in Virginia until about 1850, when "there were too many folks around." Then they moved on, over the mountains and through the swamps to Indiana, and later to Iowa. My mother traveled with them as a little girl. My father in his boyhood Vermont home felt the call to something bigger, and wandered by various sorts of transportation to the frontier of Iowa, beyond the railroads.

Then in the early eighties their sons and daughters began to be restless. The old homestead farms were not big enough to be divided. Somebody must go somewhere again. Alluring stories of free land in Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota were being told around the kitchen stoves. In 1882, as suddenly as migrating birds will arise in clouds, apparently without sign or signal, and fly to the south or north with the seasons, most of the neighborhood where we lived in Iowa was caught by this contagion of free land in Dakota. It was like an epidemic of some kind. Everybody was affected by it. In my own family my older brother Burr, just past twenty-one years and eligible to "file on a claim," fell the first victim. But rapidly my two sisters Harriet and Helen, who were schoolteachers, caught the spirit of it. Although far too young to get a share in the free-land benefits, I felt a great challenge to go out and dare to do something different.

This migration, however, became a sort of tragedy for my father and mother. Seeing they were to be left alone in the old home where their five children had been born and reared, they sold the farm, had an auction to dispose of the cattle, horses, hogs, chickens, and machinery, even some of the old Vermont keepsakes, and followed to the new West. I remember that auction. All the neighbors for miles around came. I can now vividly see my mother looking out of the kitchen window watching the sale. When some of her "pets" of the farmyard were put up and the auctioneer would finally cry, "Are you all done? Take warning—once, twice, third and last call. Sold!" she would weep and wipe the tears away with her apron. She was too old to have these roots pulled up again. She never had another "home."

I have read with intense care every line of Hamlin Garland's *Son of the Middle Border*, and his later book, *Trail Makers of the Middle Border*; Bess Streeter Aldrich's *A Lantern in Her Hand*, *Ole Edvart*; Rölvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, and *Peder Victorious*; Lewis F. Crawford's *Rebuilding Camp Fires*; Mari Sandoz's *Old Jules*; and Edwin Lanham's *The Winds Blew West*. These are all Dakota and the Northwest history and anecdotes. In what follows in this chapter I relate experiences of my own that parallel some told by these authors. The hero of Rölvaag's *Giants*, however, was frozen to death. I did not have that experience.

### THE ARRIVAL

My brother staked his first claim in Charles Mix County, only about four miles from the Missouri River. The entire Johnson County band, after the swarming in Iowa, naturally settled in the same region. He went back twenty-five miles from the railroad to have plenty of room and range for cattle. He built a claim shanty in the early spring of 1883. In July of the same year one could stand on the north side of that shanty, with an unbroken view east, north, and west, and count about eighty shanties or sod houses. The settlers came in like a vast flock of blackbirds. They filed on every possible "quarter-section," one hundred and sixty acres, the minimum unit. So eager were they that there was a good deal of "claim jumping" and "protests" to fix legal rights.

This influx was in one way a disappointment to me. I had taken out some high boots, a broad-brimmed hat, and other paraphernalia for being a wild cowboy. I had dreamed, story book style, of riding the range and being in the "round up." That was over. It was a thickly settled country in a few months. Altogether, however, this was one of the most fascinating, exhilarating experiences of my whole life. The immigrants came by every possible method of travel. Some afoot with packs on their backs, some on horseback, some by ox-cart, but the great majority in the now famous "covered wagon." For the most part they were boisterously happy. They came out of a cramped, limited life. They saw only bigness and sure prosperity. They laughed about the inconveniences. They gloried in the privilege of hardships, in redeeming the wild prairies. Each newcomer started at once to build a little shanty or a sod house. The government required this as an earnest of good faith. Everybody was busy and hopeful.

### THE FIRST TWO YEARS

Many have tried to explain why a young gambler usually wins in his first experiences. I do not know why, even if it be true. But that was what seemed to occur with these adventurers of the plains. They broke the prairie. They planted sod corn. They sowed wheat, oats, and flax. They planted vegetables. The rains fell regularly. The sun shone brightly. The crops were abundant. There were no destructive bugs in those first years. The cattle were market-fat on the hoof. Prices were high. Wheat sold for one dollar and up per bushel. Flax was worth well over one dollar and a quarter per bushel. These early years seemed but a foretaste of great prosperity. Under this spell the settlers began building houses and barns larger than they really needed. They erected granaries which were never filled again. In later years, as we looked back, it seemed a fulfilment of "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." There were no older experienced settlers to give the warning that these years were not normal.

### THE DISILLUSION

How well I remember the awful shock when these abundant years were followed by the terrible lean ones! The hot winds

began to blow. Not just warm winds on a sunshiny day; blistering hot winds, as though they were being heated in some vast fiery furnace and their velocity was being increased by some terrible machine. On one June morning I have seen the wheat, the oats, the flax, and the corn, as rich, green, and healthy as was ever dreamed of by an expert agriculturist, and the same afternoon I have watched them wither, curl up, and lie dead on the ground. It was this that made Abbie Deal, in Miss Aldrich's *Lantern in Her Hand*, cry out so piteously: "Oh! some one make the wind stop; stop the wind blowing, so I can think." Year after year this occurred in varying degrees of severity, interspersed by an occasional "better year." This would give these brave pioneers a new impulse to try again. In the meantime whatever little cash they brought, when "they sold out back East," was exhausted.

Then came the worst pest which ever infested any new country. He was the well-dressed, smooth-speaking money-lender. He was infinitely more destructive than the blizzard, the drought, or the grasshoppers. He took full brutal advantage of the people's circumstances. He lent them money at thirty-six per cent interest per year, three per cent a month it was called. He took a mortgage upon every living animal from the chickens in the yard to the cows on the range. This money-lender bled the people of their last penny and hope. I know personally worthy men still on those prairies who were trapped in the brutal clutch of these usurers and who have never recovered from the deadly economic blow dealt them back in the eighties.

Of these economic vultures who swooped down upon those pioneers and by every kind of technique and deception literally snuffed out whatever faint hope they had of securing homes and a decent life, no words of condemnation could be too severe. Jesse James, Al Capone, and Dillinger were high-toned Christian gentlemen in comparison. Just an illustration: After these pioneers had spent what little they carried with them out on the plains, perhaps rather too freely because of prospects of big crops and good prices which were so alluring, there came a day when they had to have a few dollars to buy clothes to keep warm and food to eat. They were desperate. They were at the mercy of these sharks. Suppose one of them borrowed two hundred dollars. He had to give a mortgage for everything he had on

top of the ground and then he was charged thirty-six per cent a year for the money. The note had to be renewed every three months. Out of the two hundred dollars he borrowed he was actually given one hundred and eighty-two dollars cash, the interest being taken out in advance. Then every three months that note would be renewed, the interest for the next quarter included and also the fees for making out the papers and filing the mortgage. I may add that it never was filed in ninety per cent of the cases, but the charge was made just the same. After two years the victim found his note was for four hundred and eleven dollars. It was pyramided in its most vicious form. The settler had by that time taken deed to one quarter-section of land. The hour he received the deed was also the hour when he had to give a mortgage on his homestead. The process went on until in the vast majority of cases the usurer made a clean-up by getting the farm, the horses, the cows, the pigs, the chickens, and the tin pans in the kitchen.

But quite beyond all of these troubles there was and is something else fundamentally wrong. At the time we went out on the frontier the government had taken over this vast area from the Sioux and Brule Indians, which included most of the two Dakotas, moved the Indians west on certain restricted reservations, and opened it for the white settlers. There were three provisions in the then existing law, which made it possible for one settler, if he exercised all his rights, to secure three quarter-sections, or four hundred and eighty acres.

In the first place, he could file upon one quarter-section, to be known as a "homestead." The provision was that he should be a bona fide resident upon this piece of land for five years, should cultivate and improve it, and at the end of the period would receive a deed. However, he was given six months from the date of filing until he was required to be living on this homestead.

The second provision was that he could "pre-empt" another quarter-section, or one hundred and sixty acres, live on it six months, pay one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre to the government at the end of the six months, and get title. It will be observed that the delay in compelling residents to live on the homestead had been allowed in order to give the settler an opportunity to acquire an additional one hundred and sixty acres.

A third opportunity was through what was known as a "tree

claim." On such a claim for one hundred and sixty acres the settler was required to plant and cultivate five acres of trees for five years, and at the end of the time, if he had faithfully fulfilled this condition, the government would give title.

This made possible four hundred and eighty acres, and, as I have already said, the rush in the early eighties was so great that by the summer of 1885 in what is now known as South Dakota there was hardly one single quarter-section of free land left. In other words, it had all been filed upon and the immigrants were there. This wild rush of the people to get free land may be indicated in the fact that in just a few years the population of the two Dakotas rose from fourteen thousand to five hundred and ten thousand. And in this fact there exists the saddest incident of the years which followed.

The truth is that much of that whole western area is a grazing country. God had wonderfully prepared it for the care of horses, cattle, and sheep. The buffalo grass, so rich, so thick, so beautiful, would grow during the summer for grazing purposes and in the autumn would turn a hazel brown, as it cured itself right on the ground more perfectly than any hay or fodder was ever cured when the farmers put it in the barns, the silos, or the stacks. This cured grass was just as good feed for the cattle, the sheep, and the horses in January and February, as it was in the midsummer.

Something else that may seem like a contradiction would then occur at least every two or three years to fertilize the sod; that is, there would be a great "prairie fire." The whole plain would burn over and the ashes would act as a perfect fertilizer for a new and better crop. I cannot refrain from saying that my memory does not carry anything more majestic than the sight of one of those great prairie fires raging until the heaven and the earth turned into a golden hue.

As a matter of fact, this territory wasn't meant to be an agricultural country and no man could live successfully then, or can live now, on as small a tract as four hundred and eighty acres. Of course the government thought, and the settlers thought, that that was enough for a big ranch. I am fully persuaded that if at that time provision had been made for every settler to have two or three thousand acres, and he could have been warned against turning over so much of that wonderful grass, much of the

tragedies and calamities of later years could have been avoided and the sandstorms of more recent years would not have occurred. The terror of the sandstorms after all was only the penalty for violation of what God meant that western country to be. The "Kincaid Act" of 1904 which provides for a possible six hundred and forty acres for each settler is both inadequate and too late. The harm is done. The land has been occupied. The sod has been turned over.

### THE CASUALTIES

In coping with these conditions, the casualties were terrible. The people grew old before their time. In the winter, they burned flax straw and "buffalo chips" to keep warm. In one of these winters, I remember that my young bride and I lived in an unplastered house when the temperature went to thirty degrees below zero and our only fuel was twisted flax straw, and we had no meat to eat except once, about which I will write in another place. Four substantial patriotic Plymouth Rock hens, however, stood faithfully by and we had eggs. Now when I go to see the historic rock at Plymouth, Massachusetts, I thank God for those hens even more than for the Pilgrims.

Ours was no unusual experience. The older women in many cases went insane. Hospitals for the mentally deranged were built and filled. Additions were made and filled again. Most of the patients were mature women who were unaccustomed to such privations and nervous strains. They broke under the long pressure.

Much has been written and far more could be written of the sacrifices these sons and daughters of the Middle Border made in their search for a larger life and a better home and in their effort to redeem the soil for future generations.

### COMPENSATIONS

I have thus far written a brief resumé of what I saw and experienced of the hardships of life on the frontier. But there were compensations, glorious ones I remember.

*Courage*.—That life demanded and nurtured one of the finest human qualities, *courage*. No weaklings could stay for twelve months in that struggle. The romantic coward came, looked, and went back East in a few weeks or months at most. Rölvaag

chose the best title for his prize Dakota story when he named it *Giants*. That is what that stress and strain made of men and women.

I grieve yet as I remember the hardships to which these folks were subjected, but I glory in remembrances of their courage. Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, Fifth Avenue in New York, the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, and their kind, do not breed very many real giants. They are found where the winds blow hard, where blizzards, drought, and grasshoppers have to be endured and conquered.

*Hospitality*.—When reading Hamlin Garland's *Trail Makers of the Middle Border* I shed a few tears as I read this paragraph:

“As I look back along the trail I long for the spirit of the border, the hospitality of the latchstring. I would reenter that cabin if I could and blow its embers till its flames returned and shadows of mournful beauty danced upon the walls. I would call back David, Luke, Rachel, and Deborah and ask them to sing once more for me, knowing that from their chorus Isabel's voice would rise in clear, familiar sweetness, restoring for me a world that is gone—the world of my youth—the land of the pioneer.”<sup>1</sup>

Only one who has been on the actual frontier can at all grasp the meaning of this longing of the great writer. “Invitations” were not printed or necessary out there. If you were riding or driving across the prairies at dinnertime or evening time and were hungry or weary and came by a shanty, all you needed was sense enough to rap on the door. Then you would hear the gracious “Come in,” if the folks were there, and food and shelter were yours with a wealth of cordiality that older sections cannot pretend to understand. The “folks” didn't require a week or ten days to get ready to “entertain.”

The “folks” didn't have to refresh their memories about the “menu” you served when they were your guests last time. You were gloriously welcome to share what they had, and it could be prepared without embarrassment in thirty minutes' time. There

<sup>1</sup> Hamlin Garland: *Trail Makers of the Middle Border*, with permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

— was no “you scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours” in the hospitality of the pioneers. I remember with unspeakable satisfaction their hospitality and open-hearted friendships.

I have, also, upon more than one occasion, had my eyes moistened as I have listened to John Charles Thomas, or my friend and White Plains neighbor, Harlow Atwood, sing

### *HOME ON THE RANGE*<sup>1</sup>

*Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roams,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

*Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

*How often at night, when the heavens are bright,  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.*

*Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

The buffaloes had disappeared with the Indians from Dakota, but they left ten thousand “wallows” to help understand this part of the song.

*Recreation*.—Notwithstanding blizzards, drought, hardships, we had a beautiful recreational life. We played furious baseball. Saturday afternoons, in the summer, were dedicated to baseball. We had foot races and horse races without the aid of the pari-mutuel. We had “spelling school” contests which would arouse the enthusiasm of a whole county. We had great dances. We would ride in with horses and a sleigh or buggy, ten or fifteen miles, on a winter night with the mercury twenty-five

<sup>1</sup> From Lomax’ *Cowboy Songs* (The Macmillan Company), by permission of Mr. Lomax.

degrees below zero, to dance in a little sod house or shanty not more than fifteen feet square. When I go back now to those familiar scenes, some of the older folks will joke with me about my reputation as a "caller" for the square dances. If I do say so, I was somewhat expert in this line. "Balance all," "Swing your partner," "All-a-man-left," "Join your hands and circle to the left," "Grand right and left back," "First and second couples out to the left," "Right and left through," "Ladies change," "Swing your partner," "All promenade, you know where," were as familiar terms with me as "Gee" and "Haw" when in the fields with the horses.

I remember that the frontier had beautiful recreational life. It was wholesome. It was clean, as contrasted with much of what I see and hear about in urban social life where ungodly immorality, sensuality, and drunkenness seem essential elements. I thank God my social recreational life in the teens and early twenties was on the frontier. The handicaps of a few blizzards and a little drought are very slight as compared with this modern debauchery sometimes found in what is called "high society."

*Culture.*—I am fully aware of the fact that in many parts of the West, South, and East, rural life unfortunately lacks much that contributes to the cultural welfare of the people, young and old.

Happily, this was not altogether true of that part of the frontier where I spent some of my best years. Somewhere there were those who cared. Our opportunities were rather crude, but not without worthy abiding results.

*Debating Societies and Contests.*—During all the fall and winter months, we would conduct weekly entertainments in the schoolhouses and upon every occasion the evening would close with a debate upon some current topic. Three or four would take part upon each side, and after the judges had given their decision the whole subject would be thrown open for general discussion. Inter-district and inter-county contests would also be held, and these debates were notable events.

As I have, in recent years, listened to some of the discussions in the United States Senate, I have wished some Senators might have had the privilege of the culture of those frontier debating societies.

*Singing Schools.*—I feel sorry for young people who are bereft

of the unique musical culture in the old-fashioned frontier "singing school." It was a great institution in the middle border in which I lived. The folks, old and young, would gather in some home or schoolhouse. The teacher, who probably went from community to community conducting such a school each night of the week, would teach the fundamentals of reading music via the old "do-re-mi" method, then go on into a little harmony, and finally give a short talk upon some of the composers. *And then*, the chairs would be pushed back and some artist with a "fiddle" or oftener a "mouth organ" would tune up. The bellwether sheep of the assembly would announce: "Choose your partner for a waltz," and the evening would be topped off! And a "good time was had by all." I personally owe much to the cultural value of these singing schools. I learned to read music, appreciate music, and sing.

By way of parenthesis, before passing to another supreme element in the cultural advantages of the frontier, I ask you, reader, if these "compensations" are not very substantial. They are simple. They involve no social castes. They are not financially expensive. They do not involve creating any "outcasts" because of financial or social status. They do not leave a trail of broken hearts or corrupted morals.

#### RELIGION AND THE CHURCH

I should be glad if I felt I had ability to describe adequately the coming of the little country church, as well as the schoolhouse, but for the present I will confine myself to the home missionary effort of all of the Christian denominations. It was a wild scramble to reach these communities and settlements and little towns as they were staked out along the railways. There may have been much to criticize about the technique that was employed; but to those familiar with the facts there can only be the highest praise for the energy manifested by these missionary boards. I myself witnessed more than once a regular race across the prairies with either a man on horseback, or perhaps a little more prosperous man with a team of ponies and a little buggy, trying to get to some new town first. I once saw one of these men arrive before there was a building up; he went out on what looked like a promising piece of ground, drove a stake in the earth, nailed a little board on it, and wrote, "\_\_\_\_\_ Church

will be built on this spot." The result was that many of those little towns, before they had a hundred people, had four or five churches.

I gratefully remember, however, that in that period the Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. and the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Church had an agreement that they would not overlap in any county or town, until the first one of these denominations there had become self-supporting. This was a splendid vision for these two denominations, and the result is that but a few towns in all the Dakotas today have a Presbyterian and a Congregational Church.

But leaving all this aside, the coming of the church was God's great gift to that new life on the Middle Border. The preacher was there to remind these folks of what they came out of and that a few hundred miles of geography did not change moral and spiritual responsibility.

### THE BLIZZARD OF JANUARY 12, 1888

I had heard during all my life previous to 1888 about "blizzards." In my neighborhood in Iowa, when some unusually severe snowstorm would come driven by a high wind, it would be called a blizzard. When we went into Dakota we heard more about blizzards. It was a sort of general term for an unusually severe storm. But on January 12, 1888, I witnessed the real thing.

That day was ushered in by a perfect morning, a cloudless sky, bright sunshine which warmed the earth and everything upon it. Indeed, it seemed like an April morning. My brother and I were to go down along the Missouri River to look after some cattle that he had taken into the foothills to get better grazing and protection from the extraordinarily cold weather. We had to drive over some snow-filled canyons, so we delayed going for fear the horses would get down in the snow if it melted too much. But it was just the kind of morning that would lure men and cattle out upon the range.

Then, at about ten o'clock, off in the northwest, we observed a very black cloud. It seemed to be rolling like the surf at the seaside, and in it there were lurid flashes of chain lightning. It looked like an approaching thunderstorm. We stood and watched

it come, wondering at such a strange freak of nature. A thunder-storm in middle January in Dakota was an unheard-of thing.

Suddenly it burst upon us. It was impossible to see our hands held twelve inches away from the eyes. The wind blew with fearful velocity, carrying whirling snow. Some experts later said it was doubtless highly electrified. In fifteen minutes there wasn't a man or expert cowboy anywhere in the range of the storm, who could have driven one steer ten feet in the face of it. All the cattle, horses, and sheep went with the storm.

We took refuge in the unplastered little frame house in which we were living. Almost immediately after the beginning of the storm the temperature began to fall. It grew viciously cold in a short space of time. The only fuel we had was flax straw, which we had to twist up and keep putting into the stove. Fortunately we had rather a good supply in a winter shed at one side of the house.

After three or four hours, my brother grew very anxious about some fine horses he had in a sort of a dug-out barn about a hundred yards to the southeast of the house. This was in the exact direction the storm was going. He insisted that he was going out to feed and care for these horses. I protested, but he was determined to go. Then in a joking manner I proposed that we use a ball of binding twine we had there; he would take one end of it and I would feed it out to him as he went. He was perfectly certain he could get to the barn, the direction being right with the wind. Then he could tie the string and follow it back.

We talked this over, more or less as a joke, because it was a stunt in a story we had heard. He finally agreed to it. He took one end of the string and I let it out as he went. Finally, I knew that he had taken enough of that string out to go twice the distance that was necessary. I put my head out and listened. Off somewhere, it seemed a mile away, I heard him shout, "Pull me in, pull me in." I began to pull the string in and at last succeeded in bringing him back to the shed. He was well exhausted. Had it not been for that twine which he had taken along with no serious thought of needing it, he would have been lost forever.

A strange thing happened with cattle. Apparently they would drift with the storm as long as they could or until they came to

some obstruction such as a fence; then in some wild frenzy they would begin climbing on top of each other, probably to try to keep warm. I myself saw several places where from twenty-five to two hundred cattle had piled themselves up just as perfectly as a haystack could be built. Those on the outside froze to death, and those on the inside probably suffocated. Thousands upon thousands of cattle perished.

The storm continued for just about twenty-two hours. Then as swiftly as it had come it disappeared and the sun came out bright and clear upon those frozen prairies. The thermometer registered thirty-two degrees below zero on the second day. This was not just a big storm—it was a blizzard. Many people lost their lives in it.

In 1935 I paid another visit to this same area that suffered so intensely at that time. I hunted up several of the old settlers, those who had lived there for the last forty-seven years. Every one of them said that there had never been an equally severe storm since.

### INDIANS AND BANDITS

A part of the problem of this great trek was a certain anxiety that all the people felt about the possibility of difficulty with the Indians. It was known that this land they were to take, in Nebraska and North and South Dakota, had belonged to the various Indian tribes. In that part in which my life was involved there had been the very famous Sioux tribe. They had been slowly but persistently moved back from Wisconsin into Minnesota, thence into eastern South Dakota, and now they were to be pushed out west of the Missouri River. Here and there small spots may have been kept for them as reservations, but they were slight compensation. The people had sense enough to know that there was provocation and there were rumors of ill feeling among these dispossessed Indians. However, the thrill, the extreme fascination of it all, seemed to outweigh any fears.

I remember the first Sunday after I reached the shanty that my brother had built, we happened to look out to the northwest and over what I referred to in another place as the Bijou Hills Gap. There seemed to be rolling up a great cloud of dust. We watched it and as it drew nearer we discovered that it was a tremendous band of marching, moving Indians. What was

known as the Post Road ran within two hundred yards of this little claim house. It had been a famous government trail from the Santee Agency down in Nebraska up to the northern post of North Dakota. As we saw them coming it seemed as though there was no end. Afterward those who met them estimated the number all the way from three to five thousand. There were all kinds. A considerable number were young bucks with their faces painted and feathers in their hats, riding prancing ponies. They rode in advance, a sort of escort, and there followed the Indians, the squaws, and the papooses, who seemed to have everything they possessed with them. They would take one of these Indian ponies, tie two poles at one end on either side of the pony's back, and let the other end drag on the ground. Then on these poles they would pile their tents, their blankets, and their cooking utensils. This wheelless vehicle was a simple, if not very efficient, means of transport.

As we saw them coming we felt it was of no use to run, for if we started to run and they wanted to catch us they had more speedy methods of transportation than we had. Therefore we simply waited for the outbreak, if it was going to come. Some of these gallant young chaps, typical of the pictures one sees in the magazines, would halt their ponies, turn and look at us, and then just as quietly turn and go along. Finally they passed. None of them came up to our shanty and they began to disappear over the hill in the distance, by what was known as the Applegate Road. When the scare of this thing was over and the Indians had passed us at least for the time, although we were not sure but that these painted-up chaps were going to come back and make a raid on us, we hitched up our horses and drove as rapidly as we could to the post office, which was then six miles east, to give the alarm if necessary and tell what we had seen, but more to inquire what all this meant. Some older settlers we met there reassured us. To our amusement we learned that all those Indians who had given us that scare were either Congregationalists or Presbyterians and were on their way to the Santee Mission for a great church convention. And yet there was some anxiety all up and down that trail among these new settlers. Across the Missouri River, only four miles away, there were Indians for two hundred miles, reaching as far west as Rapid City and the Black Hills, and we had heard of frequent

outbreaks along that western border where the gold mines were involved. Anyway, this was one of my first real Indian scares.

Later, it may have been that same winter, we were having a period of terrible weather. The thermometer had gone down to from twenty to thirty degrees below zero, and in these frail shanties and unplastered houses there was a real problem of keeping from freezing to death. On another Sunday night my brother and I happened to be alone in the shanty. I do not know where the others had gone. We had a little fire in a stove and were sitting there trying to keep warm. I remember we had talked about whether it would be safe to go to bed at all and had about come to the conclusion that at least, in turn, one of us ought to be on duty all the time. There was a one-door entrance into the room. We sat with our backs to the door. It seemed to me I heard a little creaking noise. I turned my head, and looked over my shoulder. There behind me stood an enormous Sioux Indian in a red blanket, which was usually the insignia of a pretty wild type of man. His face was painted in variegated colors. He had a rifle in his hands under his blanket, the muzzle of it sticking out.

I was just scared enough to be ready to faint if it would do any good. Finally I reached over, touched my brother, and motioned to him to look behind him. He looked back. Fortunately, he has always had rather a calmer disposition than mine. He signaled with his hand to keep quiet. There we sat. I knew we were going to be shot with the rifle. I thought probably we should be scalped first. We sat there in terrified silence waiting for this thing to begin, whatever it was. However, after some considerable time of anxious waiting, we heard that never-to-be-mistaken salutation of the Sioux Indian, "*hou colah.*" He turned with quick, impulsive step, opened the door, and went out. Never said another word, never asked for anything. We learned later that that was just a social call; that it was their habit if they were riding somewhere, going from one agency to another, and got either hungry, cold, or tired, simply to walk in to some sod shanty or house and rest, or take some food, or get warm. In this particular instance, this man was probably on his way from what we called the Brule Agency down to the Santee Agency in the south, got caught in some way and delayed, for the Indian habit is not to travel in the dark; he was chilled; he

saw the light in the window, came in, got warm, said "How do you do?", and went along.

#### A KIDNAPPING

We had another experience that for the time seemed a little more perilous to the whole community. As I have stated, the Missouri River was just four miles from us and across the Missouri was Indian country all the way to the Black Hills, about two hundred miles. In the river there were several islands upon which there was a very fine growth of trees, including a good deal of cedar. The new settlers needed poles for building barns and cedar posts for fencing. A Frenchman by the name of Colombe owned one of these islands; that is, he owned it because he had an Indian squaw for a wife. At that time, and I think now, if a white man marries an Indian squaw he automatically becomes an Indian in the eyes of the government. They will give him land and supplies, and furnish him food. This man wanted to sell these trees as poles for building barns and posts for fencing. The farmers would go down, cut a load, pay him a small fee, and take the load home.

One day in the winter of 1884-1885 ten or twelve of the neighbors had gone down. My brother Burr and my brother-in-law, Robert E. Brown, were among them. They went to the island and were at work cutting such trees as they wanted, when, without warning, a band of Indians pounced upon them and to all appearances simply kidnapped them. The Indians were armed with Winchester rifles, and ordered these men to throw off any wood they had on their sleds and come with them.

My brother-in-law, Robert Brown, who happened to have some very fast horses, four of them, put them at full speed, went across the ice, and got away. Likewise my brother Burr, when an Indian had taken a place on the sled with him and ordered him to drive over into the reservation, cracked his whip causing his lively team to leap to race-horse speed, dropped the Indian on the ice, and made his escape.

I happened to be at home and saw him coming over the hill. His horses were wet with foam, as he had driven them under full steam to give the alarm. He said the Indians had captured ten of our neighbors and had taken them across on the west side of the Missouri River back into the Indian country. At about

the same time my brother-in-law arrived. We held a consultation and decided to arouse the neighborhood, get all the men together as quickly as possible, follow the trail through the snow, and at any cost get the captives. I had a fast-running pony. I mounted him and went in one direction; my brother and my brother-in-law went in other directions. We asked all the neighbors to assemble at our house. They did so, and then pretty late at night we started.

My sister tells me that she remembers the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero when we left the house. We had good teams and sleighs. I would give a great deal if I had a photograph of that crowd. There were probably about thirty men. They were armed with every kind of fighting thing that was available. Some had shotguns; others had pistols or rifles. Two men I remember, brothers, by the name of Gabler, were about six feet, six inches in height. Since they would not shave or have their hair cut during the winter, they had enormous beards and long hair. Each had a pump handle from an old-fashioned wooden pump. We later learned that in time of provocation, if they were going to have a fight, they didn't want a rifle or a revolver—they wanted a pump handle.

We went down to the place on the river where the track was perfectly clear in the bright moonlight, and followed this trail for some distance. It went down the river, then suddenly turned up a sharp hill where a roadway had been cut through. At the top of this hill we came to a clearing. As we came into that open space, involuntarily we all stopped, for somewhere there in the dark we could hear the cocking of rifles. There was no doubt about what it was, and there was no doubt that somewhere in that darkness under the trees we were being covered by Indians.

Fortunately for all of us, the oldest man in our company was a cool-headed man by the name of Morgan. He turned to us and said, "Neighbors, we are covered by somebody, probably Indians, who are armed. If you will stand perfectly quiet I will go forward and learn, if I can, who they are." All of us were perfectly willing to stand there and keep quiet, except the two big Gablers with the pump handles. They wanted to charge; but they were finally persuaded that caution was the best method for the moment at least. Mr. Morgan walked quietly forward and said, "We are farmers, we are settlers. Some of our neighbors have

been taken today by Indians. We do not know why, and we are here just to find out, if we can, what has become of these men." There was a pause and soon an Indian voice, speaking in broken English, said, " You may come forward."

Mr. Morgan walked up and had a conversation with this man. The Indian said that in a log house right near they had these men under arrest and that they were charged with taking wood illegally from an Indian reservation. Our Mr. Morgan asked if he could see the men, and was told he could go and look in the window at them. One of the Indians took him up to the window and there were the men on the floor inside. Each had been given a blanket. He then asked what the Indians proposed to do with them. They said they were Indian police and they were going to take the prisoners the next day to the lower Brule Agency, where they would be tried before the Indian Commissioner. Meanwhile they would be fed and properly cared for. We were advised, if we wanted to do anything for these men, to meet them at this place, which was some forty miles away.

Mr. Morgan came back, told us the story, and said, " I think these Indians are telling the truth. Whether it is legal or not, they have these men under arrest. If we attempt to take them away from them, some of us are going to be killed, and I think we would fail in our effort, for they outnumber us and they are well armed." With a good deal of regret and some protest from the more impetuous, we turned around, retraced our steps, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at our mobilization point, the thermometer then being thirty degrees below zero.

An incident that remains with me as one of the most thrilling of the entire experience was that my sister had on the little stove an old-fashioned boiler full of sizzling hot, strong coffee. We had some bread. We finished the party with dry bread and coffee and the settlers went back to their various homes still half believing that our neighbors were the captives of a roving band of Indians, who expected to hold them for some kind of ransom.

Mr. Morgan and I were appointed by the band to start early the next morning to the lower Brule Agency to learn whether or not the prisoners were taken there. I remember it was a desperate drive. We made about half of it the first day and then slept in a sod house where we got something to eat. The next morning we went across the Missouri River at a place known as

Chamberlain, drove five or six miles to the Brule Agency, and as we were approaching this little town, over the hill to the west of us, we saw the Indians coming. They were in the form of a hollow square, two of them being on each side of each of the sleds, and they were bringing our neighbors.

In the meantime we had secured a lawyer in case there might be some legal problem. That morning I learned a principle in the law which I have never forgotten. The Indian Commissioner, who was also a judge, a white man and friendly, although he had lived among the Indians for a good deal of his life, looked across his desk, after hearing the story, and said to these arrested men who were frightened and looked worn out and haggard: "Gentlemen, I am very sorry for you, but here is the fact: This man Colombe is an Indian, living on an Indian reservation, who came into his rights because his wife is an Indian squaw. He has no right to sell anything off that land. He has a right to cut whatever he needs for his own buildings, but the law specifically declares that he cannot sell any of it."

I recall, too, that he went on to say that this was printed quite widely throughout the Dakotas in the little county weekly papers. Then he continued: "Of course, I am fully aware that when you went on that island to buy this timber you did not know that it was illegal, you did not know that that was the law, but, gentlemen, you should have known. As settlers in a new country you should have inquired, for ignorance of the law does not excuse any one. Therefore," he said, "much as I regret to do so, I shall be compelled to hold you over to the next session of the United States Federal Court, which meets in Yankton upon a certain day. You will there appear and make proper defence." To make the story complete, I will add that these men did have to appear at the court, but the presiding judge, after admonishing them once more, said he was very pleased to announce that Justice Morrow, the man who had committed them to the court for trial, had recommended that whatever fines were imposed should be remitted. "Therefore," the judge said, "I will excuse you for this time."

#### AN INDIAN WAR

Another scare we had, which probably alarmed the people more than any other incident for many years, was an outbreak

of the Sioux Indians in 1890. The original revolt, as far as I can now get the facts, was because of what they thought an injustice on the part of one Federal Indian agent in the distribution of their supplies, such as blankets, ponies, and food. They believed, and many people believed, this agent was giving them only half of what they were entitled to and was selling the rest and putting the money in his own pocket. I do not believe there was ever final proof of this; but in any event all the way up and down for a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles the report spread through the entire Rosebud Indian reservation.

Some Indians were killed and some settlers were driven from their places and brutally treated. In one place, where a conference had been called to adjust the matter, a picturesque Indian by the name of Plenty Horses, as it was translated, a grandson of the great Sitting Bull, rode up behind some army officers and shot and killed two or three of them. The people all the way along the border of the Missouri River, north and south, were in terror. This Indian, Plenty Horses, was finally captured somewhere in the Black Hills and brought to trial in 1891 in the Federal Court then sitting in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Excitement ran very high. The people were still alarmed, not knowing but that some band of Indians might sweep in across the prairies in an attempt to set him free. But finally, after a trial that lasted for quite a long time, the presiding judge would not permit the case to go to the jury, on the ground that a state of war had at that time existed between the Sioux Indians and the United States Government. That this Indian, Plenty Horses, had shot some officers was only one of the very unhappy incidents of such a war. My memory is vivid of the day when this tall, handsome Indian was set free. He went down the streets and invited the people to come into the drugstore to have a drink of some kind with him. In the meantime the government had satisfied these Indians, the agent involved had been removed, and peace came again.

I made a tour once with an Indian university graduate by the name of James Garvie. Some of the way we drove with a pony and a little buggy we had; some of the way we rode on Indian ponies; but more of the time, by actual days, we paddled up that old romantic Missouri River in canoes, stopping to visit the various reservations. We were organizing little Young Men's Chris-

tian Association groups, for in all of these reservations there were missionary churches and they felt that a special organization of the young men for Christian work would be helpful. One evening, as we came up from the bank of the Missouri River to the first foothills at the agency, the name of which I do not remember, there was one of those glorious sunsets, not easily forgotten, when not only the sky and the fleecy clouds turned a golden red, but the earth caught the reflection and was red. I happened to look to a sharp point, a sort of butte, and there standing out on the very peak of it, silhouetted against the red sky, was a tall, silent Indian, looking east across the Missouri River to the side of the white settlers. I stood simply entranced by that picture. Not a muscle in his body seemed to move. I called to Garvie, who was pulling the canoe up, "Look at that." "Oh, that is Plenty Horses," he replied. I asked him if he thought we could talk to him. "Certainly." We went up the hill, but waited a little until the sunset glow had gone and he began to show some signs of moving about. Then we walked up to him, and my friend Garvie introduced himself and me. We learned that he was a graduate of one of the Presbyterian schools farther down the river in Nebraska. I said, "Were you just looking at the scenery? Wasn't it a beautiful sunset?" He shook his head, saying, "No, I was looking at the beautiful land the white man took away from us." Then he walked away.

Of one thing I am sure as I look back over my Indian memories and experiences, we white folks did a horrible job in the way we handled the Indian question. It is true perhaps that something else had to be done than just to leave these vast prairies to the Indians for hunting grounds and for the grazing of their cattle and ponies. But as one goes out there now and looks at what has happened, there is a certain amount of doubt even about that. Even so, the method has been brutal. The greed of the white man did not reckon very much with justice for these original Americans.

Helen Hunt Jackson in her book, *A Century of Dishonor*, has given an honest, accurate interpretation of our blunderings with these original Americans. Some time ago I heard a man in an address refer to an old proverb which I am told has been in vogue among many of the tribes of Indians for a hundred years or more. I know for myself that I heard it among the Sioux

and Brule Indians in the days to which I have made reference. It runs as follows: "Let me judge no man until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

From my limited contact with those Indians on the frontiers of the Dakotas, I am quite certain that much of the bitterness and brutality which characterized those years when the white man was steadily crowding the red man back out of his tepee, his hunting and fishing grounds, was due to the fact that the greedy white man had never taken time to walk two weeks in the moccasins of the Indian.

### A TRAIN ROBBERY

Among what might be termed my "wild west experiences," there is one which stands out very vividly for two reasons. First, it cost me some money; and second, I discovered that in certain circumstances I was just as much a physical coward as any man could be.

In the early years of my secretaryship in the Young Men's Christian Association at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the International Committee made me a kind of "big brother" or overseer of work that went on anywhere in South Dakota. As I was the only employed officer, they asked me to encourage certain volunteer organizations and assist in developing others where committees so desired. This led to some correspondence, in the spring of 1890, with some Christian business men in the Black Hills region. They asked whether work of this kind could be organized there. The result was that the International Committee finally instructed me to make a trip to the Black Hills during that summer and see what might be undertaken.

Just about the time I was to start I came in contact with Ches Burch, a well-known solo cornetist and evangelist. Hearing of my trip, he offered to help me in any meetings that were to be held, by playing his cornet, and would gladly pay his own expenses. This was very acceptable to me, and added much to the conferences and meetings.

En route we spent two or three days at Rapid City, where we held some wonderful meetings. Most of them were street meetings. With his beautiful playing of his cornet we could gather together just about everybody in town. The miners would surge around, fascinated by the music. Then they would even stand

and let me talk a few minutes, in the hope that Burch would play some more. After this we decided to go on up to Deadwood and Lead.

We started from Rapid City one very hot night on a train leaving about midnight. There were no sleeping cars, just two day coaches, one known as the "smoker" and the other the car for the more refined people. In the double seat facing us, in our rather crowded car, was a chap from St. Louis, representing the Simmons Hardware Company. We fell into conversation with him and found him thoroughly disgusted that his firm should send him into that God-forsaken good-for-nothing country. He told us he had never carried a revolver in his life, but that when he started on this trip he asked the firm to give him a good gun. He had made up his mind he was going to shoot the first man that interfered with him or tried in any way to bully him. He declared he would not let any bandits or wild cowboys run over him.

We had not gone twenty miles out of Rapid City when somebody in the back of the car shouted "Hands up!" At first we thought it was a joke, but looking back we discovered, at the very end of the car and the end of the train, a chap with a big gun in each hand, a black strip of cloth tied around his face with big holes cut for his eyes. He had the conductor right in front of him. Just about the time we got over that shock, a similar thing happened in the smoking car ahead. I happened to be sitting on the aisle where I could look forward, to see another man with the same regalia, shouting "Hands up!" He had the brakeman in front of him. Then, to make the thing a little more realistic, either one or both of them shot through the glass ventilators at the top of the car. If there were any passengers wavering as to obeying the command of "Hands up," they lost their courage when these shots were fired. All had their hands as high as they could get them; and, when it was all over, some one who sat near me said mine were just a little higher than anybody else's. Then these two men, moving together, each with a black bag or sort of basket tied around the waist, proceeded to take up a collection. We were ordered to throw our money in. If there was any jewelry in sight, watch chains or fobs, it was required. Being the last ones at the front of the car we had a little time to think and also saw, on peeking

back, that since the men did not at any time lower the guns, they did not go through anybody's pockets. They simply took all they could get and went along. Therefore we whispered we would make just a reasonable contribution, which we did. Sitting opposite us was a little pug-faced newsboy, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, with some magazines, papers, cigars, and chewing gum, in boxes piled up around him. When the big bad man got through with us, he turned to this newsboy and in a gorilla tone of voice shouted, "Kid, throw your money in!" The little chap, sitting there white and immobile as a piece of marble, said, "Not a nickel." Whereupon this chap did not point the gun at the boy, but just turned and put the cold barrel right against his temple and again commanded him to throw his money in the bag. But again the boy said, "Not a nickel." Of course the rest of us sitting around were about scared to death, for we expected to see murder right there. But instead of that, this robber enemy of ours stepped out on the middle platform, turned, and looking back with a lovely cordial smile said, "Kid, you are all right." At the same time his pal reached the platform from the other car, then he commanded the conductor to pull the rope and stop the train. They leisurely got off, went down a ditch, crawled through a barbwire fence, and, without any haste whatever, walked up the side of a mountain and disappeared in a canyon.

By this time all of us who could rushed out on the ground. The conductor rushed forward to the express car to get a rifle, which he brought back, but he was so excited that he could not shoot. One or two others tried it and failed. By this time the bandits had disappeared. We were ordered back into the train, and the announcement was made that we would back up to Rapid City to give the alarm. As we were returning Ches Burch and I asked our traveling salesman from St. Louis why he did not shoot. He said at first, "Well, I had my hands up, I could not get my gun out." Then we asked him further, "Well, when we were out there on the ground and they were walking away in plain sight in that bright moonlight, why didn't you shoot at them then?" He answered with a sarcastic snarl, "Oh, \_\_\_\_\_, I was afraid they would come back." We followed the matter up later by inquiries, but as far as we were able to learn nobody ever got a trace of them.

In my earlier student days I had studied something of psychology, but I learned something in those fifteen minutes that I had never learned out of any book. It was this: Two calm, cold-blooded men, with two guns, can make about one hundred and thirty people, the number of passengers in those two cars, stand up quietly and do their bidding, without any effort to protect themselves. In one car we made a poll and found that there were more than twenty men carrying revolvers. At that time there was no law against carrying arms, and most of the men who wandered around in those wild boom mining camps had some kind of shooting arms on them; but not one of them made even a gesture to use his weapon, even when, in each car, these robbers were going forward with their backs to the rest of the folks.

I have never been accused particularly of being a physical coward; but I was completely unnerved by this incident, and for a considerable time afterward would find myself being startled at the sight of a stranger coming toward me, and especially startled if anybody talked in an unusually high tone of voice. Anyway, as I was told frequently up in Deadwood afterward, it was a part of my training without which I could not have so well understood the pioneer days.

All these memories were brought again into review just as I was finishing this book. I was invited back to Yankton, South Dakota, to deliver the keynote address in connection with a week's celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the organization of the Territory of Dakota. In view of the fact that I began my contacts with this frontier fifty-three years ago and have been in intimate relationships with it ever since, I knew from first-hand most of the story of these seventy-five years. The contact at this Diamond Jubilee in Yankton led me to make a new appraisal of the whole story, the pros and cons, the profits and losses, and in summing up I can re-emphasize the fact that I am profoundly grateful for whatever part I had in those pioneer days.

## IV

### FINDING A SUITABLE JOB

S OONER or later to nearly every one there must come the question of a "job." "What am I going to be—a farmer, doctor, lawyer, or just what?" This problem, it seemed, came to me pretty early. I remember I was anxious about it when I was in the grade school. Once I talked it over with the principal, "Professor" Lukens. One thing he said was of great help later, "You will probably have to try a good many experiments before you discover your proper place." Another elderly man in whom I had great confidence, when I was questioning him about the perplexities of getting in the right place, told me: "I would advise you not to be too deeply concerned about this, for everything up to thirty is more or less preparatory." I found both these statements to be very sound.

As I pondered over the question, I thought it ought to be a job from which I could realize a comfortable living. I had seen so much of hard work and not enough return for the plain comforts of life among members of my own family that I did not believe they had entirely suitable jobs. I wanted one that would also give me some real satisfaction in its pursuit. One neighbor boy friend told me once that every morning, when he went out to work on his father's farm, he cursed the soil because his work was mere drudgery. It seemed to me, even with a boy's limited wisdom, that there ought to be something better than that as a suitable job.

Many a day in my teens I tried to dream out my life job as I drove the horses, plowed, sowed, and harrowed. My father, being a farmer, naturally thought of my following his example. At one time, when I was about fifteen years of age, I told him I wanted to buy a team of horses. He smiled at my early ambition, and then seriously advised me not to be a farmer, as he did not think I was cut out for that type of life. He said, "Our experiences in farming have not been very satisfactory. I would advise you to try something different." Although I continued intermittently to work on the farm, I felt he was right.

Mixed with these deliberations, I am sure I had all the wild ideas of the regular boy. Two of them became serious: one, to be a conductor of a railway train, the other, to be the captain of a boat on the Mississippi River. I had observed both in action, and either one seemed to represent the most glorious attainment to which any boy could aspire. However, I drifted back and forth between the schools already mentioned and the home farm until I had reached my eighteenth year.

Then the great wave of emigration came, described in another chapter, which carried people by tens of thousands out to the new frontier of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Colorado, Montana, and farther west. I was caught in it and suddenly found myself among these frontiersmen, breaking the prairies, building the claim shanties, punching cattle, and helping to redeem a wild country. It was very fascinating. I thought for a time that the riddle of life was solved. But it held my affection for only a short while, and its promise of permanence faded.

Then followed the period of experimentation which the principal of the school had indicated would be necessary. There were some actual "try-outs" and more attempts to think through other possibilities. What follows does not arrange itself in order of either time or importance, but does give a rather accurate picture of the processes and experiences through which I passed.

As I had observed the problems which quickly became so terrific for these pioneer settlers, I became convinced that as far as I was personally concerned there was not in farming the probability of any satisfactory permanence. In casting about for some other method or way of life I got what seemed to be my first opportunity, as a clerk in a little general store, owned by a man named Baker, in Castalia, a town thirty-five miles back from the railroad. This proprietor had a great dream of having a romantic ranch out west near the Black Hills, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. He had prospered in this store and had accumulated quite a bunch of young cattle. He wanted me to stay in the store, while he with a couple of cowboys took a covered wagon outfit and moved these cattle out to where he was going to establish the ranch. It seemed to me at the time that perhaps this might be a way out, and I

accepted his offer. I was to have a very small salary per week, and five per cent of the gross sales.

The town was established on a stagecoach route which ran parallel to the Missouri River. The settlements along the route were almost all established with the expectation of selling goods to the Indians and particularly to the prosperous French squaw men, who have been mentioned elsewhere.

It is interesting to remember that a man by the name of Sheldon Smith, who came out from Iowa, established this town and got himself appointed postmaster. Since he was fundamentally resolved to have one place where he would not be pestered with religion, he put a clause in the deed he gave each buyer of a lot, that if ever the property was used for religious purposes it was to revert to the original owner. It is certainly not necessary to discuss with any well-informed people what kind of town that got to be. Morally it was a terror. When I first went into the place there were four saloons, a post office, a blacksmith shop, a little makeshift of a hotel, and two little general stores. Almost every night we finished the day with a fist fight, or a shooting scrape, or both. There was a band of Irish in a settlement five miles west. They used to come in evenings, and when they got steamed up with some bad liquor, they would start fighting either with the proprietors of the saloons, or with the French and half-breed Indians. If that town existed now as it was then in the eighties, the great movie producers would flock there for thrilling frontier "sets."

One afternoon, when I was in the store and there were very few around, a young fellow who seemed a little crippled in one leg came in, introduced himself as Mr. James, a Methodist missionary, and said he had come to the town in the hope of holding religious meetings. My old religious traditions led me to pity this poor crippled chap. I gave him a little indication of what the situation was, and advised him to go and find some other town. The more I told him, the more he felt that he ought to preach here. I saw him in the afternoon still walking around; at evening, when I went across to Sheldon Smith's hotel, he came in and asked the proprietor how much supper would cost. He was promptly told that he could not have supper there at any price. But Sheldon Smith's wife, standing in the dining-room door, overheard it. She stepped up to him and said, "The supper

is twenty-five cents and if you have twenty-five cents you can have supper here. You have as good a right as anybody else." The young limping preacher walked in, ate his supper, paid twenty-five cents, and went out, while Sheldon made no protest.

Then, to my surprise, a few days later the same young fellow came in and gave me a piece of paper, which he asked me to put up in the store. He did not wait for my reply, but went out. I opened it and found it was a penciled announcement that on the next Sunday morning he was going to preach in "Watson's Barn." This man Watson, who was a Methodist, had built a rather sizeable barn on his place two miles west of the town, and of course out of the zone of Sheldon Smith's restrictions. I felt it only fair to this young fellow to post the notice, and later found that the same notice was posted in two of the saloons and in the other little competitive general store. Though I had a kind of hankering to go over to that meeting on Sunday morning, I did not. I learned later in the day that the morning meeting had been so successful that people were asked to come back in the evening and bring their lanterns. My curiosity got the best of me, and I went. The meeting did not impress me very much, but I was astounded to see sitting in the audience old Sheldon Smith, the anti-religionist. It was decided that they would continue these meetings in this new barn for the week. Afterward the astonishment of the whole community knew no bounds when it was learned that Smith had been converted, the deeds were going to be rewritten, and he himself was going to ask the neighborhood to build a Methodist church.

To make the romance complete, I may say that the church was built. We young fellows of the town, when we had a little spare time, would often go over and help in building it. For a good many years that little church, with that little lame preacher, was of great spiritual, moral, and economic value to the whole community. I later learned that Mr. James had been a student in the Methodist college at Mitchell, South Dakota, during the time of a fire which burned the main building. When he was compelled to jump from his room on the second floor he was permanently lamed.

While acting as clerk in this store, I met some traveling salesmen for machine companies. They were supplied sometimes with

two ponies and a buggy, more frequently one horse and a go-cart, in which they would drive through the country. It impressed me also that they were well dressed and to all appearances prosperous. I quizzed some of them, especially one by the name of Irving. He became very enthusiastic, and assured me that I could get a job with one of the machine companies, which would be better than anything that Castalia could ever offer. The result was I wrote to two machine companies, the McCormick Company and what was then known as the Deering Company; later they were combined in the International Harvester Company. I got an answer from the first, asking me to meet one of their general agents at Kimball, a railroad town thirty-five miles away.

I thought I knew farmers, and this business was conducted with farmers. I also thought I had some knowledge of farming machinery, particularly reapers, mowers, and the like. Within an hour after I met the general agent I had signed a contract, thus moving one step farther away from the range, the ranch, and the farm.

My duties at that time were twofold. First, beginning early in the spring as soon as the farmers began to sow the seed, we drove over the country calling upon every farmer with literature, and expounding the particular virtues of our particular line of goods. Just as fast as possible we got them to sign orders, giving them serious warning that unless they did sign early they probably would not be able to get delivery. We always assured them that everything was going to be sold out; indeed in the good years that turned out to be true. In those years we would sell, for example, a self-binder, fully equipped with bundle carrier, for about three hundred and twenty-five dollars, always assuring the farmer that one good bumper crop would enable him to pay for the machine by the saving of grain through his own harvesting equipment. Then, just to make the folks safe back at headquarters, we took a mortgage on the binder, and on whatever horses and cattle the farmer had. If these did not seem to cover the full value of the machine, we would include in this mortgage the chickens, the pigs, and sometimes the tin pans and chairs and stove in the kitchen.

This was the work up to harvesting time. It included getting the machines delivered and running properly. Then these notes

came due, or at least the first payment, in the fall of the same year. Our fall and winter work was to go around and collect the money, and here came the poison in the whole situation. There was no sentiment about it. I had at times to execute papers so that literally everything some poor fellow had was sold under the hammer to pay for that self-binder, which probably he had not needed at all because of crop failure.

Having a distinct knowledge of what this experience meant, because my own people were to a considerable degree being exposed to the same penalties, my conscience and everything within me rebelled against this sort of permanent career. Therefore, while I seemed to be making some progress in finding another way of life, the sum total of the results had not been very inspiring. In the first place, my memory was not very pleasant concerning that town of Castalia. (Very recently, by the way, I went back to the spot where it had been and could not find even a board or a scratch in the ground to indicate where it was.) And even less gratifying were the economic processes involved in collecting the money from the farmers to whom we sold machinery.

Among the other duties that went with my relationship to the machinery business was the inventory of the supplies or parts, which were shipped to the distributing points, one of these being in Mitchell, South Dakota. At one time I received a notice that I was to go there, meet a certain Willard Snow, who was a representative of the local agent, and invoice the stock in the warehouse. I arrived on the day assigned, hunted up this man, and showed him my credentials. Before I left his office he began to swear like a pirate about this annual inventory. I impressed upon him that the company would insist upon knowing just how much had been sold and how much remained on hand. We went down to the warehouse, which was a little one-story building with a tin roof. It happened to be a day following one of those never-to-be-forgotten, always dreaded, southwest hot winds. The thermometer was up somewhere around one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. That outside temperature, plus the heat from the tin roof brought in from the sun in a cloudless sky, made this an indescribable place in which to work. We stripped down to the waist, however, and went at it.

This fellow continued his profanity. It was that kind of

blasphemous profanity that sometimes would make one shudder. He cursed God, he cursed the life he lived, he cursed everything that had to do with his existence on earth. Disgusted as I was, I paid no attention to him but just kept at the work to which I was assigned.

I had started on Saturday. On Sunday, as was my custom, I went to the Congregational Church and found it to be communion Sunday. In the afternoon I hunted up a young preacher who had to go out a few miles in the country to preach in a school-house. I went with him. On Monday morning, Snow and I were to meet again to continue the work. In the meantime the weather had cooled a little, the heat was not so stifling, and when I came to the door of the warehouse he greeted me, a changed personality. He shook hands, which he had not been willing to do on Saturday, and then said, "I have an apology to offer. I was in the back of that church where you were yesterday. Are you one of that kind?" I was as surprised as he had been. Then he continued, in some embarrassment: "I have some children. They go to that Sunday school and sometimes I stay to church. Yesterday was one of those days."

I heard no more profanity from him; but I did not care much to carry on the discussion, as I had been so vexed with him on Saturday. But he continued religious conversation and among other things, to my surprise, he wanted to know why I was going into the machinery business, saying, "I think you ought to be a minister or preacher." I told him that I was quite sure I was not cut out to be a pastor of a church, who had to stay in one locality and preach two or three times a week. But even what this man said made quite an impression. Besides, very frequently during this period, there were others who said this same thing to me.

After a while, when I assured Mr. Snow that I was not going to be a minister, he said, "Well, then, why don't you become a Young Men's Christian Association secretary?" I was amazed at his knowledge of the Y. M. C. A. At that time my oldest brother was the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Marshalltown, Iowa. I had never been there and did not know that a general secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association was a salaried office. This cursing, swear-

ing, blaspheming Snow of Saturday was on Monday a bundle of information on religious things, and particularly on the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Notwithstanding the source, the information held my attention, for he had visited Eastern cities and had been a member of the Young Men's Christian Association somewhere in Wisconsin. At least he caused me to begin thinking along that line, and probably led me, for the first time, to give serious consideration to entering some special religious work. There was no immediate result, however, for such work seemed to be impossible and impracticable for me. Interspersed with all of these experiences there were daydreams and flights of imagination about my possibilities as I met men who had apparently been successful in various vocations.

I think there was a period, particularly during my student life, when I had an ambition to enter the field of politics. Indeed, as I recall it, once I conferred with some of my more affluent relatives whether I could get enough money together to study law and through that channel to enter the field of politics. They did not give me much encouragement about the financial side of it; but even after I drifted out upon the Middle Border this was still in my mind until some shocks came which ended that ambition.

One of these shocks was the defeat of the great James G. Blaine, of Maine, who for many years was a member of the House of Representatives, then United States Senator from Maine and Secretary of State under President Garfield. For some reason that I never fully understood the State of Iowa was consumed with zeal for the Plumed Knight of Maine. I assume it was because he had championed some legislation that was favorable to that state. It was also true that the State of California was equally enthusiastic about him. We had a song that we used to sing in the campaign of 1884, the chorus of which ran, "From California to Maine, through Iowa, for Blaine."

I was so enthusiastic myself that I gathered up a little money and went to Chicago to sit in the gallery and watch the great convention. It was held in the then partially completed auditorium on Congress Street, which has had a long history of great political and musical events. My emotions were stirred until I could not restrain my tears, as I watched the towering Blaine

walk down the aisle leading the Maine delegation while the galleries went wild for him. After a struggle of some days he was nominated, and I hurried back to spread the news in Dakota. Then as memory brings back that November when it was learned that he had been defeated and Grover Cleveland had been elected, it seemed to me as though a great black cloud had settled down over the whole country. The shock was not diminished when I learned that the old Republican ring, led by Roscoe Conkling of the State of New York, had politically stabbed him and caused his defeat. This was the first of my disillusionments about the political field.

The next one was in connection with the first Republican State Convention, held in 1889, after the Dakotas had been divided and South Dakota was admitted to the Union. By this time I was the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Sioux Falls. We organized a young men's Republican Club, with the main purpose to nominate for an office Joseph M. Bailey, who was then said to be the youngest president of a national bank in all the United States. If I remember correctly, he was about twenty-five years of age. We campaigned for delegates in favor of Bailey. The convention was held in an old warehouse in Mitchell. There was tremendous pressure on the delegates. A good many men wanted to be the first Governor of the new state; others wanted to be the first United States Senator; and so on down the line. Our young, brilliant "Joe" Bailey wanted to be the first Treasurer.

After the other officers had been nominated, on the third day we came to the balloting for Treasurer. Four men were nominated. I have forgotten two of the names, but the votes were so divided among four that for a good many ballots no candidate had the majority. A man named Taylor and our candidate, Bailey, were leading. Finally, late at night, when the scene had become wild and the convention was almost out of control, one of the men with a smaller vote rose and withdrew in favor of Mr. Taylor. Naturally there was a wild scramble to get some of those votes, and at last, with great difficulty, the convention was adjourned to meet the next morning at ten o'clock.

As far as the delegates were concerned, I think there was very little sleep. We of our delegation spent the night hunting up men who might possibly be influenced to vote for Mr. Bailey.

The next morning on the first ballot our candidate received one hundred and seventy-nine and one-half votes, and one hundred and eighty would nominate. All we needed was a half of a vote. In desperation we ran up and down the aisles, and I am afraid we used what might now be called undue influence in our effort to get that half vote. Several more ballots were taken. We held the one hundred and seventy-nine and one-half votes, but could not get the other one-half. Finally, late in the afternoon, the third man who was trailing by this time with but a few votes left, rose amid the first silence there had been for nearly forty-eight hours in that hall. He announced his desire to withdraw his name from the balloting and asked his friends to cast their votes for Taylor. We sought by every possible means to get an adjournment at that time but failed. Finally, as I recall it, the chairman, a man by the name of Sheldon, who had broken all the gavels and had sent outside for a big stone that he used to pound on the table to get order, announced another ballot. The ballot was taken and our Joe Bailey held his one hundred and seventy-nine and one-half votes, but Taylor got one hundred and eighty and one-half votes and was declared the nominee.

There is still a rumor current in South Dakota that at that time Taylor did not have that required extra vote but that his men, by prearrangement, had shouted that number out and then made such a hullabaloo that the convention adjourned without another vote. Of the truth of this rumor I am not certain. While preparing these memories I wrote to the Librarian of South Dakota, who at the time was Mr. Lawrence K. Fox, and asked him to give me the historic facts. He was not able to give the exact number of ballots taken in that never-to-be-forgotten convention struggle, but did say there were many men in South Dakota who still believe that the Taylor men stampeded the convention and that he was not really nominated.

The sequel brought further shock. When it was finally declared that Taylor was nominated, our young "Joe" Bailey fainted away in the hall, collapsed completely from the long nervous strain and lack of sleep, and had to be carried out to the hotel, where I went later to see him and found a doctor in charge. He looked like death, and while he recovered for a time it was only a few swift months until he was carried to his grave. Those who knew the facts most intimately believed that because

of his temperament of high nervous sensibility, the struggle and the defeat killed him.

Taylor was nominated, served for two years; then sought re-nomination, failed, and immediately ran away. When his books were turned over to his successor it was found that he had robbed the state of a considerable sum. Secret service men and detectives hunted him here and there and finally, two years later, found him in South America. They brought him back to Sioux Falls, where he was convicted and served a term of eight years in the penitentiary. As I contemplated these experiences, my desire to enter the political field was damped.

Another shock. There were in the field three principal candidates who were ambitious to be one of the first United States Senators from the new state: Moody, from Deadwood in the Black Hills; Edgerton, from Mitchell; and Pettigrew, from Sioux Falls. The church type of people did not think too highly of Pettigrew, who was reputed to be wealthy through the operation of real estate and investment schemes. But the same group of people in the state did have a very high regard for Edgerton. The result was that we threw the organization of our Young Men's Republican Club into a vigorous summer and fall campaign to get members of the legislature committed to vote for Edgerton as against Pettigrew. At that time the United States Senators were elected by the legislature, not by direct vote. It was conceded that that part of the state west of the Missouri River, the Black Hills district, was entitled to one of these Senators, and therefore Moody's nomination was not in question. The contest for the other senatorship was between Edgerton and Pettigrew.

Once, at a little town called Esmond, where we held a meeting one night and had a quartette that sang some popular songs arranged for us, I told the folks, as a Young Men's Christian Association secretary, what I thought about Mr. Pettigrew. The next day I received a mysterious telegram from Mr. Edgerton advising us not to assail the character of Mr. Pettigrew. I did not quite understand this, but we followed the advice of our leader.

Finally, when the election was over, we counted up and knew that enough members pledged to Mr. Edgerton had been elected. A large delegation of us went up to Pierre, the new capital, to celebrate our victory.

The usual custom was for each of the political parties, the night before the legislature met, to hold its nominating caucus. The Republicans crowded into the dining-room of the little hotel, and nominated the various officers for the organization of the legislature, it being known that all the Republicans would be elected. Finally there came the nomination of the Senators. Mr. Moody was put in nomination and chosen by acclamation. Then two speeches were made, one nominating Mr. Edgerton, the other nominating Mr. Pettigrew. The members were ready for the balloting, which we knew would result in the choice of our candidate.

However, just as they were about to vote, Mr. Edgerton, who had been sitting on one side of the room, arose, walked out in front, and said something like this: "I appreciate very highly the confidence of my friends who have worked so enthusiastically for me; but I have been considering the seriousness of the responsibility of this office. My wife's health is not too good. I am not certain that she could stand the climate in Washington. I am rather advanced in years. Therefore, after full consideration, I have decided that it is best for me to withdraw my name and ask my friends to vote for Mr. Pettigrew."

We were stunned; we were trapped; we had been fooled. We learned later that that understanding had existed between these two men from the very beginning, and that Mr. Pettigrew had asked Mr. Edgerton to enter the field to keep other candidates out. And, to make our chagrin and humiliation more bitter, we learned that Mr. Pettigrew had paid all of Mr. Edgerton's campaign expenses, including our travel expenses, to befuddle the church people by telling them of Mr. Pettigrew's shortcomings. The entire tragedy of it was revealed, when soon after Mr. Pettigrew took his seat as a Senator our Mr. Edgerton was appointed the first United States District Judge for the State of South Dakota, with a salary of five thousand dollars a year for life, an amount which in those years was very large.

Finally, putting all these things together, I came to the conclusion that even though I had some resources and the possible ability the political field was not so charming as I once thought it might be. So another dream passed.

*Meanwhile, however, something decisive and positive had happened to me.* The time I had spent in the schools at Iowa City had been just long enough to reveal that many intellectual persons did not have much interest or faith in organized religion. It was a decided shock to me. I had assumed that everybody believed in the Christian life and the Church. But here I met face to face with teachers who had been pointed out as superior persons. Indeed my own people had desired that I should learn from them. Yet obviously some of the most notable among them were not active Christians. I said nothing to my father or mother or older brothers and sisters, all of whom were devout church members. But for myself I quietly decided that the Church was not essential.

For several years I did not go to church except when it seemed necessary to avoid offense. But on Sunday, November 14, 1885, it seemed necessary for me to go to church. First, because that was about the only way I could see the girl I loved; she was the organist. Second, I was fearfully discouraged. The country had burned up with a drought. Everywhere there was a wail of discontent. My mother was violently ill. I saw no good future for anybody. I thought that at least the singing might lift the fog for a little while.

It was a little country home-missionary church. It stood on a bleak rise of ground with not a tree or shrub in sight, twenty-five miles from a railroad, seven miles to the nearest good-for-nothing town. The preacher was an old, superannuated, worn-out man. His voice was gone and he had a sinus cold. The choir couldn't keep on the key and didn't know the tunes. The room was cold and drafty. The audience of about thirty people was bored and indifferent.

The old minister had been recently in Chicago and for the first time had heard the Salvation Army conducting a service in the street. He told how they formed a circle, knelt, and prayed; how they beat the tambourines and big drum; how they begged for the collection, and shouted "Halleluiah!" "Glory to God!" when a drunken man threw a silver dollar on the drum. To me it was disgusting. I wanted to go out. Then the old man said, "I think I will sing you a song I heard them sing." With his cracked, wheezy voice he began singing, in Salvation Army style, "I am redeemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, I am."

The most he could do was to shriek this broken weird sentence in repetition.

I do not know what terms some theologians might apply to what followed. I only know that something took hold of me and that I interrupted his singing by rising in my place and saying, "I would be glad if some one would pray for me." He jumped from the pulpit platform to the floor and called out in a loud voice, "Brethren, come up here and pray for this young man." A rather vigorous prayer meeting followed. I remember that the old Irishman, John Colvin, who was then slated to be my father-in-law, got in the seat beside me and prayed like a house on fire, as the saying was. To clear any misconceptions I should add that that was in a Congregational home-missionary church. It was not a Methodist revival, splendid as that might have been, or an annex to some camp meeting.

The next day, as I drove my horse over the prairie, I found myself pondering about this new life. I was not concerned about my morals. They were not bad. I was quite certain that I could conduct my personal life in a fairly respectable manner. But I was wondering what I could do to render service for this new Christian faith and cause I had espoused. I was filled with a great desire to have some real place in winning folks and the world to God. *I HAD FOUND THE DIRECTION OF MY LIFE.* I did not know whether I was to continue to sell farm machinery, or be a merchant, a lawyer, or a doctor. All that was just a detail. I certainly did not expect to be a professional Christian worker. But, I repeat, I had found the direction. I had entered into the supreme satisfaction of having a suitable job. I was to share in making the world and all the people in it good.

From that November day on the plains to this hour in which I write, I have never lost that compelling conviction. I have passed through many, many serious trials in seeking the best technique in specific responsibilities. There have been many detours, some of them over terribly rough roads, and oftentimes without clearly visible signboards showing the main road. But the great ideal has not failed me.

I had heard some one say that a Christian's duty was to testify for Christ at every opportunity. I do not now recommend it. But such seemed to me about my first specific orders. As I

went from one little town to another, I would hunt up meetings. It did not matter whose meeting it was or what plans they had. I would walk in and at the first lull or quiet moment I would arise and tell of "my experience."

In fulfilment of this pledge, one day I arrived in Mitchell, did my work in the forenoon, and at dinner, which was then served at twelve o'clock noon (as it should be always and not from nine to twelve P. M.), I asked the clerk if he knew of any religious meetings going on. He said he thought the Methodists were having one of that kind. I went to the church and found two or three hundred people discussing how to organize and conduct revival services. I had been a member of the Congregational Church for only about three or four months; but I could see that these folks did not know what they were talking about. After a little delay, I arose and began giving them the exact and unfailing technique.

Presently the chairman arose, interrupted me, and asked my name and home town. He also inquired if I were a member of the "Conference." I gave my name and address, but told him I didn't know about the "Conference," for I had not heard about that. He asked me to come to the front, and leaned over from the pulpit and extended his hand to me. Holding mine, he said: "Brethren, this young man is not a member of this Conference or of the Methodist Church, but he is evidently much interested in this subject. Will you hear him?" The delegates answered cordially from all over the room, "Yes, yes, let him speak." Accordingly, I went on with my "testimony." When I had finished, this friendly chairman thanked me and invited me to come in again and participate in the meeting.

That night I met the Congregational minister of the town and told him where I had been and what I had done. He laughed heartily and said, "You have broken into a Methodist delegated conference. It is like breaking into a meeting of the Masonic lodge." The man who was presiding was the late Bishop Charles H. Fowler, one of the greatest men of the religious world. Anyway, it was done and I had had the training. I have many times since thought of what might have happened if some little man had been presiding over that assembly. If, with solicitude for prerogatives and proper procedure, he had called me to order

and explained the *law* and sent me out, it might have hurt me seriously. Years after, in Dubuque, I met this great man and asked him about that Mitchell, South Dakota, conference. I was astonished to have him tell me that he remembered it perfectly. When I told him I was the traveling salesman who intruded, he laughed boisterously, shook my hand again, and said with evident emotion, "Thank God, I was good-natured that day and had my senses about me."

And so I went over eastern South Dakota, breaking into anybody's or everybody's meetings; but after some time my heart was warmed as I began to be *invited* to come and help in meetings.

Among these experiences which followed my conversion there stands out in striking vividness my own first Christian conference or convention. I was appointed a delegate from that little home-missionary church in Charles Mix County to the District Association meeting of the Congregational churches, which was held in Chamberlain, South Dakota, in the early spring of 1887. As a part of the general system of organization of the Congregational churches the first unit after the local church is called the Association. This, in that sparsely settled country, included perhaps all the churches in four or five counties, and their custom was to have an annual convention. It was largely for inspirational purposes and fellowship and sometimes for petitions to the State Conference, or, when they were really ambitious, some resolution might be sent up to the national gathering.

As I recall this meeting in Chamberlain, there were perhaps a hundred delegates. The central figure was the State Superintendent of Home Missions for the Congregational Churches, the Rev. H. D. Wiard, of whom mention is made in another chapter. He was a magnificent man in appearance, more than six feet in height, a natural orator. I am sure if I should live to be a hundred years old, and memory be undimmed, I should not recall any one man who ever stirred me as he did upon this occasion. In one of his addresses upon the general theme of Christianizing the world, he put up a chart, one of these diagrams which later became known as graphs. In this he pictured the scientific, mathematical proof that in twenty-five years every man, woman, and child in the world would be converted and in the Christian Church. This was done by a line indicating for

several decades the striking growth in the communicants of the churches, particularly in the United States. While the inspirational influence of this address was all that I have indicated, there was just a little element of discouragement. I was literally burning with zeal to have a part in this great evangelizing event, and as he gave us this mathematical illustration it did not seem to me to be quite so big a job as I had thought it was going to be. I was a little discouraged, for I was not quite sure that I could get started quickly enough to have any worthy part in the whole scheme. Anyway, for three days I listened to these addresses, met these people, and was lifted to heights of consuming enthusiasm.

Not many years passed before I began to realize that this evangelization of the world was an awfully big and difficult job and I began to have some suspicion of the accuracy of this chart I had looked at. Twenty-five years later, walking up Market Street in San Francisco one day, I bumped right into the Rev. H. D. Wiard, who was then retired and living in California. We exchanged greetings and conversed about old Dakota days when we worked together. Then I said to him: "By the way, I remember at Chamberlain in 1887 you had a chart which was displayed to prove to us that everybody in the world was going to be converted in the church in a quarter of a century. Whatever became of that chart?" He was a big, jovial fellow. He laughed heartily and said, "Oh, I had hoped there was nobody living who remembered that chart. I carried it all over Dakota, I carried it into conventions in several other states; but to answer your question, this is what happened. In making up my figures I left out two elements. First, I based my estimate upon a very limited period of time. It was largely that era in the life of the Church which was so wonderfully enriched by the influence of Moody and Sankey. I did not have sense enough then to know that there are both flood tides and ebb tides even in religion. Second, I forgot entirely to reckon with the possibility that anybody else was going to be born. I made my estimate upon the status quo of the world's population." Then he continued: "As a matter of fact I have that chart, which I keep locked up at home in an old chest with other relics, as a record of what a blunderer I was at certain times."

In a short while after my experience at this Congregational

conference, my headquarters for machinery sales were transferred to Mitchell, one of the largest towns in the state. Here I happened to move into a little house just across the street from the home of Mr. Wiard. He was a fervent evangelistic preacher. He invited me to go out with him over week-ends to the smaller towns to lead the singing and sing some gospel solos in evangelistic meetings he would conduct. I had some very happy and profitable experiences with him in this work. Here in Mitchell I organized and became president of the first Christian Endeavor Society in Dakota. I gladly pay great tribute to this influence in my life.

But beyond all details, I had found the direction in which I was to go and was very happy in the confidence that I had found a suitable job.

## PART Two

# THE FIRST FORTY YEARS IN RELIGIOUS WORK

### V

#### A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IN THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A DEEP interest had been aroused in me, from the sources I have mentioned, about the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. I wrote to the International Committee in New York City for literature and advice. A man I had never heard of, Erskine Uhl, answered me. He sent some pamphlets, and referred me to the State Executive Committee for Minnesota and the Dakotas at their offices in St. Paul. From there I received a letter saying that Mr. T. A. Hildreth, the State Secretary, was coming to Mitchell to confer with me. He arrived in the early summer of 1888 and spent a few days in my home. We held some meetings and conferences and got the community thoroughly stirred up about the need of a Young Men's Christian Association.

To my great surprise, shortly after his visit, I received a call to be assistant in the State work. At that time I had never been inside a Young Men's Christian Association building. I did not know what one looked like, much less what was done there. But the work seemed in line with what I had set out to do. Although I had then a wife and one baby and a fairly good position with the McCormick Harvester Company, I resigned the job and accepted the Y. M. C. A. call.

The first duty assigned to me was to go to Sioux Falls for some weeks in an effort to resuscitate an association which had almost ceased to function. When I walked into the rooms it was the first Y. M. C. A. I had ever been in, except for an evening spent in the one in St. Paul, Minnesota, while I had the work

under consideration. I have sometimes since had my joke in the Training Colleges at Chicago, Springfield, Massachusetts, and Nashville, Tennessee, where secretaries are trained for two, three, or four years, before they can be trusted to become "assistants." I just went in, took charge, and ordered full steam ahead. What I didn't know was my chief asset, for my youthful zeal commanded the co-operation of as fine a company of strong men as I have ever worked with. It was welcome support for a boy of twenty-three in a new undertaking.

One of the first things I heard when I reached Sioux Falls, which looked as big to me as London as I came in from the prairie country, was rather disturbing. In the building where the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association were located there was, on the third floor, a kind of social club made up of a group of high school boys, for the most part sons of wealthy men. I was confidentially informed that they practically ran the last secretary out of the place. My informants told me that every time the Association tried to hold a gospel meeting, or a Bible class, or anything of a social character, these chaps would start something overhead—perhaps have some boxing matches, or practise for a minstrel show. Their favorite pastime, it was reported, was to watch the bulletin board at the entrance for the hour and day when something was to take place in the Young Men's Christian Association and then immediately to organize to make the thing impossible.

Soon after my arrival, and after I had got this rather discouraging report, the directors and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Association gave me a reception. Of course there were to be some music and some nice little talks on the program, followed by refreshments, which consisted of ice cream, cake, and coffee. Running true to form, these young fellows overhead started a hullabaloo. We went along as best we could, but when the time for refreshments came, although I had never personally met any one of the boys, I simply went upstairs, rapped on their door, and went in. I told them that I was the new general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, that we were having a little reception downstairs where we had ice cream, cake, and coffee, and I very cordially invited them to come down and share with us in these refreshments.

Perhaps because ice cream was a little more of a luxury then

than it has been in later years, these fellows fell heartily for my invitation. One big tall red-haired fellow by the name of Buchanan, who seemed to be the bell-wether of this flock, said, "Come on, boys, let's go down and visit the Young Men's Christian Association." They followed me down the stairs and walked into the company to the astonishment of the older and more mature saints. They partook heartily of the sweets and then, as I recall, reacted to their better nature. Each in turn shook hands with the president of the Association, a Mr. Butterfield, thanking him for his hospitality, shook hands with me also, went back upstairs, and then quietly went out.

I must have been divinely prompted that evening, for from that date until I left, and indeed up to the present, as far as any of that crowd are still living in that town, they were the most ardent friends of the Young Men's Christian Association. Inside of a month from that date I had the rare privilege of writing out membership cards for every one of them, for at a meeting soon after that famous reception they voted to join the Association *en bloc*. For the moment it was just a bit of impromptu strategy for self-preservation, but I learned in that incident a lifelong lesson: not to fight temporarily unfavorable elements as though they were enemies, but, if possible, to take them into camp by cordiality.

Although I had a good many years' experience as a local general secretary and wide experience in contact with other local associates throughout a quarter of a century, I do not think I ever worked with a Board of Directors of finer personalities than that first board in the Association I entered as a green secretary. Most of the members of that board had learned of the work from Robert McBurney of New York City, David Sinclair of Dayton, Ohio, Daniel A. Budge of Montreal, and Clarence B. Willis of Milwaukee. And then there was a younger group of committee-men, whose superiors in that capacity I have not known in the experience of later years. Among them were Will A. Beach, Charles Ross, Charles M. Day, U. S. G. Cherry, and Waldro Sherman. I still have real friendships there, after nearly fifty years.

When I entered the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, the little I had read about it and learned in later contact

with the secretaries and workers in some of the Minnesota cities, especially St. Paul and Minneapolis, gave me so much of a thrill that I did not take time to count all of the costs. Young as I was, I did not yet know much of the prudence and conservatism that experience is likely to bring in more mature years. But an acid test of my enthusiasm came rather quickly.

With drought, blizzards, and the collapse of mushroom real estate and building booms, financial support for churches, missionary societies, and this one Young Men's Christian Association in the state rapidly dwindled. In the second winter of my service as secretary in Sioux Falls there was absolutely no money available to pay my salary. I have a very vivid recollection of my humiliation at a time when I had no credit, when no credit was being extended to anybody, and I was quite without fuel. At last in my desperation I made a confidant of a minister who lived in the same block with me. He said, "Well, it just happens that I did have money enough to pay for two tons of coal and it is in my barn. Therefore I want to lend you enough coal to carry you along until some collections will make it possible for you to buy some for yourself and return it." Following this, day after day, for a considerable length of time, I would go down that alleyway, either very early in the morning when there was no one in sight or in the dusk of the evening, fill a coal scuttle out of this preacher's supply, and carry it up into my own house to keep the fire going.

I am quite sure that experience at the time was a very severe one, though not quite so severe as it seems now to have been. I wonder what I would do now if I found myself again as destitute of income as I was in that period.

And as if this were not enough, one very cold morning during the same period, as I was out in the combination kitchen and dining-room of our little rented frame bungalow, trying to get the fire going enough to warm up the place, there came a rap on the back door. When I opened it, there stood the young clerk in the butcher shop where we had been buying meat. He was very much embarrassed when I asked him what he wanted, but finally got up his courage to deliver his message. "Mr. Smith, the boss wanted me to tell you that because the times are so hard and business so bad, he cannot extend credit to you any longer. He said he didn't want to embarrass you by having you

come into the shop, and therefore asked me to come by and tell you this."

My memory is not at all dim of the conversation my wife and I had that morning at our scanty breakfast. "After all," I said, "maybe I ought to have remained in the machinery business, for there at least I knew, although the check was not large, it would arrive on the first day of each month." That courageous little Irish girl replied: "Well, if you were sure two years ago that God was calling you into this work, then you ought to be sure of it now and we will find our way out of this difficulty."

I was notified one day that the express company had a large box for me and was uncertain whether it should be delivered to my home or to the Y. M. C. A. rooms. We did not receive express boxes so often but that this seemed a very remarkable event. I went down to the express office myself to get a look at it. There it was, addressed to me, Fred B. Smith, General Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and sent by some unknown person in Boston.

I got the expressman to take it up to my home as quickly as he could. My wife and I lost no time in opening it, and no words could express our amazement. We found dresses, a winter coat, and in fact a complete outfit of clothes—all of which fitted my wife as though they were tailor-made. We found a suit of clothes and an overcoat for me—also an exact fit. There was also an outfit for our one baby that lasted him for more than a year.

By some investigation I finally learned that the wife of the Rev. H. D. Wiard, already mentioned, had sent our names in, together with a statement of the work I was doing and the difficulties I was having, and had requested a women's missionary group in Boston to send us such a box. Therefore, in the one winter when we were borrowing coal and when the butcher could not extend us further credit, the goodness of God, manifested through some of these noble women far away in Boston, had brought us a supply of clothing, enough to meet all our needs for that severe winter. In other words, we had been the recipients of a "missionary box" from a Congregational Women's Missionary Society, although I was at that time a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. In other years I heard some ministers and members of their families, who

had similar packages sent to them, speak with a little element of regret that they must accept gifts of that kind. I cannot recall any such thought with us. We were glad all the way through and enjoyed telling our friends about our good fortune.

Some stories of hardships have been included in these reminiscences with no purpose of boasting of any great sacrificial devotion. I know that troubles more trying than mine could be found all over the Dakotas, not only among people in religious work—ministers, missionaries, and the like—but also among the other settlers, who had lost everything, including credit, and had nothing except a few friends who stood by. The experiences related were just an important part of my life, inseparable from any account of it. Perhaps they may come to the attention of other young men who are making some sacrifices and encourage them to follow the gleam of what they believe to be the inspiration of God. In going back over these years, almost a half century ago, I am deeply grateful that I did not waver under the strain.

After a little less than three years I was called in 1891 to be the secretary at Dubuque, Iowa. Here I served for about four years and again in most happy relationships. The influence of some of them is strong with me today. During this period the building which is now occupied by the Association was erected.

I cannot conscientiously record the story of these beginnings in religious work and particularly of my secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association in Dubuque, Iowa, without mentioning two families there who opened their doors wide to me and my wife and young children and helped us to tide over those difficult years of meager economic resources. One of these homes was that of Dr. John V. Conzett and his beautiful wife. He was the president of the Young Men's Christian Association at the time I was the secretary; but to me he was much more than that. He made his home a place of constant encouragement and inspiration. The other was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Garland, and of them I can say much the same. These by no means represented all in Dubuque who by their friendship and hospitality carried us along in our difficult work; but with them I was peculiarly intimate. They were a source of strength then; and have so remained in all the years that have passed.

After I became a secretary of the Y. M. C. A. with such meager preparation, I naturally began to seek for possible avenues of development in this new calling. At that time the highest source of such knowledge was the weekly paper which was known as *The Young Men's Era*. Of course I got it, and I read every line of it, including the advertisements. To me it was second in authority only to the Bible. And there I read about the two conspicuous figures in the international work, Richard C. Morse and Robert Weidensall. Then, in the very first weeks of my service, I read the announcement of the international convention to be held in Philadelphia. This was in the summer of 1889. I intimated to some members of our Board of Directors in Sioux Falls that I thought I ought to attend this convention for my own profit. They agreed, and made it possible for me to go.

I remember that I then wrote down the names of certain men I wanted to meet in this convention. In looking over recently a report that I made to the directors in Sioux Falls on my return, I was glad to note that I showed appreciation of the high privilege of meeting these men. Here are some of the names that I had reported of men whom I met in that first summer: Robert McBurney, general secretary of New York City, David N. Sinclair, general secretary, Dayton, Ohio, Daniel A. Budge, Montreal, William H. Morris, general secretary of Baltimore, Edwin See, general secretary in Brooklyn, Clarence B. Willis, general secretary in Milwaukee, Henry B. McCoy of San Francisco, Alfred H. Whitford, C. K. Ober, and Walter C. Douglas of Philadelphia.

To those who know the history of the Young Men's Christian Association, mention of these names is enough. I met these men then and sensed their power. In other years which followed, as an international secretary I worked with every one of them, and I have often visited these cities. I can testify that the moral and spiritual welfare of each of the cities where they served was powerfully elevated by that service. They put their stamp upon men, and it was indelible. In each of the cities I have mentioned, many leading business and professional men of today are men whose characters were moulded to no small extent by them.

In some respects I am not an old fogey. For instance, I still have to run to the window of my office and look out when a band

plays. I still pick about six of the greatest collegiate football games of each fall and arrange all my speaking engagements so I can be there to attend these games. I am still a baseball fan. I still love some other kinds of sport that I do not dare tell about in this book. I still enjoy playing marbles with my grandchildren. I refuse to be called "old." Perhaps, however, I may be old-fashioned in my estimate of men, or inclined to look at the past with magnifying glasses. Anyway, in full awareness of the sarcasm of some of the young moderns of the present-day Y. M. C. A., I must express my doubt that there has ever been a company of men among the employed officers of this brotherhood who match, for abiding moral and spiritual influence, the record of those I have named. Only two of them, I believe, were college graduates. But they were all splendid graduates of a school of practical experience, which perhaps was more highly valued then than now.

I sat not long ago in a conference where a young man was leading a Saturday afternoon discussion with perhaps two hundred and fifty or three hundred delegates in attendance. The subject was the modern method of approach to young men. He was one of those fellows who can put up a blackboard and with a piece of chalk draw the Kingdom of God right before your eyes. Finally, it fell to his lot to make a summary. After terrific mental travail, he wrote this on the blackboard as the program for the Young Men's Christian Association of that state for the ensuing year: "We must now make a scientific, exhaustive study of the effect of emotional religion upon incipient adolescence." This was hardly the sort of message the old-time leaders I have mentioned used to deliver.

In 1896 I moved to Chicago to do evangelistic work for the Y. M. C. A. from that center. Two years later came the Spanish-American war. I was invited to go as a "Y" secretary to Chickamauga, and reached there in time to witness the mobilization of sixty-five thousand young men on that historic battlefield. Some embarrassment arose over the desire of two organizations, in addition to chaplains, to do social and religious work among the soldiers. One, very naturally, was the Young Men's Christian Association; the other was the Christian Commission, the society which had done such remarkable work with the

armies of the North and South in the Civil War of 1861–1865. During that war Major General O. O. Howard was the chairman, but Dwight L. Moody was the executive officer. And very naturally, Mr. Moody and his brother-in-law, Major Whittle, who had also been active in this service, were eager to revive that work under the old name. By a very wise adjustment, however, it was agreed that the "Y" should furnish tents, supplies, and secretaries, and the Christian Commission, through Mr. Moody and his associates, would supply the preachers and evangelists for the religious services.

Within a few days after I reached Chickamauga I received a telegram from Mr. Moody asking me to confer with him in Chicago. I remember the thrill in anticipation of personally meeting the great man. I had heard him preach, but now I was to meet him in conference. I took the first fast train to Chicago. I did not know what it was all about. I cared less. I was on the way. The morning after my arrival I met him at the Bible Institute which bears his name. It was an experience not easily to be forgotten. The powerful impression it left on me has been an asset in all the years to date. He was a big, jovial man with a gorgeous laugh. His cordiality was contagious. He shook my hand, put his other hand on my shoulder, and said: "I am glad to see you, my boy. I have been hearing good things about you. Come in and meet Mrs. Moody." I felt as though God Himself had spoken an audible word of approbation.

The conference was brief and to the point. He said, "I am sending preachers and evangelists into these southern camps. I need some one of some executive qualities, with a good deal of tact and a considerable amount of firmness, to assign these men to the various camps, and at Chickamauga especially to assign them to the particular tents where they are to speak. You will find some of them hard to handle. If any of them will not follow your suggestions, send them home. Some of the Association men say you can do the job. Will you help me out? I am too old to go there myself."

Several times in my day and generation I have taken on jobs which in their execution have made me remember that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." But never in any of them did I think of that proverb so frequently as in the next twelve months. As Mr. Moody hinted, some of the preachers turned

out to be high-headed, breachy, unbridled religious broncos. I am glad to say that only one was really requested to go home. We got on well, in the main, and a grand work was done. Later I went on to Cuba, where the American troops were kept for more than a year.

Out of this war service, three very permanent blessings came into my life: First, I met the prince of all evangelists. Second, I found myself as an evangelistic speaker. Third, out of this I was called to the International Committee. More will be told of these consequences as I go on.

As I remember my earliest years in religious work, it was far from my thought that I was to be more than incidentally a platform speaker. As a Young Men's Christian Association secretary, I had been called upon for presentation of certain features of the work to Boards of Directors and other groups, but had made no effort to enter into the wider field of public speaking. As a matter of fact, as far as I can remember, during the nine years in which I was a local general secretary, I did not give what might have been called an "address" at any Association meeting. That just did not seem to be within my range.

In 1898 when I went to Chickamauga Park and found sixty-five thousand young men in camp, a situation of a new kind confronted me. They were for the most part very young. They were venturesome lads who were out for a fling. Never before or at any time since have I witnessed such a scene of utter moral collapse as there was among these men.

At first there was a Major-General Commandant who disclaimed any responsibility whatever for the moral standards of the army. Gambling, liquor, and prostitution were open and unrestrained. One day I went with a committee, led by the famous Major Whittle, which made a presentation of these conditions to this commanding officer. We asked if something could not be done to protect these young men. His answer was: "The moral status of the men in the army is entirely a matter of domestic training. We officers do not interfere in questions of this kind."

This scene so challenged me that I found myself going every night into some one of the Y. M. C. A. tents, where we were always able to crowd in four, five, or six hundred soldiers, and I would make an evangelistic address. It seemed the only way

open to check this moral debauchery. In the presence of their need and in the confidence of what I believed to be their salvation, I developed, without any prearranged plan, a certain capacity for public speaking.

It is true that conditions soon changed. After a few weeks of the administration of this first commandant, so much criticism was brought to bear that he was transferred, and another Major-General was placed in charge, who had an entirely different view of moral responsibility for these enlisted men. About the first order he issued was that there should be drawn a line of soldiers clear across this Chickamauga Park, which was about eight miles square, and that they should go through the camp, driving out every civilian man or woman found inside the lines without some official responsibility. Guards were then posted around the camp and nobody was allowed to enter the camp except by official order. It is a matter of satisfaction to recall that in twenty-four hours the whole moral situation in and around that camp had changed. Nevertheless I had a valuable experience in public speaking. Whatever has been my record on the platform from that time on was influenced by contact with these men in Chickamauga and the similar experiences that followed in other training centers and in Cuba.

After the close of the war I was called to the Religious Work Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America. Richard C. Morse, then the General Secretary of that Committee, came out to Chicago, where I then lived, to present this tentative call. He made it very definite that the desire of the Committee was based upon the importance they attached to my interest in and aptitude for evangelistic work. I accepted the call with the understanding that the definition was to include, in addition to evangelism, Bible study, missionary education, and the unique problem of the religious life of boys. For sixteen years I continued as the senior secretary for this development, having associated with me in delightful comradeship during that time Fred E. Goodman, Don O. Shelton, Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, Harry W. Arnold, James A. Whitmore, Alfred W. Waite, David G. Latshaw, and latterly James A. Lathrop as private secretary. Each of these men took responsibility in this department for some particular phase of

the work, but we were a unit in giving to evangelism the supreme place in the program. I cannot refrain from writing of the abiding bond that held together the men of that group. It is felt even now whenever any two or three of them may be gathered together. Taken as a whole they were a powerful element in the spiritual life, not only of the Young Men's Christian Association, but of churches throughout the nation.

It was in this period that I began to be called also to render service in the wider field of international affairs. Although I had crossed the ocean in 1896 as a casual traveler, I crossed as an International Secretary first in 1899, to attend an annual meeting of the British National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association. I conducted some meetings in the historic old Exeter Hall on the Strand. This hall had been made famous first by meetings held by the great Wilberforce in his attack upon the institution of human slavery, then by evangelistic meetings held there by the renowned Charles H. Spurgeon, and later by the first London campaign of Dwight L. Moody, which attracted the interest and prayers of the entire Christian world. My crossings have continued until the number has reached exactly eighty-two.

During these years I made my first tours around the world, which will be told of later. *En route* around the world in 1912 and 1913 in connection with the Men and Religion Forward Movement, which is described in another place, I began to have some doubt whether my work in the future could be carried on with the North American International Committee of the "Y" as my base. I felt the urge for a wider field and was not sure that that Committee would lend itself to some of the things that I had in mind.

The Men and Religion Movement, more fully dealt with in the next chapter, had led me to realize that the program we were advocating required community co-operation with the churches as its constituent parts. As I tried to think it through I came squarely up against the fact that the Associations existed, generally speaking, only in the more affluent places. The churches were everywhere. Also, the social emphasis I knew would be pre-eminent in this co-operative era. I simply could not visualize the old International Committee, as it was then, giving its approval to such a program.

I had had quiet intimations of their discontent about my participation in the Men and Religion work and of their desire that I should come home and be an orderly, regular, conventional secretary. I was sure I could not be *that*. Therefore, in returning home I wrote out a program for another campaign. It involved the social emphasis, and co-operation in every state, city, and community by all the churches and allied organizations.

I reached home in August, 1913. At the annual meeting of the Committee I presented this plan, the first week in September, in a voluminous exhibit with all the garnishings I could think of. I wanted to know how "set" the ultra-conservative element of that particular group was. I found out quickly. The members from the country districts were for the plan enthusiastically. The metropolitan group were against it with one exception, the late Mr. James G. Cannon. The others out-talked him. Figuratively, *they blew up*.

After that meeting I knew the alternatives: (1) to be a time-server and submit to the whims of this group, and after a term of years get a pension; or (2) to resign and seek other ways to do what was in my heart.

After conference with Richard C. Morse, I decided to resign at the end of the twenty-five years, which would be in April of the following year. It was a very testing experience. I suffered in spirit as I sought the way out. I was to break the intimate relationships of a quarter of a century in an organization I loved and believed in profoundly and of sixteen years of International Committee associations. It was not easy. Pressure was brought to bear to persuade me to change my decision. Some general secretaries proposed to come to New York to make a demonstration in opposition to my resignation being accepted. This movement was led, I think, by Harry W. Stone, the secretary at Portland, Oregon. He wrote an open letter to me, which was published in *Association Men*, then the official journal of the organization. The title was "*Fred, As You Were.*" It was an appeal to me to recall my resignation and to the International Committee to refuse to accept it if not recalled. When I received this letter and heard of this effort, I went to Portland and talked with comrade Stone and convinced him that my decision was final.

There were involved in the break not only these sentimental elements, but practical considerations of ways and means as well. In worldly things I had little less than nothing. I knew of no society with any financial backing that would lend itself to such a program as I had in mind. I thought I had courage, but was not at all sure I had any common sense. Nevertheless I felt that I could not turn back.

Thus I rounded out exactly a quarter of a century in the work of the Association. They were beautiful years, filled with hard work and sometimes with sacrifice. They took me into the fellowship of the employed officials of the Association, which I am sure was not and is not equalled in any other sphere of which I have knowledge. Among the men with whom I was contemporary, that fellowship is unbroken. To the Association as a whole, moreover, as I review the years, I do not wish to be sparing in my tribute. With it I might well include its worthy ally, the Young Women's Christian Association. They have rendered a great service, on a vast scale and with well-organized technique, to the youth of these generations.

There are three fixed dates in which I am sure God influenced my decisions. One was in my conversion to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Master of life on November 14, 1886; one was when I accepted the call to become a Young Men's Christian Association officer on April 1, 1889; and one was when I resigned from this service April 1, 1914. This last one was the most baffling of the three. The love of my friends who admonished me to withdraw my resignation was so alluring; the love I cherished for these friends and the desire to be near them was so powerful. But as I look back now to those weeks of pondering and wavering I am persuaded that any other verdict than the one I gave would have been a major tragedy in life. Volumes could be written about the men who ought to have resigned but didn't and just stayed on to dwindle and fade out in the wrong place.

A bit of a story which has not been embellished at all in the passing of the years is an indication of how far the Young Men's Christian Association has traveled from some of its earliest beginnings up to the present time.

During the Civil War, in one of the eastern-southern camps of the Northern Army, there was a young sergeant by the name of

J. T. Lockwood, who, it seems, became deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of the soldiers and particularly those of his own company and regiment. He had heard of the Young Men's Christian Association and wrote to the New York headquarters to ask whether any effort was being made by the Association to meet the specific needs of the army. It seems he knew about the famous Christian Commission, of which the great evangelist Dwight L. Moody was the executive officer; but he felt that something more than that might be done. He received a generous response to his letter of inquiry, and proceeded to call together some of his more religiously inclined comrades. They studied the information that had been sent them and decided to organize an army branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

This seems to have been the first Association of that name ever organized for military men. The minutes show that several meetings were called and the organization consummated, with a proper constitution and plan of activities and such officers as were necessary. According to the records, this young man Lockwood convened all these preliminary meetings and was himself the secretary or scribe on each occasion; and then in the minutes of the last meeting which consummated the organization there is this statement: "Sergeant Lockwood, however, did not become a member of this organization because he played the fiddle."

It was my privilege to know this man after I became a resident in White Plains, New York. He told me this story with many of its minor details and showed me the minutes. I persuaded him to let me have the book. It is now a part of the historical library at 347 Madison Avenue, New York City, and is available to any one interested in reading the whole story. The statement I have quoted he explained in this way:

"I never aspired to be a violinist, but I was something of a fiddler. When there was an opportunity to help to entertain the lonely men who had to while away weary hours in camp, I fiddled. Some of the soldiers could dance jigs, or do what would now be called tap dancing. And although I had worked very industriously to bring about this organization, my comrades felt that this musical capacity of mine, which had a tendency to incline young men to shuffle their feet in rhythm with the music, was such a wicked thing that for the good of the organization I had best not be a member."

And thus in this Association, as in other organizations and institutions, the years have wrought great changes. Some have called them progress. Others have lamented them as indicating decadence. Perhaps those who think the restrictions put upon Sergeant Lockwood were absurd and impracticable in the sixties would also agree that some of the extreme liberalism of the present decade is equally absurd and impracticable. Time will be the sifter of the really good and the unhealthy and bad. For the heart of the Young Men's Christian Association is sound.

NOTE: All that follows in the next chapter is interwoven in the last ten years of this same quarter-century, while I was an officer of the Young Men's Christian Association. Since it deals with a separate movement of evangelism, related to my Y. M. C. A. work but not an undertaking of that organization alone, I have thought best to set it apart.

## VI

### THE MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT

AS I grew in years and observed more closely the tendencies of exclusive emphasis of individual evangelism, I was dissatisfied. I noticed a tendency to hypocrisy where individual conversion and graces were always in the foreground. "Testimonies" and "confessions" began to be unreal and oftentimes exaggerated. I observed that many persons who were converted to some thoroughly orthodox theology were very careless about cultivating high ethical standards in business, politics, and family relations. I once saw a man who was nationally well known, an arbitrary fundamentalist in theology, put his arm around the neck of an evangelist, on the platform in the presence of a great audience, and weep copiously because of his "joy in his Saviour." That man I knew to be crooked in business and untrue to his home. That incident and others similar led me to see that the Christian life must mean something more than merely a spiritual event called conversion and thereafter a self-satisfied assurance of a personal salvation.

Then, as my travels carried me into wider fields of observation, I came in contact with various kinds of economic brutality with its resultant bitterness and poverty; I was more convinced that Christ must be a Redeemer in a larger way than merely of certain individual souls. Searching for this more complete gospel, I began to read the writings of Josiah Strong, Washington Gladden, Walter Rauschenbusch, Graham Taylor, and Francis G. Peabody. I pondered their books and articles with care. In the midst of this searching one day I heard Rauschenbusch interpret the "Lord's Prayer" and then heard *him pray*. A quarter of a century has passed but I still remember that prayer.

About that time I wrote Washington Gladden asking if I might come to see him. He invited me to come to his home and to be his guest. For two days and a night I was there. As op-

portunity afforded I talked with him and he expounded his idea of religion. I was young and unknown at that time. He was advanced in years and famous. But he gave of himself to me as though I was a vast audience.

From these sources I got the theory of this added and broadened emphasis. The academic explanation seemed to be sound. But I was in a fog about the practical application. I did not seem to find the liaison between conversion and the counting house, the factory, the sweat shop, and the political convention.

Then something *happened*. One of my associates in the Religious Work Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations, Mr. Harry W. Arnold, came into my office one day and pinned up on the wall a map of the United States with about one hundred red stars indicating the larger cities and universities. He said he had been thinking of a plan by which the whole nation could be challenged with the most modern and effective program of religious work for men and boys. He proposed that four or five "teams" be organized with so-called "experts" in various features of the plan, and that the cities be visited for six days each for conferences, institutes, and evangelistic meetings.

I listened to him with interest, for I had a high estimate of his enthusiasm. He had been out of college only two or three years and had visions. I did not want to dampen his zeal, and proposed that he call some groups of the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries together and get their reactions. Really I thought the whole thing rather fantastic. However he did call several such groups into conference during the winter of 1909-1910. In the first one I attended I was completely sold to the idea, and presented it to the International Committee for Religious Work for their approval. They gave it at once.

Soon after this, Mr. Arnold went on a tour to attend some conventions, including one in Maine. All along the way he presented the outline. As a result letters began to come in commending the idea. Mr. Arnold returned from the Maine convention, in the midst of his tour, with a sort of nervous breakdown and in need of rest, so it seemed. But upon diagnosis we were shocked to learn that he had incipient tuberculosis. He was ordered to the mountains and remained in the sanitarium

for the entire period of the conventions which followed, although eventually his recovery was complete.

Data of all sorts came to my desk. The plan was too far advanced to be pigeonholed, even with the loss of Mr. Arnold's leadership. My colleagues of the staff and the members of the committee were unanimously in favor of going forward. A much larger setting-up conference was called to meet at Silver Bay on Lake George, N. Y., in August, 1910. The invitation included not only Y. M. C. A. secretaries from the states and larger cities, but also the executive officers of the Brotherhoods and other men's organizations of the various denominations and many specialists in certain phases of the Christian movement. More than six hundred men attended, three-fourths of whom were laymen. The sessions, three each day, continued for eight days. There was an intensity about that conference which I had not hitherto witnessed, nor have since. A national committee was organized and named "THE COMMITTEE OF NINETY-SEVEN." Nobody ever knew how or why it got that name. I suppose it avoided confusion with any other committee.

The schedule of visitations by three teams was adopted. This was as complicated as a National or American League baseball season's routing. It was decided that the personnel of the teams should be made up as follows:

- One specialist for Evangelism
- One specialist for Bible Study
- One specialist for Boys' Work
- One specialist for Missions—Home and Foreign
- One specialist for Social Service
- One church specialist—a pastor.

I was to be known as Campaign Manager with a roving commission, to spend from two to three days in each of the cities where the major conventions were to be held. I was to be accompanied by the famous International Male Quartette: Edward W. Peck, Cornell M. Keeler, Paul J. Gilbert, and Harlow P. Metcalf, all of them being then "Y" secretaries. The Rev. Roy B. Guild, a great broad-shouldered giant physically and with similar proportions spiritually and administratively, was elected Executive Secretary. I may add here that he needed and used

to the utmost all his capacities before the summer of 1912. A budget was adopted that called for the raising of eighty thousand dollars. It was also decided to hold a great summing-up Conservation Congress in Carnegie Hall in April of 1912.

There was little difficulty in getting cordial support for all the details, except in two instances: First, the name. More than fifty-seven different titles were brought forward. Finally, not without some heartburnings, "THE MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT" was adopted. Second, the inclusion of the "Social Service" message and the choice of messengers in this field. What does this mean? Is this to be radicalism? Will this mix us up in politics? Who are to be these social service experts? Just what are they to do? These were questions mooted.

There is no better place to record the background of my relationship of now well over a quarter of a century to Raymond Robins. I first heard of him in Chicago. I was told that he was a radical, that he was either a Socialist, a Communist, a Syndicalist, or all of them combined. I was told he was theologically a heretic, that he was not a good American citizen, that he was unpatriotic and various other things. While I did not care to quarrel with him, I made up my mind that he was a man I would not get mixed up with. The fact is that upon more than one occasion, when I had accepted an invitation of some kind on a program where he was to appear, I would quietly withdraw from it or assure myself that I would not be present at the same session where he would be participating.

Then at the setting-up conference of the Men and Religion Movement at Silver Bay, after one or two days, one of the delegates remarked to me: "Did you know that the famous Raymond Robins of Chicago is here?" When I answered that I did not, this man offered to introduce me to him. I said I thought I should prefer not to meet him just then. The real truth is I was very much embarrassed. I did not know how he could get there without some official invitation, and I did not know what to do with him when I found he was there.

I let the matter drift along for two or three days, not knowing which one of the five or six hundred he was. Various delegates began to interview me as chairman, to say that this man was in

the audience, that many wanted to hear him, and that he ought to be given some recognition. I made up my mind that there was a way to use and dispose of him. Each day at eleven-forty it was our custom to stop all discussions and have a devotional period of twenty minutes just before luncheon. I said to myself, I can put this fellow up in one of these periods and he certainly cannot do very much harm in twenty minutes. I sought him out and invited him to talk. Without any quibbling he accepted and with Bible in hand he led that twenty-minute devotion. I remember it keenly. With unfeigned emphasis upon spiritual issues he related them to social responsibilities. By the close of his twenty-minute service he had captured the heart and mind of every man in the auditorium.

The next day I presented an invitation to him to be the social service expert of one of the teams. He took twenty-four hours to think it over, and accepted. With an abandon unexcelled by any man in the entire movement, he gave himself to the great cause we espoused. From this beginning, our friendship has never faltered, but has rather been intensified with each of the intervening years. Moreover, I found in him that missing link between individual and social religion. He was a concrete illustration of Christian Social Service in action.

But to return to the details of the Silver Bay Conference. It was also decided that where invitations were accepted from the central cities to be visited by the national teams, the sponsors in each city should be required to organize local teams after the same form, and visit from twenty to thirty adjacent cities or communities to present the same message and method. These local communities were also pledged to organize a "Conservation Committee," to follow up the visits of the "experts" and put into permanent form such methods as might be recommended. Finally, seventy-seven of the major cities met the conditions, including the payment of one thousand dollars each to the general budget, which was in addition to the eighty thousand dollars mentioned. These cities were scattered in strategic geographical locations from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from Minneapolis to New Orleans. Without going into numerous local details, which while interesting are of no value now, it can be said that the entire plan was carried out to a degree of success not

hoped for at the beginning by those most intimately involved in all the preliminary planning.

Here are inserted the two charts which were displayed everywhere as the index of the essence of the whole movement. As they were drafted at first they had many more items upon them. But we wanted the basic idea to be simple and plain enough for men everywhere to understand. After the deleting process I commended them to my associates as being simple. I remember one of the leaders said: "Yes, they are simple enough to look silly, but they are good enough for our purpose."

### *Diagram I—Local Church Work*

In diagram No. 1, below on this page, is given a method to be employed in every local church. If a small church has only seven men who can be placed upon a special committee for men's and boys' work, they should be organized, and each given a definite responsibility for one of these seven phases. The number may be increased to two or three or four or five or twenty-five in each one of these departments, according to the size of the church or the number of men interested.

## MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT

### Suggested Outline of Work for

#### Men and Boys in LOCAL CHURCH

Submitted as the basis of permanent work

*Officers:* Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Executive Committees

Under  
the  
Direction  
of  
Adult  
Bible  
Class  
Brother-  
hoods  
League  
Club

- | <i>Sub-Committees</i>      |
|----------------------------|
| I. MEMBERSHIP              |
| II. BOYS' WORK             |
| III. BIBLE STUDY           |
| IV. EVANGELISM             |
| V. SOCIAL SERVICE          |
| VI. MISSIONS—Home, Foreign |
| VII. INTER-CHURCH WORK     |

*Diagram II—Inter-Church Work*

Diagram No. 2 is submitted for the work where two or more churches are located in the same community. The hour of unity in service has fully arrived. There may not be any special demand for organic unity, but there is an irresistible call for harmony in spirit of action. Some forms of Christian effort can be best promoted only through inter-church relations.

## MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT

Suggested Outline for INTER-CHURCH WORK  
for Men and Boys

Submitted as basis of permanent work

Officers: President, Secretary, Treasurer, Directors.

Under the Direction of Federation of Churches Federation of Adult Bible Classes	<i>Sub-Committees</i>
Federation of Brotherhoods or Young Men's Christian Association	I. MEMBERSHIP
	II. CHRISTIAN PUBLICITY
	III. MEETINGS
	IV. BIBLE STUDY
	V. COMMUNITY EXTENSION
	VI. SOCIAL SERVICE
	VII. MISSIONS—Home, Foreign
	VIII. BOYS' WORK

*Sub-Committees*

- I. MEMBERSHIP
- II. CHRISTIAN PUBLICITY
- III. MEETINGS
- IV. BIBLE STUDY
- V. COMMUNITY EXTENSION
- VI. SOCIAL SERVICE
- VII. MISSIONS—Home, Foreign
- VIII. BOYS' WORK

These were printed in colors on a heavy grade of glazed paper, inserted in tubes, and shipped in quantity to each of the seventy-seven conventions. At one of the plenary sessions they were displayed and offered for sale to the delegates at twenty-five cents each. The ushers would then pass through the audience delivering and collecting. This period always created a furore. The people would shout and grab to get them. We "sold out"

in every town. As we went along we increased the orders but never could get a large enough supply.

As the conventions proceeded, two things were apparent:

First, the social service element went steadily to the front. In this regard, though prominent in the organization and extension of the plan, I was really surprised because I had expected it to be a minor feature. The social gospel had begun to interest me, but the emphasis of it in this movement had not seemed to me of first importance. As a matter of fact, I consented to it as one of seven objectives because Harry Arnold had it in the original plan and it looked good to round out the list. I have written of the interest awakened in this broader Christian message by reading, hearing, and meeting Gladden, Strong, Rauschenbusch, and Taylor; but when I came to a close-up of Charles Stelzle, Raymond Robins, and the late Dr. Isaac Lansing, the prophets of this social service message for the churches and Christian organizations, I got the acid test of its practicability. At the close of each local campaign, it was required that every member of the team should make definite recommendations for the use of the continuing "Conservation Committee." Usually these were put on charts and displayed in the farewell meeting, which came to be known quite generally as the "get-away" session. For this purpose these social service leaders had questionnaires sent out in advance, getting data upon housing conditions, labor conditions, immoral resorts, and other such subjects. In many of these cities the disclosures were shocking. Nor were they welcomed. In two of the convention centers warrants were actually issued for the arrest of these social service leaders, as "disturbers of the peace and quietude" of the community. Public opinion, however, defeated the execution of the warrants. But all the way certain elements were threatening these "radicals," as the social service men were called by ultra-conservatives in theology and the underworld in morals.

There is no way of knowing how much of what has followed in this field of work, since that Men and Religion year, in the churches and other religious organizations, is traceable to the impetus given at that time. It had its lasting influence, I am sure. I remember once at a later time hearing President Clarence A. Barbour, now of Brown University, who was the direc-

tor of one of the teams at that time, say: "The Men and Religion Movement put social service permanently into the activities of the churches."

Second, it became increasingly apparent that the interest aroused in the several objectives of this movement could be made effective, after the first impulse had been spent, only by leaving in each city and community a comprehensive plan of collective or federated work. This need emerged as the efforts for evangelism and boys' work developed their message. It was felt most of all, perhaps, in the social service part of the campaign. This appeal was for the community as a whole and not for any one church or organization. Every speaker began to plead for local church federations or councils or committees to carry on the purposes of the Men and Religion Movement. Most of the present federations were either organized, or given a new impetus, at that time.

I know of no more careful appraisal of the results of the movement than the one in an article written by the Rev. Charles S. MacFarland, then the General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. This was published in *The Homiletic Review*, in the September, 1912, issue. It was a very exhaustive and illuminating interpretation. I regret that it is impossible to print the entire article, which ran to about 4,500 words. However, by including the editors' introduction and some paragraphs from the article the main facts are emphasized.

### EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

"Because of his wide knowledge of the field, and his actual contact with the work in many centers, the editors asked Dr. MacFarland, Executive Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, to give an estimate of the results of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. That estimate seems to the editors fair and trustworthy. Briefly exprest, the effect accomplished seems to be: (1) A widening of the vision by ministry and laity of the possibilities of Christian service; (2) the quickening of the social conscience, bringing to realization the fact that the men of a community have responsibilities for evils that exist there, and the demonstration that they have the power to end them; and (3) emphasis upon the more specifically re-

ligious obligations and stimulus to fulfillment of these in their bearing upon the whole life of man. These obligations include the training of young and old to higher ideals of service, and the utilization of all means available for economic, social, and religious betterment.

"The following figures give some conception of the work done: Meetings, 7,062; addresses, 8,332; attendance, 1,492,646; personal interviews, 6,349; men and boys committed to personal service, 26,280; men and boys committed to personal allegiance to Jesus Christ, 7,580.—EDITORS."

#### FROM DR. MACFARLAND'S ARTICLE

"It is to be hoped that it is not yet time to write upon either the significance or the duration of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, and yet some things have been clearly accomplished and these give some ground for forecast and prophecy. While this article expresses only the judgment of the writer, it ought to be said that in this judgment he has attempted to gather up also the common expression of the leaders of the Church, so far as he has been able to do so.

"The Men and Religion Forward Movement was, without doubt, ideally, and many would affirm in realization, the most symmetrical expression of evangelism in the history of the Church. It was an ample and impressive illustration of the divine principle of unity with diversity. An evangelism that fittingly began with boyhood, it reached all phases of human life and experience. It took into account both the religious life of the individual, with the necessity for personal regeneration, and the life of the race, with its necessity for social redemption.

"Thus, the Men and Religion Forward Movement has left behind the following permanent possessions: (1) An adequate program for not only the men of the churches, but for the churches themselves, clear at least in outline. (2) It has helped bring about the permanent synthesis of the various activities of the Church and aspects of its gospel. (3) It has established, or at least indicated, the relationship between the Church and the community and social problems. (4) Its program, it has made clear, can be carried out only by the churches

acting in common. (5) It has raised the whole question of interdenominational and denominational movements and organizations, their relation to each other, and their relation to the churches."

As has already been stated, from the beginning, the Committee of Ninety-Seven had felt very strongly that at the close of the series of conventions, which were to last from the first week in September to the middle of April, there should be one great Conservation Congress where the experiences throughout the country and the measurable results could be tabulated and, so far as possible, put in permanent form for the use of those who had participated. Accordingly, as we went along, in all the cities and in all the auxiliary towns, announcement was made that beginning on April 9, 1912, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, there would be such a convention.

In further response to the demand for efficiency and for a summary which could be both accurate and impartial, eight commissions were appointed in December of 1911: (1) Evangelism, with the Rev. John Timothy Stone, now President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, as chairman; (2) Bible Study, with the late Rev. Ozora Davis, who was then the President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, as chairman; (3) Social Service, with the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, the President of Union Theological Seminary, as chairman; (4) Home and Foreign Missions, with Dr. Robert E. Speer as chairman; (5) Church Unity, with the late Bishop Hendricks of the Southern Methodist Church, who was at that time President of the Federal Council, as chairman, and Bishop William F. McDowell as vice-chairman (who as a matter of fact did most of the work); (6) The Rural Church, with the Hon. Henry Wallace, who was then the editor of *The Wallace Farmer*, published in Des Moines, Iowa, and who was the grandfather of the present Secretary of Agriculture, as chairman; (7) The Church and the Press, with Hon. George W. Coleman, who was then the President of the Ford Hall Forum in Boston, as chairman; and (8) Boys' Work, with the Rev. Charles W. Gilkey, now the Chaplain of the Theological School of Chicago University, as chairman.

The membership of each of these commissions was made up

of from ten to fifteen distinguished persons with peculiar interest in the various subjects. Limited space does not make it possible to give the entire list. None of the experts or specialists of the various teams were on these commissions, with the exception of one, who was appointed as a sort of liaison between the field and this commission. Not in all my long career have I ever known men in such circumstances to work so furiously as did not only these chairmen but the various members. These reports were all submitted in the eight-day session of the Congress, and then were printed in a set of eight volumes. The first sale of these books was made by the simple announcement in the opening session of the Congress that they could be had at so much per set. As far as the result is concerned, I know only that the first edition of three thousand was sold out at once upon the adjournment of the session at which the announcement had been made. One delegate took \$3,000 worth of these sets to distribute to a selected list of ministers of his own denomination. And, inasmuch as the author of this book did not write one chapter in any one of the eight volumes, he may properly say, after reviewing them quite recently, that they would be as influential if continued in use today as they were when they were published in 1912. They were and are prophetic in their various fields.

On the sessions of the Congress some further words must be added. On the very day that the first great plenary session was to be held, the ships were coming in bringing those who had been rescued from the ill-fated *Titanic*, and the bodies of some who had been drowned. The whole city, indeed the whole nation, was under the fearful spell of the shock of the loss of this ship and its passengers. And I recall, as the team members sat at breakfast that morning, as had been our custom all through the ten months, we were stunned and appalled and wondered whether our convention could survive this shock. But the delegates were in New York, the hearts of the people were aroused, and as we went forward the Congress seemed to gather momentum rather than otherwise, until in the last session Carnegie Hall was packed to overflowing. And thus, so far as America was concerned, the conventions throughout the country were over, the Conservation Congress had been held, the reports of the commissions had been printed, and the further activities were turned over to the Young

Men's Christian Associations, the Brotherhoods, the men's organizations, and the churches, for their fulfilment.

Many more interesting incidents and details might be included, of which I will add only one or two. I have thought it important to emphasize here a great movement which, as Dr. MacFarland says, has "changed the currents of the churches' life in America," and to bring again its challenge to the churches and other religious organizations to fulfil the unfinished tasks which that period revealed. That much remains incomplete of the prophecies we had made, all would agree. Soon after these crusading men had disbanded and gone back to their permanent tasks, the World War broke out.

The psychology employed in war propaganda demanded either complete abandonment or indefinite postponement of many noble ideals. For war cannot prosper when the people are thinking seriously about Christian welfare. War progresses only when there are called out in the people the jungle moralities. Joy in brute force, shedding blood, and collective slaughter is essential to a prosperous war. Thus the follow-up conservation work of the Men and Religion Movement suffered. Moreover, the brutalizing orgies of the war so lowered the general average of spiritual life that a good environment for a renaissance of extreme denominationalism among all too many church officials was created. The Men and Religion Movement was predicated upon the necessity of a greatly increased interdenominational co-operation for the welfare of the community as a whole. The reactions which gave new birth to the extreme "America First" type of national patriotism also gave a new opening for the "Congregational Church First" fellows to shout; likewise for the same element among Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and Disciples to join the chorus. Interdenominational co-operation became incidental, something to be given attention if convenient, or a sort of luxury. Thus delay ensued in the largest results of the Men and Religion Movement. Nevertheless, its results have been great and its ideals stand for the years to be.

Referring once more to the Conservation Congress of the Men and Religion Movement held in Carnegie Hall, I have one mem-

ory which is very pathetic. When we were planning this greater meeting, we wanted to have several European speakers, and I was commissioned in the summer of 1910 to go to Europe and make arrangements with certain men. One of these was the late Archdeacon Madden of the Church of England, then at Liverpool. Another was the late Stuart Holden, who for so many years enriched the conferences at Northfield. A third was William T. Stead, the editor of the English *Review of Reviews*. We were particularly desirous of securing him. I had met him, knew some of his characteristics, and had had the delightful experience of being entertained at his home in England. I called on him in his office on Kingsway and happened to come in at a time when he was a good deal disturbed, violently outraged, by certain situations that had developed in London and in Europe. When I finally found him quieted down so that I could talk with him about coming to America, and presented the invitation for him to speak in one of the greater sessions in Carnegie Hall, he said: "I will not come." Pointing out of a window toward the east, he added: "Don't you know that we over here are getting ready for the damnedest war the world has ever seen? Why should I go over to America and talk world peace when we in Europe are going into war?" I told him that I did not believe he meant that, that I felt he was wrong, that in any event he ought to come over and preach the doctrine. I went down to Cook & Son's ticket office and made a deposit for a round-trip ticket to bring him over. On the next day I went back to his office, put the receipt on his desk, and told him we were expecting him to come over. He smiled a little and said he would see about it. I felt sure he would come, for I knew of his keen interest in the development of our country and the lure ocean voyages had for him.

He was *en route* on the ill-fated *Titanic* on her maiden voyage, when she had the collision with the iceberg on the banks of Newfoundland. Stead was lost. Since he was my guest, I recrossed the ocean later that I might convey to the widow such information as I had been able to gather from an Englishman named Townsend, who was rescued and whom I afterward interviewed in the Astor Hotel.

When the news came to our committee of his death and we knew that a vast audience would be disappointed, we were per-

plexed to find a suitable substitute. Finally we thought of James MacDonald, then the editor of the *Toronto Globe*. We knew MacDonald and Stead loved each other like David and Jonathan. We knew that probably there was no other man who understood the mind of Stead so perfectly as did MacDonald. We telegraphed him a request to come for that address. He accepted.

No man living who was in that audience can ever forget the experience. On the very night of the meeting, those who had been rescued from the *Titanic* were being brought in. But the body of Stead was somewhere in the depths of the sea, off the banks of Newfoundland. MacDonald spoke for an hour and a half on "What Stead would say if he were here." He, the living friend, delivered what he believed would have been the address of Stead if he could have survived and fulfilled his engagement. At the close, wearied and exhausted with the emotional and physical effort plus the deep sorrow at the loss of his friend, he literally cried out as he said: "Oh America, don't fail in this great opportunity, in your highest effort to save the world from another period of human slaughter." When he had finished, Mr. James G. Cannon had to steady him as he led him back to a chair.

Afterwards I myself put him in a taxicab and sent him to the Astor Hotel. Late that night I went into his room to see if he was getting rest. He was wide awake, his eyes were distended, his hair was disheveled. I said to him: "Now, MacDonald, you go to sleep, get some rest; you delivered a great oration in Carnegie Hall tonight." As he tossed to and fro on his pillow, he replied: "Oh, Smith, don't call it an oration. Did I convince 'em? Did I convince 'em?" I have thought of that many times since. Both MacDonald and Stead saw yonder in the black clouds that coming storm of human slaughter and, worse than that, that unspeakable debasement of the whole world in a World War. I have sometimes said since, that I wish, following that interview with MacDonald, I had gone out like a fool everywhere to cry out against war.

This is one of my vivid and compelling memories of William T. Stead of England and of James MacDonald of Canada. It was also a part of the influence which later led me into international peace work.

Another incident in connection with the Conservation Congress in Carnegie Hall has always stood out in my memory. At the very beginning, when the committee was organized, a definite statement was made that this was "not to be another permanent organization." We were simply going to conduct these conventions. When they were over and we had released the technique as well as the message, we would turn over the conservation of results to the churches and the affiliated Christian organizations and leave the deposit of whatever value it might be in these societies, without multiplying machinery.

The great meeting in Carnegie Hall had delegates from every state in the United States. Its enthusiasm had increased in intensity from session to session. In the final meeting in Carnegie Hall, which was addressed by the late Dr. Jowett, then pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, there was such an outburst of zeal that six thousand men and women were just ready to go out and start some additional crusade.

I was pretty well tired out and was on the stage behind the curtains. The late A. A. Hyde, of Wichita, Kansas, a man who held as high a sense of personal responsibility as a steward of God, with his talents and his money, as any man I ever met, came to me there and said vehemently: "I believe it is a mistake for us not to continue this organization of the Committee of Ninety-Seven and to carry on more conventions. If you will agree that, notwithstanding the earlier promises, the developments have changed the circumstances and that you will go forward with this work, I am prepared to write my check now for \$50,000 to back it up."

An offer of \$50,000 for a worthy cause is not to be treated lightly. The next morning at breakfast I counseled with my associates as far as I could. In spite of the almost overwhelming enthusiasm of the delegates who had been in attendance at the Congress, our sober judgment was that the promises made at the beginning should be kept.

And now, looking back over the years, I am very glad of the decision. Nothing I remember during all these years is more pitiful than to have seen certain splendid so-styled temporary movements, which had a prophetic or practical message for a particular hour, later dragged around without any real contributing value to causes they had espoused. This was no-

tably true in the experience of the fine Laymen's Missionary Movement. I am quite sure that if it had been terminated at the end of the first great congress in Chicago, its abiding contribution would have been greater than it is today. Another striking illustration was seen in the prolongation of the activities of the Near East Relief beyond the period of its unique importance. The people lose interest rapidly in religious movements that outstay their time.

#### MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT AROUND THE WORLD

During the Men and Religion period, invitations began to come in from the church leaders and Young Men's Christian Association secretaries of some other nations, urging us to carry both this message and this method around the world. These invitations were particularly appealing from missionaries and church leaders in Japan and China. To our surprise they felt that this plan, which seemed more or less unique to our American religious life, would be peculiarly helpful in these two countries. The invitation from the Federated Church Movement and the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations in Australia was equally cordial.

As we took under consideration the possibility of extending the work, the real problem seemed to be to find some one who could go ahead of us, properly interpret the movement, and organize the necessary local committees. When I presented to the Committee of Ninety-Seven some of these communications, it was with the comment that the undertaking would be impracticable, unless we could get some such man as Mr. Harry Holmes (who had been an active leader in the conventions on the Pacific Coast) to act as executive secretary of such a world tour. This committee was very much in favor of the general plan. Later I presented the whole matter to Mr. Holmes, and he accepted with his customary enthusiasm.

It would not be worth while now to try to give any detailed report of this ten months' world tour, from December 1912 to September 1913. In each of the cities visited in the foreign countries, the visiting delegation consisted of Colonel Raymond Robins, the International Male Quartette, Mr. Alec A. Hyde, and myself. Mr. Hyde, the Wichita business man I have previously mentioned, accompanied us in part for the privilege of

companionship in a world tour and also because he was fascinated by the program we were presenting. From six to eight days were spent in each city with practically the same succession of luncheons, banquets, institutes, round table discussions, and public mass meetings. We sailed from San Francisco, visiting Honolulu, in the Territory of Hawaii; Tokyo, Yokohama, Kioto, and Nagasaki in Japan; Shanghai, Hongkong, and Canton in China; Brisbane, Sidney, Melbourne, Ballarat, and Adelaide in Australia; Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg, Kimberley, and Cape Town in South Africa; and finally London, for a modified campaign of about a week, after which we returned to New York. The attendance at these meetings in the world tour averaged larger than at those in our own country. This was particularly true in Australia, where in some of the great mass meetings the attendance reached six thousand. If the writer should permit his memory to be refreshed about incidents and events in every one of these cities in this tour, the space required would involve a book by itself. Therefore only this brief summary can be given of what was perhaps the most colorful and in many respects most thrilling tour of my entire life.

#### A COURTESY OF APPRECIATION

Out of all the years of travel which for over three decades carried me more than fifty thousand miles a year, during which I had to ride upon all kinds of railways, trains, buses, automobiles, flying machines, ships, etc., my memory does not record any very unpleasant circumstances. As I go back over the long years with their changing methods of transportation, I am glad to remember that I was never led to send in a protest or a criticism in any way of railway or steamship service. There were a few times when I got a little wrought up and thought I might make a complaint, but by the time I had considered all the questions involved I didn't do it. Officials and employees responsible for the care and comfort of people *en route*, by all and any kinds of methods, have usually been wonderfully disciplined to give the highest consideration to the welfare of those they are transporting.

One of the most striking incidents, however, came to me in January, 1913. At that time I was, in company with seven

others, *en route* around the world in the series of conventions and conferences in connection with the Men and Religion Forward Movement. We had been through a very fiery, rapid campaign in Japan, finished with three days of meetings and conferences in Nagasaki, and were ready to take a ship, the *Chicago Maru*, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. The ship was due to sail at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was a royal mail ship, navigating under strict schedule, and was one of the finest of the line at that time.

Before I was out of bed on that morning my secretary, Mr. James Lathrop, who handled all purchasing of tickets, checking of baggage, etc., walked into my room and said, "Mr. Smith, I am sorry to say that your trunk is not here. I made a mistake and checked it back to Osaka." I was simply dumbfounded. He had been with me for a good many years. He was a model of efficiency, carefulness, faithfulness. When checking the baggage to Nagasaki he had checked all the other heavy pieces in the proper way, but, for some unaccountable, never-explained reason, checked mine east to Osaka instead of west to Nagasaki. This was not simply a box with a few collars and cuffs and handkerchiefs in it. It had the official files, records, outlines, charts, and diagrams of the campaign we were conducting. Inasmuch as we were making one-week stands I was convinced that if that trunk ever got behind me I should probably not see it again in the entire voyage.

I have always been very grateful that I did not get excited and say any unkind or harsh things to Mr. Lathrop. After a hurried breakfast I started with him to the headquarters of the steamship company. As we went down the quay there was our ship out in the middle of the bay, all steamed up, ready to go. We went into headquarters and found the manager. I told him of my predicament and asked him whether he thought there was any chance that the ship could be held, until I could get my trunk back from Osaka. He assured me it was impossible. It could not be done. It never had been done. To strengthen this statement he told me that not long before, when a daughter of a Viceroy had had similar trouble with her luggage, they had communicated with the highest authorities asking that the ship be delayed until this important person could get her baggage. The request had been refused. The ship went on time.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "the ship must leave at exactly two o'clock today." I have never quite known what prompted me to do it, but I said to Mr. Lathrop, my secretary, "Let us go out to the ship and see the captain." In the meantime we had learned that that piece of baggage could be brought through, reaching Nagasaki at six o'clock that night. We got into a little launch, went out to the ship, and climbed up to the deck. I found the captain, a typical heavy-built, short, fascinating little Japanese. I told him my story. He listened without a change of facial expression or any apparent interest in what I was saying. Of course I had explained who I was and given myself all the importance I possibly could. When I had finished, he took out his watch and then looked up into the air, evidently to see which way the wind was blowing for there was a fierce snowstorm raging. Then after a little silence he said, "I hold ship for you until six o'clock."

We did not wait for anything further but got off that ship as quickly as possible. At the railway station we were assured that my trunk had actually been placed on the train. At the hotel I advised all the other members of the party to take their hand baggage, go out to the ship, get into their staterooms and stand around to impress the captain with their knowledge of his promise. We waited tediously through the hours of the afternoon, and at six o'clock Mr. Lathrop and I stood in the railway station when the train pulled in. Going to the goods car we watched them roll the baggage out; my trunk was not there. The stationmaster, who had the telegram saying the trunk started, then conferred with the conductors. Back at another station, he was told, they found the train to be so heavy and the drifting snow so difficult that it was impossible for one engine to pull the entire train; so it was split into two sections. The car in which my trunk had been placed was in the second section, arriving in Nagasaki at eight o'clock!

It was terribly humiliating. Not only could I not get my trunk but I had also to face that captain again and explain the additional blunder. However, I asked the Japanese stationmaster to write out the explanation, which he did. Then in the dark, the snow, and the mud we rode down in a ricksha, got a launch, and went out to the ship. The passengers were all looking over the rail and for the most part were in bad temper. They had gone

out without any intimation that the ship was being held and had been there from two o'clock on, anxious to be on the way, and about ready to throw overboard the man who had been the cause of their inconvenience. The captain stood at the head of the gangway with his watch in his hand. The men were in position to lift anchor, and all was ready for full steam ahead for China. I presented this yellow piece of paper containing the station-master's explanation and apologized to him, but asked him to be assured that the second part of the mistake was no fault of mine. I added, "I cannot ask anything more from you because this train will not arrive until eight o'clock tonight." Still bundled up in his great overcoat, with his face hidden in his turned-up collar, he stood quietly, asked no questions, made no comment, looked at his watch, again looked at the wind and the storm, and said, "I hold ship for you until eight o'clock." I turned to go down the gangway as quickly as I could, for I heard ominous mutterings and growlings among the passengers. We went back to the railway station and waited there until eight o'clock when my trunk was rolled out. Lathrop and I put it on a ricksha, hired an extra boy so that we had a team, and made full speed for the ship. The minute my trunk was pulled on board the whistle blew, the bells rang, and we were off.

We had a rather rough voyage all the way to Shanghai. On several occasions I tried to get a chance to thank that captain properly but he would just give a sort of grunt and wave me aside. Finally I went to the first mate on the ship, who was a white man, and asked his advice. He knew all about the incident, and said he was thoroughly amazed that the captain held the ship. I said to him, "I want to do something to show my appreciation." Very quickly he replied, "Well, you cannot make him a present of any money." Then I told him I had seen a very beautiful, elaborate gold-mounted fountain pen in the gift shop. Something like that, he thought, would be all right. I got the pen. The man who ran the shop was something of an engraver and initialed it for me. As we were coming up the Yangtze River toward Shanghai I saw the captain standing on the forward deck alone. I went out to him and said, "You were very kind to hold this ship until I got my baggage, and I should like to ask if you will accept this little token as an indication of my permanent appreciation." He accepted it with typical

Oriental grace, and bowed repeatedly as he thanked me. Emboldened by his cordiality I said to him, "I am a little curious to know just why you were led to do this great favor." Then in a monotone he replied: "I live in Tokyo. I have a boy. He was bad boy. He join Y. M. C. A. He is good boy. I hold ship for you." And he walked away.

## VII

### NEW FIELDS—I BECOME AN INTERNATIONALIST

**T**AKING a bird's-eye view of the years, I believe that not at any time since the pioneer Dakota days of drought and blizzards was I so baffled as in the month following my resignation as a Y. M. C. A. secretary. It had involved not only the tremendous sentimental elements I have mentioned in an earlier chapter, but as well a practical question of ways and means. I had large family responsibilities but not a dollar of money in reserve. I knew of no society with any financial backing that would lend itself to such a program, vaguely defined, as I had in mind.

One of my old friends, a prosperous business man and an ardent Christian, came to me to direct my attention to something he feared I had overlooked. He argued: "You have served the Y. M. C. A. for twenty-five years; if you will continue ten years more, you will get a life-term pension." And he was generous enough to say he was prepared to take out an insurance policy on his own life to guarantee that annuity.

This man was too broad-minded to be thinking only of my financial problems, for his greater care was for the Christian usefulness of my life. He believed very strongly that I was making a serious mistake spiritually, and that it might also eventually involve the support of my family.

#### AN ASBESTOS MERCHANT

And then something else *happened*. One day, before my resignation had become effective, I walked into the private office of Mr. T. Frank Manville, president of the Johns-Manville Company. After he had drawn a check for a very generous subscription for the budget of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, he drew me into further conversation. "Tell me about yourself. Where did you come from and where are you going?" His friendly interest led me to tell him some things I have written here and other things

besides. I did not have the least thought of what was behind his inquiry. When I had told my story, he said, "I need a contact man as an assistant to the president of this company. I cannot travel. I think you are the man. I will give you a job here and you will be free to travel and speak anywhere you choose." After some questions about details, I told him I was sure he was sincere about this freedom but I feared in attempting to work out his proposal I should eventually find myself circumscribed. He assured me it would not be so. I accepted. We shook hands, I went out. No word was spoken of salary. He confirmed the conversation on the same day by letter, putting in it all he had promised and more.

This was in 1914. I had ten years with this company. At no time was I restrained in promoting those ideals of which I have written. Mr. T. Frank Manville, whose immediate assistant I was, was a generous "straight-shooter," but a "stormy petrel" at times. On these occasions when things got too hot in the east end of the building, I used to move back quietly, to the west end, where I had an office adjoining the offices of Mr. Hiram Edward Manville, the vice-president. We all called him "Hi" and do so yet. I owe a great deal to him for the composure which he unfailingly supplied. I put a high value on these years. They were not all lost years. If the circumstances could be as favorable as they were for me, I believe ten years in business would be a godsend to all professional Christian workers.

The values were: (1) I was given some economic relief in the years my children were being educated; (2) I was made thoroughly conscious of the regimentation necessary for success in business; (3) I was impressed anew with the value of time. Everybody from top to bottom had fixed hours and kept them or quit. In business there are no vacations which extend from after Easter to the first Sunday in October. There are no slovenly slackers in successful business.

Having been for twenty-five years in religious work, I was deeply impressed, during this business experience, with the contrast in the habits of the two types. Some lazy, shiftless men can keep ecclesiastical jobs ten, fifteen, or twenty years after they have ceased to be useful to the organization which puts up the salary. Some religious offices are conducted in a sort of happy-go-lucky manner—come late, go to lunch for two or three

hours, leave any old time. There was none of that in this business. I got an invaluable lesson also in teamwork. Everybody from top to bottom had to co-operate for the good of the company, or quit. The loss in religious work by the route of jealousies is very great. In viewing this experience, in later years, I have frequently said that if these ten years in business could have come ten years earlier, the value would have been even greater. Some time passed before I got fully adjusted to my business relations.

#### WITH THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

I received one day a telephone call from Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, who was then the Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, asking me to lunch with him. At that time he presented to me the plans of the Federal Council for the organization of local and state church councils or federations and urged that I might render some worthy service as chairman of a commission of the Federal Council for this purpose. I have no doubt that Dr. MacFarland called me into this luncheon conference because he remembered the emphasis in the Men and Religion Movement upon co-operative effort in the cities, towns, and other communities. His proposal appealed to me also because it seemed to offer an opportunity to help fulfil a vital purpose in the Men and Religion campaigns.

After taking it into full consideration, I accepted. I made the condition, however, that we should secure the services of Roy B. Guild, to whom earlier reference has been made, to be the executive secretary of this work. I felt then that Dr. Guild's relationship as an executive officer of the Men and Religion Movement had peculiarly fitted him to be the secretarial officer of such a commission. All of this plan was carried out without delay. I remember with high satisfaction the ten years in which I was the chairman of the commission and Dr. Guild was its unfailing and effective executive director. In the latter part of this time, Mr. Harry N. Holmes was brought from England to be an associate secretary in this work.

I am quite aware of the fact that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is not perfect. I myself have been a critic of it at certain points. But I get completely out of patience with the severe critic who insinuates, as one did to me

upon occasion, that "The Federal Council, in my judgment, never has accomplished anything very much, isn't doing anything worth while now, and isn't likely to." To me that is absurd. The Federal Council has done a great work, is doing a great work now, and if I am any judge of the future, its greatest work for the churches is yet to come.

Handicaps? Yes, it has handicaps. To me the most serious one is that its base of organization is ecclesiastical selection of representatives. The highest authorities of each of the denominations can appoint their representatives not only on the Council as a whole but on its real controlling body known as the Administrative Committee. There is always a tendency, when organizations are on this basis, for some persons who are being side-tracked or even for some ordinary ne'er-do-wells to be appointed. I have seen in some meetings of the Federal Council, where great issues were involved, men sitting or taking part who had long since passed the capacity to grasp a new idea or think a new thought. Frankly, if I had my way, I should prefer to have it more democratic and have the semi-annual or biennial meetings elect the members of the administrative committee. But perhaps that is not best and it is only a detail. While I do not want to be thought indifferent to the difficulties with which the Federal Council has to contend, it renders a great service by a modern method and is the best co-operative movement of that kind which I know anywhere in the world.

#### LAW ENFORCEMENT

During this period there came to the Federal Council a very urgent demand that something be done to arouse the country to the question of the preservation of law and orderly government. As I remember it, this came from a good many directions. Finally it seemed that the Commission of Church Federations, dealing with the local communities, was the proper committee to undertake this task, if anything was to be done. The result was that this commission, of which I was the chairman and Mr. Guild was the secretary, called a conference of prominent leaders, who voted to call a larger conference to be held in Washington in October of 1923.

In view of this proposed conference, I went to Washington and consulted with President Harding. As usual he was most cordial.

I reminded him of a conversation I had with him when he was a candidate, in October, 1920. I had asked him at that time what he would do, if he were elected, to enforce particularly the Eighteenth Amendment and its enabling acts. This was in his office in Marion. He pounded his desk rather vigorously and assured me: "I will enforce those laws if I have to call out all the army and navy. You can trust me." When I brought this back to his attention in the early summer of 1923, and told him of our plans, he said: "All right, I will back such a conference." And he agreed to make the opening address and give a reception to the delegates. The result was that we sent out a call, and over a thousand men and women came to Washington, representing every state in the United States.

Meanwhile the sudden death of President Harding had removed him from the picture, and we had to deal with President Coolidge. We had invited him to do the same thing that President Harding had said he would do. He declined to open the conference, but said he would be glad to give a reception. This he did, and I may add that he attended the sessions continuously. He was at every night session, as I remember it, three nights in succession, and at two sessions on Sunday. He invited the principal speakers to either lunch or dinner at the White House. Among them were Justice Florence Allen, William Jennings Bryan, Louis Marshall, and myself. In other words, in every way except by some personal statement, he showed his approval of what we were undertaking to do. Later he invited to the White House for breakfast a group of nineteen men, for the most part representatives of this committee, that they might confer with him as President of the United States upon methods of procedure in promoting law observance and law enforcement. Some of the men who were at that breakfast were Judge Elbert H. Gary, V. Everett Macy, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Colonel Patrick Henry Callahan, William F. Cochran, Clifford W. Barnes, George A. Plimpton, Frederick A. Wallet, and Sebastian H. Kresge.

At the beginning of this work, the purpose was to make it inclusive of the whole question of law enforcement; but the issues which inhered at that time in the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act were so absorbing that the discussions increasingly centered around the enforcement of the Federal prohibition legis-

lation. Later, some larger organizations, backed by some very powerful business men, gave promise of covering the larger field. Our undertaking was essentially of a temporary character and after two or three years our work was largely discontinued. It is only fair to say that whatever of real value there was in this campaign of the "Law Enforcement Committee" was very largely due to the executive direction of Mr. Harry N. Holmes.

At this point I may make a comment about prohibition as a method of dealing with the organized liquor traffic. I am thoroughly convinced that the extreme zealots of that time were largely responsible for the loss of public sentiment to support that law, and that the loss which came to the nation in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will not be recovered until a new type of leadership, with a new type of mind, a new type of philosophy, and a new type of nomenclature is developed. Be that as it may, I believe ultimately there is only one way to deal with the liquor question and that is by prohibiting its sale as a beverage.

It is impossible to go into full details of the work involved in my connection with the Federal Council of Churches, for that alone would require a volume. Suffice it to say that from the standpoint of technique I am absolutely certain that the use of a collective, co-operative method is of great importance in the life of the present-day churches. Complete organic unity of all the churches is a visionary dream and might be a liability rather than an asset, even if it could be realized. But unrelated denominationalism is a reproach in the thought of sensible modern men and I believe it is a sin against God.

Now something else happened. During this time, while I was engaged in these various undertakings and also enjoying an intimate, active, and very satisfactory relationship with the Johns-Manville Corporation, I received a telephone message one day from the late Mr. James N. Jarvie, asking me to meet him for lunch at the Down Town Association. When I went into the club I found he had also invited Mr. James H. Post. After lunch he said to me: "We have been thinking over the future of your life and somehow we have a feeling that the time has come when you ought to be free from any business responsibilities and released for service in connection with the great problems of the

churches in the years which are ahead of us." I learned that these two eminent business men had been talking this matter over, and that they had in some way conveyed their thought to Mr. J. C. Penney of the company which bears his name. Without spending time upon details which are of interest mainly to me and to those who associated themselves with the idea at that time, it is enough to say that they had proposed an arrangement by which a salary sufficient for my support could be made available. This again changed the trend of my life.

#### AND THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED—I BECAME AN INTERNATIONALIST

In recording the transition which took place in my life in regard to my interest in the problem of world peace, it is very difficult to give any one specific period or event which may have had the most influence. It was rather an accumulation of circumstances and events during a long time. But that it was a very marked transition for me there can be no doubt.

I had heard from childhood, on to middle life, the stories of the gallant bravery and patriotism of my men relatives who had served in the wars of our country from the revolutionary days down. These recitals never suggested anything but the heroic side. All the histories I had studied glorified war as the supreme manifestation of nobility and patriotism in citizenship. They never hinted of doubt that the North was always right in every particular as to the Civil War of 1861 to 1865. The textbooks given to us portrayed the North as without any blame and the South as being utterly wrong. In the Church I was taught that God was always on our side in any war. Thus whatever interest I ever had in wars, past and to come, involved no general disapproval.

Some evidence of this attitude may appear in the fact that when the various programs were made up for the Men and Religion Movement, the question of peace was not included. Indeed, I do not remember that this subject was ever mentioned, except once by one man, in the preliminary meetings and conferences of the different Christian organizations. At the Silver Bay, N. Y., meeting in 1910, when these significant church leaders were giving their best thought to outlining a comprehensive program for the work in the churches, to be undertaken

by and for men and boys, Richard C. Morse took me aside one afternoon to inquire whether I thought World Peace should be included. I listened to him respectfully, but said I did not think it was enough of an issue to warrant any specific treatment by special speakers. Since he did not press the suggestion, I probably assumed he agreed with me, at least that it was not then opportune. But I am sure now that he knew better than most of our conferees how outstanding that problem was to be. Anyway his inquiry left something of an impression.

In order of chronology, the first challenge in this field had come quite unexpectedly in an interview with President William McKinley in the late autumn of 1898. Since further reference will be made to this interview in a later chapter, I will not repeat the details here. He made it evident to me that he thought the Spanish-American War an unnecessary outbreak of military spirit, and war something to be dreaded rather than glorified. I remember that I walked out of the White House with an entirely changed idea of the Spanish-American War. The President was in no mood for vain boasting about our having defeated a weak, helpless nation. He was thinking of the folly of it all. This interview certainly had left some suggestion in my mind of the other side of the whole war business.

Let me return to the period of the Men in Religion Movement. When we were about halfway through the seventy-seven conventions and were planning for the big conservation meeting in Carnegie Hall in April, 1912, I had experienced a good deal of a change of heart and mind about international issues. Perhaps the social service messengers had something to do with it. They were not definitely speaking upon that as a theme; but the promotion of human welfare seemed to me clearly to involve the war menace. I took it up with one of the teams when we were in Kansas City in January, and proposed that large emphasis be given to it in the platform meeting of the coming convention in New York. I think they were somewhat surprised, for, as one of them said, "We have not been using any experts in this field and it may seem a little strange to bring in a new subject." They were all agreed, however, and shared sympathetically a sense of the growing importance of the subject. Soon after that, at a meeting of the Committee of Ninety-Seven, held in St. Louis, where all the members of the teams and the special speakers

were in attendance as well as the committee members, I brought up the suggestion. It was adopted without dissent. Indeed, it became apparent that all my associates, including the lay members of the committee, had been passing through something of the same experience about War vs. Peace. So, with others around me thinking likewise, my interest in the problem grew. I began to be disturbed at the neglect of it in church gatherings.

Then within two years the World War broke out; step by step, America was drawn nearer and nearer to the horror of it. William J. Bryan, then Secretary of State, who was the embodiment of a passion for peace, who had negotiated over fifty peace treaties in two years, seeing the inevitable, resigned. President Wilson, without any doubt a believer in peace and an enemy of war, could not control the elements involved. In April, 1917, the President and Congress recognized a state of war with Germany.

The sergeants' drum beats were heard. The call for troops was made. Bedlam broke loose. The people were swept with a frenzy. The "glory" of the United States was involved. The public information department at once mobilized a staff of public speakers, many of them preachers, some of whom seemed to have no compunctions of conscience about accurate statement or moral principles. The leaders fed them raw beef to get them thirsty for blood. They were to preach that all Germans were villains who ought to be slaughtered like dogs to purify the world. I was invited to become a member of this public information organization, and did make a speaking tour to all the larger training camps from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

As a matter of fact, everything in America, from the flower gardens which became vegetable patches, to the schoolhouse, the church, and the halls of the Capitol on the Hill in Washington, was diverted to war. The man who could screech the loudest and utter the bloodiest epithets was the grandest patriot. Those who spoke in rather mild tones were promptly branded as "pro-German."

I did not profess to be a superior saint. But I did not use any utterances which gave me a place in the famous *Preachers Present Arms*, although I was speaking in mobilization camps straight across the country. In truth, I was ashamed of what I heard some prominent preachers say about the German people.

I had been in Germany many times and knew these characterizations were viciously false. I witnessed with growing qualms the ungodly and anti-Christian effects of that period of rallying the people to the colors. I remembered what President McKinley had said about the Spanish-American War. As a "Y" war-service man I visited about every one of the larger camps in the United States, pleading for the moral preservation of these conscripted lads.

I crossed to France and was sent almost immediately to the front as a speaker. Here I saw war in the raw. I campaigned in most of the larger military centers, including those on the front, from Chateau Thierry to Saint-Mihiel on the east. I saw what others saw, no more, no less. During that time I met Major-General John F. O'Ryan, the commander of the 27th Division. I had been with him in Spartanburg, South Carolina, in the training period. When we met in France he looked at me for a brief moment, scanned my uniform, and then in his blunt manner said, "What are you doing here? This is no place for a Christian. This is a hell of a mess." At about the same time I spent a night with Colonel William Hayward of the 369th U. S. Infantry. At the officers' mess that night, where I was his guest, he asked me what I thought of "this game." He hardly waited for my answer but answered himself, "It is a little hell." At a meeting that same evening in a "Y" hut which was packed to match any can of sardines, I was introduced by Captain Fred Cobb of my home town of White Plains, N. Y. He was one of the most popular and prominent young men of the city. I went on my circuit of engagements only to learn a few days later that this glorious young man had been blown to bits by a shell that burst at his feet. I remembered him. But it was just a "great" war.

Soon I had an assignment in the area where Dr. Mathewson, who was then the president of Georgia School of Technology, at Atlanta, was stationed. One Sunday afternoon we drove down to the beautiful Domremy of Joan of Arc. There in a quiet place, we sat for a long time and tried to appraise war. I cannot remember much of all we thought and said together. But two things are vivid yet. (1) We agreed that the whole process was anti-Christian; that it was debasing to everybody and not ennobling to anybody. (2) The supreme Christian task of the

future, we felt, was to be the prevention of more wars by the destruction of the war system with all of its vicious ramifications. We shook hands in a covenant to give our utmost to this great service.

All these incidents, interviews, and events made a profound impression on me. Returning home, I was on a ship crowded by wounded and shell-shocked soldiers, Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association secretaries, and Red Cross officers. I was asked to conduct a service on a Sunday morning. In a brief address I said that I had come to realize that war was the enemy of everything I had been trying to build up for twenty-five years. Space will not permit discussion of all that was and is involved in that conclusion. I had come to believe that war was the arch-enemy of all I had prayed for, worked for, and believed in. The post-war years have already served to strengthen that conviction. In that talk I announced that I was going to do my utmost to prevent further outbreaks of that kind. I did not know just what that would involve, but I had said it and meant it. At that time I knew a little of the work of the Church Peace Union and World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. I attended some of their meetings and conferences. I felt they had a method and platform that was the best for such abilities as I had. Very soon I was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Alliance. Here was an opportunity, it seemed, for the sort of work I desired and had pledged myself to do.

As my contact with the work of the World Alliance was continued and became more intimate, my convictions were intensified about its importance. In the autumn of 1920 I began to receive some invitations from countries I had visited earlier, asking whether it would not be possible for me to make a tour with peculiar emphasis upon the theme of international friendship and world-understanding. I talked the matter over with Dr. Atkinson, General Secretary of the World Alliance and Church Peace Union. He brought some of these communications to the attention of the trustees and other officials of these organizations. They were very hearty in their expressions of hope that I might be able to make such a tour and very largely supplied the ways and means to make it possible.

The result was that in the early autumn of 1921, together with my wife, I started west. After speaking across our own country at several of the most influential centers, both cities and universities, we sailed to Honolulu where I spent a week. From there we went to Japan and then up through Korea, down through Manchuria to Peking, to Nanking, Shanghai, and Hongkong; to the Straits Settlements where I put in two weeks speaking at Singapore; across to Penang, then to Madras and Calcutta, in India. Leaving Asia, we proceeded through the Suez Canal for a ten days' campaign in Cairo, Egypt; from there to Constantinople, Sofia in Bulgaria, Vienna in Austria, and Prague in Czechoslovakia. At Geneva I attended some special meetings of the World Alliance. The next engagement took us down to Coblenz in Germany, where I held some special conferences and conducted meetings with the Army of Occupation, commanded there by Major-General Henry T. Allen. Then we went to Cologne, to Paris, to London, and on home.

Here again space does not permit much of the intensely interesting details of the great meetings in Japan, China, and every one of these countries. At another place mention is made of one typical meeting in Japan, which was attended by more than two thousand. Similar mention might be made of meetings in Constantinople. But perhaps reference to the meetings in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, would be appropriate, since to me they had peculiar significance. Each day we were holding one or two group conferences and for three nights in succession there were great mass meetings presided over by Archbishop Stephan. On each of these occasions the hall, which held fifteen hundred people, was full to seating capacity and standing room. My friends in America may imagine my embarrassment when each evening at the close of my address, the great Archbishop, wearing an enormous beard, kissed me most affectionately on the platform in the presence of the audience.

In my judgment, the great upward surge of the peace movement seemed to be reaching about its highest point in that period of 1921-1923. Up to that time there was no serious alarm about the breakdown of the implements which had been developed for the preservation of peace, markedly the League of Nations. The world had not yet become aware of the undercurrents which had already poisoned the Treaty of Versailles.

The people throughout the world were still under the terrible spell of the awful moral, physical, and economic ruin of the War. They still believed that the reaction from the four years of war, accompanied by the new processes for preserving peace, made enduring, universal peace a real possibility.

This tour of ten months still remains fresh in my memory, with a multitude of interesting incidents many of which I wish I could include. One was a very delightful luncheon given by Major-General Allen in Coblenz in the mansion which he was then occupying. The luncheon was of the kind that might have been expected of such a host. But the real heart of it all came after the luncheon, when coffee and cigars were being served in the drawing-room, and the distinguished soldier and officer asked me to step into his private study for a little interview. There, behind closed doors, this man poured out his mind and heart to me concerning the horror and the futility of the practice of war. He told me he had read some lecture which I had sent to him in advance setting forth certain principles of the World Alliance. Then he almost commanded me, as he would have given orders to a brigade or a division of the army, to go forth and mobilize the Christian people of the world for the abolition of war. I have referred to many influences which deepened my feeling concerning the crusade for a warless world; but I do not now recall any other that made such a profound impression as this interview with this commander of a great army, just at the close of a victorious war in which he had participated. It may be added that from that contact in Coblenz until the day of his death, this soldier was one of the most ardent members and workers in the World Alliance. He spoke upon our platform on many significant occasions. He met with us in small committee meetings and in conferences upon methods. He was an unfailing friend of peace and good will.

Then something more happened. In the spring of 1925, I received a telegram from Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, the general secretary of both the organizations under whose auspices I had made the tour, who was at the time in Atlanta, Georgia, asking me to meet him on a certain day for lunch in New York City. He asked me on that occasion to let him offer my name, at the annual meeting of the Alliance which was to be held in No-

vember in Detroit, as the Chairman of the Executive Committee. I had a good many commitments and did not find it easy to make such readjustments as would be involved. He was going to Europe soon. We agreed to meet on the sandy beach of Deauville in France one day in August to discuss this plan further. When that day came we spent most of the day in conference not only about details but also about larger problems, discussing our hopes and fears for International Good Will and Peace. The considerable notes and memoranda of that conference I have kept with great interest.

As I am writing I reflect that more than eleven years have passed since then and that I am more than seventy years of age. There has never been a serious difference of opinion between us. We have debated technique much, but we have been united in the goal for which we have been striving. I cannot fully express my sense of profound gratitude to God, and to Henry Atkinson and Dr. William P. Merrill, President of the Alliance, for the confidence these men placed in me more than eleven years ago, and have continued ever since.

Once more I felt that the work I was to undertake required the unique talents of Harry N. Holmes. A call was extended to him, which he accepted, to become Field Secretary. Thus through the years, together with Linley V. Gordon as Extension Secretary and Miss G. S. Barker as Assistant Secretary, we have served in a marvellous comradeship for this cause.

This résumé would be incomplete without reference to the late Dr. Frederick Lynch, with whom I had such intimate relations. He was the real founder of the Church Peace Union and the World Alliance for International Friendship. In earlier years I had heard him preach about World Peace, when I thought he was crazy instead of the prophet I found him to be in close fellowship in the Alliance. It was Dr. Lynch who made the first contacts with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, which led to his generous gifts to establish the work.

In this connection it seems to me of more than ordinary importance that I should record a statement of the general scope of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. I have frequently been distressed, sometimes discouraged, and sometimes disgusted, as I have met people who

have commented upon their notion of the general principles and methods of the World Alliance.

First of all, the World Alliance is what its name implies: it is a world organization. At the time of writing, thirty-one nations of the world have their own branches of the Alliance organized and equipped, rendering service for this cause in their respective areas. As far as I know, the triennial meetings of these various branches represent the only unified expression of the churches throughout the world for the cause of peace. It is also to be remembered that the World Alliance in its membership is inclusive of everybody. While it bears the name specifically "World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches," it includes Catholics and Protestants, Greek Orthodox and Coptics; and, I am glad to say, both Jews and Gentiles. The charter of the Church Peace Union, through which the late Andrew Carnegie gave the original fund, made it necessary to organize upon the basis of "the Church." And it has always been given a rather wide definition, until today—and particularly in the American section—Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants work together without any regard for theological distinctions.

In the second place, the "World Alliance for International Friendship" is fundamentally a crusading organization. The American section, for instance, now has nine hundred and six corresponding members—persons of some prominence in nine hundred and six different cities, towns, and communities, appointed for the dissemination of the message and the method of this organization working for peace. The members of the executive staff spend the major part of their time out on the field in visits to various communities, including schools and colleges, for inspirational and educational purposes. In one year these secretaries personally visited two hundred and eighty-seven different centers. It is this platform and this method and this message that have so profoundly impressed me with the power and permanent efficiency of the World Alliance.

But beyond all that, the appealing thing to me about the World Alliance has been that it has its roots in religion. For I have been increasingly impressed with the conviction that the parlor groups of the so-called intelligentsia, meeting with strained and nervous solicitude to work out economic and political formulas

for enduring peace, are only indulging themselves in intellectual recreation, and that there is no firm foundation for world peace except in the great moral sanctions, which mean religion. On the foundation of faith in the Kingdom of God on earth, and devotion to its great principles can be built a will to peace that will prevail in the hearts and minds of not merely a few philosophers and statesmen but of whole peoples.

One more emphasis. At past seventy there is no confident reckoning about the future. But whatever may be of the years which are yet to be, they are to be given to the supreme cause of International Friendship, Good Will, and a Warless World.

There are thunderings of wrath to the right of us and to the left. Border outbreaks may occur among some of the nations or races. Mad political dogs may break loose to satisfy their thirst for glory and power. Even a world war may come again. These terrible possibilities are to be dreaded and prayed against. But if the wickedness of men and nations should so debauch the world in blood again, that would not end the peace movement. The faint-hearted who grow weary and falter by the way in times of seeming reverses would do well to remember that God does not work by human calendars. God deals with æons—ages.

When I began writing this chapter I first called it "Some Detours." But the idea did not survive long. There has been a unity in all these efforts. There may have been what seemed "detours." There has been much of experimentation. But the ideals and purpose aroused in Dakota in 1886 have never failed. I was once restless to see all the way and understand all the ramifications. But that was not wise, indeed it was impossible. For I should have been utterly confused, had all the wide ways and the narrow ways, the smooth roads and the rough roads, the joyful days and the sad days, the successes and the defeats, been charted in detail.

I do not know of any deeper, more beautiful sentiment which expresses what is in my own heart in these latter years of life than the closing words of an address I heard delivered by Selma Lagerloff at Stockholm in Sweden. The occasion was the final session of the great Life and Work Conference of 1925. The various meetings had been more or less influenced by threats of

another war. This beautiful woman, for nearly an hour, stood and pleaded. Sitting near her I could see that oftentimes there were tears in her eyes and on her cheeks, as she cried out to those church leaders to work for peace. This might have been called her peroration, but it was delivered in a subdued voice, to an audience hushed in profound silence:

*"As long as my tongue can utter a word,  
As long as blood flows in my veins,  
I shall work for the sake of peace,  
Though it cost me my life and happiness,  
Humanity is still far from peace."*

## VIII

### INDIVIDUAL EVANGELISM

**I**HAVE deliberately placed this chapter in the second part of this book that there may be strength added to the importance I attach to what is written upon this subject. I felt that if it came earlier, as might have seemed more appropriate chronologically, some might have been inclined to think that I regarded it as very important at the beginning of my religious work but that it had passed out amid the responsibilities of intervening years. And so it appears here because of an unchanged conviction concerning this phase of my lifework.

As I attempt to interpret the emphases or accents in the religious movements of these nearly fifty years, the sympathetic reader should keep in mind that I have been more of a promoter than a student. I have tried to discern the trends of different periods, and then, borrowing the thoughts of the more intellectual people of the Christian movement, to put them into action or to make a program of them for the average man and woman in the Christian associations or churches.

The first emphasis naturally was evangelistic. Three incidents had made this the supreme question:

(1) I had come into the Christian life by an abrupt, unlooked-for, spontaneous experience. I thought I had permanently settled the religious question in the negative. I was as positively interrupted in my course as the Apostle Paul seemed to have been. I was one of the *Twice-Born Men*, of whom Harold Begbie wrote so splendidly. It was not strange, therefore, that imparting this experience to men everywhere absorbed my thought and challenged my exclusive efforts in those first years. The power of such a religious experience, indeed, remains an abiding conviction.

(2) This individual transformation was certainly the great need of those men on the frontier. They were loosed from the restraints of older, more settled society. They were out for a

new romance of free life. The vast majority needed just one thing and that to be converted to God. There was no complicated "social problem." Labor and Capital had not yet met in any conflict that we knew about. There was no housing issue. We could make a house out of the sod of the good earth. No social caste stuck up its nose at us. But men were easy victims of drink, gambling, and worse.

When any special awakening seemed to be needed in the little churches scattered over the prairies, a series of evangelistic meetings was arranged for two or three weeks. At the time of which I write the professional evangelist had not arrived; in fact, the free-will offerings would not have been large enough to attract him. Exchange of pastors for the most part furnished the leadership. I attended and participated in many of these meetings as I traveled. They were wholesome, fruitful, and abiding in results. They made a very deep impression upon me. Therefore, again, it was not strange that the evangelistic was the compelling emphasis with me.

(3) I was converted just in the years when the grandest evangelist of modern history, Dwight L. Moody, and his associates, Ira D. Sankey and Major D. W. Whittle, were swaying the entire Christian world with their great meetings, their beautiful Gospel hymns, and their simple yet profound Bible teaching about God as a loving Father. I got everything I could find that these men had written. I read Moody's sermons. I studied Major Whittle's Bible lessons. I sang Sankey's songs, including "The Ninety and Nine." Readers who were contemporaneous with me then will witness that every church, every Young Men's Christian Association, every Young Women's Christian Association, every Mission, was enriched by this wave of evangelical emphasis. It is not strange, therefore, under this influence, that I gave the best I knew to this form of Christian work.

This evangelistic emphasis was paramount in my work as a local Young Men's Christian Association secretary. As general secretary of the "Y" first at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and then at Dubuque, Iowa, I organized and conducted an evangelistic meeting fifty-two Sundays in each year. It is rather interesting to remember that during those years I was never the speaker. I usually presided and directed the music, but I did not at that period know I had any gifts as a platform speaker.

After I was called to serve the Association in several other capacities, I continued this emphasis. As a secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, I organized and conducted great Sunday afternoon meetings for young men where the recruiting for Christ was the chiefest accent. I never saw the time or place where I could not secure a capacity audience for meetings of this character.

Although I have made an earlier reference to the influence upon my life and activities of my contact with the enlisted men in Chickamauga Park, in view of the fact that this scene and the conditions there caused me to forget any backwardness that I had had concerning public speaking, an additional emphasis seems appropriate here. For the first time in my life I came in contact with sixty-five thousand young men under tents. For the most part they were very young. Many of them were just adventuresome lads who had enlisted for a sort of a fling. There seemed to be no regulations whatever about their habits. Gambling, immoral women, liquor, and diseases of all kinds were running riot. There were no modern sanitary regulations around them. They were nearly all Northern boys and in that fearful heat they were thirsty for a drink of something. If they had the money, most of them bought liquor, but otherwise they went out to the sloughs, the creeks, and the muddy little streams, and drank water anywhere they found it. Never before, and thank God never since, have I ever witnessed such scenes as that. And it put upon me such a pressure of conscience and such a desperate desire to do something to rescue these men that I was led out into evangelistic speaking.

And then when later I became an international traveling secretary, I held large mass meetings of this character up and down the land and as an Association secretary on two tours around the world. Changes have taken place, methods have been modified; but as I write I thank God for every worthy effort of those years in direct evangelism. If I were back at 1888, charting my life again, I would do the same thing over again, only much better and more fervently, if I could.

Older life is made a joy now, as I travel, by meeting men of significance in the business, political, educational, and religious world, who put a hand on my shoulder and say, "Back yonder

in \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ I came into the Christian life under the influence of a meeting you conducted." There must be a thousand preachers in active ministry now who have told me something like that in these later years. A recent experience was typical. As I was writing some of these reminiscences I was a speaker at the State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Indiana held at Anderson. During the day four men introduced themselves to me and each said he had taken his initial step in the Christian life in some meeting I had conducted somewhere at some time. One was a physical director of a Young Men's Christian Association, one a Methodist preacher, one a Congregational preacher, and the other an influential business man resident in that city.

The famous Frederick W. Norwood, for many years the highly successful pastor of City Temple in London and now associated with Lionel Fletcher of Australia in a world evangelistic and peace crusade of great magnitude, is generous enough to say that my first series of evangelistic meetings for men in Australia had a decided effect in his decision to enter the ministry permanently. Lionel Fletcher also says in a recent letter to Harry Holmes: "I hear that Fred B. Smith is writing his autobiography. Give him my love and tell him not to forget that in 1905 he gingered up my life and gave my ministry the evangelist bias which has persisted to this day."

And America's own Daniel A. Poling, President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, crusader extraordinary, editor of *The Christian Herald*, and pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., says that an evangelistic meeting which I conducted and he attended in February, 1901, at Eugene, Oregon, when he was a freshman in Dallas College (Oregon) had a determining effect upon his entering the Christian life and giving himself to special Christian service and eventually the ministry.

This experience is not recorded here from personal conceit; it is a testimony of the high estimate I have of the office of the evangelist. I hope it may encourage Christian workers of all kinds, professional and lay, to cultivate their evangelistic gifts and to make opportunities for recruiting men and boys, girls and women, into this supreme privilege of vital relationship with Christ as Saviour and Lord. While the present type of social reformer is succeeded by new types and the educationalists

change from one philosophy to another, and we continue to face human problems, the Evangel of God will go on.

I am fully aware of the fact that some evangelistic efforts have come into very severe and quite just criticism. It is a pity this most exalted office of the Christian movement and this indispensable method of calling men to a rendezvous with Christ should have been hurt by religious mountebanks, grafters, and vulgar sensationalists with their auction blocks and farces of "free-will offerings." I know of nothing in half a century more pathetic than such debauchery of religion. Many of them have played on the name of Moody with whom they hold nothing in common. He was the embodiment of a kindly good will toward everybody. He was the highest example of a persuasive Gospel advocate. His imitators have included persons cold, mercenary, and vituperative, capable of stirring temporary emotions by emotional arts, but quite lacking in Moody's passionate love of humanity. The revulsion against this type has retarded this most indispensable emphasis in the Christian movement.

Christian evangelism, nevertheless, lives and is coming back, with more intelligent methods, into its fruitful place. My own convictions of the part of evangelism in the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth have not changed. A comment made to me many years ago by the late Rev. Thomas Hall, when he was a professor in Union Theological Seminary, in New York, has stuck in my memory. I was inviting him to address a conference of the Employed Officers of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America on the topic, "Spiritual Values of the Social Emphasis." He declined the invitation and said, "The Young Men's Christian Association is largely what it is by virtue of its evangelistic message to the individual. It would be a mistake to divert its work in any other direction. You may as well tie roses on dead bushes and call it raising flowers, as to talk about social work unless the individual is first related to Christ as a Saviour." I believed that then. I have seen it demonstrated a thousand times since. I believe it profoundly now. I also believe Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor for thirty-five years of Broadway Tabernacle in New York City, was right when recently he said, "It is high time the churches should be reminded that men do not become Christians in their sleep."

Because so much of all of my work in connection with evangelism involved these so-called greater men's meetings, I am including reference to this feature of my lifework in this chapter.

During my Y. M. C. A. years, as I have already indicated, I conducted an evangelistic mass meeting for men forty-two Sundays out of each year. This average appears in some of the annual reports of the old International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. I have been unable to get the exact period when this average was maintained, but I am absolutely certain that it was continued for more than fifteen years. The definite decisions made for the Christian life were very gratifying and numerically large. The attendance was also large, numbering from one thousand to six thousand per Sunday. Now in later years I hear sometimes rather over-generous comments concerning the success of these meetings, and at the same time a rather pessimistic wail because, to all appearances, that sort of meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association and in the organized churches and affiliated societies has been largely discontinued. My answer to this is twofold: On the one hand, methods, without doubt, need to be improved and adjusted. I hold no brief for the particular methods which were employed in that period. On the other hand, I have indisputable evidence that where the same methods are employed now, practically the same results follow.

In connection with this phase of my lifework, these so-called "big meetings," there were four elements that contributed largely to whatever permanent value these meetings had through the many years they continued:

(1) Behind all of this effort there was a profound, unwavering conviction that men needed to be brought face to face with their responsibility, and their opportunity as well, to accept Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. There was an unfaltering belief that the Gospel of this Son of God had redemptive power. I am not boasting when I say that this belief was a passion with me, and it was in equal measure—and sometimes to even a greater degree—with the local general secretaries, Boards of Directors, and committeemen with whom I dealt. We believed then that it made a real difference whether a young man was a Christian or not. To make sure of this background in the community, I

would arrive on Saturday, if possible, at every city where on Sunday I was to conduct one of these meetings, and ask the general secretary to bring together on that evening, fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred of the most faithful active members of the Association for an hour of conference, prayer, and preparation.

(2) A carefully thought out plan for the preliminary publicity was submitted and rather strongly insisted upon. This had in it four elements:

- (a) Ample newspaper announcements in all the daily papers of Friday and Saturday, together with a good sized display paid advertisement.
- (b) Window cards, or in many cases display cards on street-cars and buses, in sufficient number to make the whole community or city aware of this unusual meeting.
- (c) Announcements in church bulletins or from pulpits, where such an arrangement could be made.
- (d) If the auditorium or the theatre would hold two thousand men, I insisted that two thousand personal letters should be posted on Friday, calling attention to the meeting and enclosing five special cards of invitation, asking the man who received the letter to use the cards among his friends. I was very persistent about this. In a majority of cases the local committee would at first be rather reluctant to carry out so big a plan. They would urge that the general notices would get the attendance.. But out of a quarter of a century of experience I have no recollection of any instance with the faithful use of this procedure, where the number of men that attended was not about the same as the number of letters sent out on Friday. There was no guesswork about this.

(3) I insisted that on Sunday afternoon, forty-five minutes before the meeting was to begin, the local committee should have enough men meet in the theatre, before the general admission, to be assigned to seats throughout the auditorium on the ratio of one such personal worker to every ten men who would be present. The result of this was most clearly apparent. Whenever any men manifested a desire or purpose to live the Christian life, we

had a staff of earnest Christian men scattered throughout that audience, who could get the names and addresses of these men and preserve the results with very little loss.

(4) When it was possible for me to do so, I remained over Monday in the city and had a special meeting on Monday night at some central place. To this meeting would be invited all the men who had signed decision cards on Sunday afternoon. If I could not stay over Monday, I very strongly urged the local general secretary and his committee to hold such a meeting with some other special speaker, who could counsel with these young men about helpful methods in developing the Christian life. I always made arrangements to have a card of invitation to that meeting on Monday night printed in advance and ready for use, and then would ask the local committee, following the meeting in the afternoon, to address one of these cards to every one of those whose names had been given in. Accordingly every one of these young men who had expressed some desire concerning the Christian life would receive in his Monday morning mail this reminder of a follow-up meeting, which, of course, had also been announced on Sunday afternoon.

As I go over these years of very rich blessings and of ever-increasing joy in memory, I am led to believe that some of those Monday night meetings were even greater in spiritual value than the much larger assemblies on Sunday afternoons.

I want to emphasize these four underlying elements which had much to do with whatever measure of success attended this work with which my name has been so intimately connected. And at the same time I want to declare without any hesitation that wherever the same investment of heart and mind, energy and money is released, practically the same results are possible now. So strong a statement about this type of evangelism is justified because I have seen it tried repeatedly and I know it is being done in a good many cities now. And the number of Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States which have the moral and spiritual convictions and the initiating genius to carry on meetings of this character is increasing.

The fact is that the officers of Christian organizations and pastors of churches who sit around and moan about how the young people have changed have made a mistake in their geography. The change is not so much with the great mass of young

men in our cities and towns and villages, as it is in the office of the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association and in the study of the preacher. Careless, lazy methods will get a careless, lazy audience, while vigorous releasing of vigorous plans will produce an alert, worth-while audience now as it did ten, fifteen, and twenty-five years ago. These methods when employed in the first quarter of this century produced results. They are producing results in the thirties. Adapted to new situations, they will produce results for the coming generations.

#### BECOMING A PUBLIC SPEAKER

In an earlier chapter I have said that in my early life whatever else I might have thought I would do or ought to do, being a public speaker was not included. Now after having been on the public platform almost daily for five decades, I am frequently reminded that after all possibly I was not meant to be a public speaker. As an illustration, in the last hours of preparation for any address on an occasion where real issues are involved either in individual evangelism or the problems of the Kingdom of God on earth, I am extremely nervous. This is very especially so in the last thirty minutes before I go on the platform; I simply cannot overcome it.

For me there is no routine about public speaking. Although I have one address that according to the records I have delivered well over four hundred times, and although I may use in substance the same address upon various topics on frequent occasions, I must each time make out new and fresh the notes which I carry with me to the platform. It does not matter at all that I may have given that same address one week before, I cannot trust the notes which were prepared then, much less trust my memory. In other words, it has been necessary for me on each occasion of real significance to live over again in my own mind and heart the issues of the address and make the notes fresh for reference in delivery.

As I have reviewed these long years of experiences in great mass meetings for men and women, it has often seemed as though every kind of unlooked-for emergency that could come to one had been mine. But I have come to the conclusion in my mature years that there is no end to them. Of these experiences one

comes back to me which occurred in 1899 in a great meeting one Sunday afternoon in Exeter Hall.

Lord Kinnaird, who was then the chairman of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association of the British Isles, was in the chair. The choir from the City Temple, of which the great Dr. Joseph Parker was then the minister, had been lent for the occasion. Special invitations had been sent to men and women of great prominence, including every member of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. It was an audience of great dignity and to me an impressive occasion.

About the time I was introduced to speak I noticed two chaps sitting right in the front row who were very restless, and it became apparent to me that they probably had the deliberate purpose of making a disturbance of some kind. One of them began to yawn as though he was sleepy and bored. After I had been speaking a few minutes, he put one foot up on the railing of the orchestra and started unlacing his shoe and yawning audibly at the same time. By this time I had discovered that he had to be dealt with, and pausing and looking down at him I said, "Now, my man, you must either behave yourself or go out." I had no sooner said that than two ushers were right down the aisle after him, for they had been observing this performance and watching for a signal to take the men out. They tapped each of them on the shoulder and beckoned to them to come out. The men made no resistance, but as they walked down that long, spacious aisle of the great hall with its graduated seats so that everybody could see, they went as slowly as they could possibly move. Halfway back it was necessary for them to make a right-angle turn to reach the exit. Here they paused. The first one mentioned, the one who was going to take off his shoes and go to bed, lifted his arms high in the air, yawned a desperate weary wail, and looking over the audience said in that sleepy, abused sort of tone, "Oh my, preaching like that would put anybody to sleep." Then, with no resistance, he quietly walked out. The audience, of course, broke into laughter. They couldn't help it. I cannot remember a more trying experience than I had in regaining the attention of those twenty-five hundred men and in continuing the message which I was to give.

At the close, however, some of these noted men gathered around and very graciously congratulated me on having over-

come, in some measure at least, the interruption and confusion. One of them, a member of Parliament, said, "If you can ride out a storm like that you ought to be a member of the House and leader of the Opposition Party." The Tories, the conservatives, were just then in fierce debate with the Liberals and Laborites over the South African situation. I felt complimented in thus being nominated for a place in this historic debate.

#### A NEAR BLUNDER

For many years I have frequently had a sort of sick feeling come over me in remembering how nearly I came to making a colossal blunder once, when speaking at a banquet in Bridgeport. The occasion was the annual meeting of the large Men's Bible classes. It was held, I think, in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. Four or five hundred men were at the tables. During the dinner one man disturbed me very much. He kept running all over the place. Every time anybody came in he felt he had to go and greet him and then help him find his assigned place. He seemed to be a sort of self-appointed, effusive, omnibus reception committee. About the time the dinner closed the gallery was thrown open and the wives of these men had been invited to occupy these seats. As they began to assemble, the man I have mentioned would run up and down the stairs and help usher them in and find a special, preferred place for each of them. He sat at a table at the back of the room. He would look all over the audience and every once in a while wave his hand in greeting to some old friend he had just discovered. I watched him, for I was not altogether unfamiliar with his type, and I wondered if he was going to get settled down anywhere before I was introduced to speak.

There were the opening exercises, music, and some greetings; but during all of this time he kept up his social amenities. After I was introduced, he seemed to pay no attention to anything I was saying, but continued running around, looking in every direction. Finally I came to the conclusion that the only way to quiet him was to ask him quite definitely if he wouldn't discontinue his disturbance of the whole place. It was just on my tongue and then something—I guess it must have been Providence—intervened and restrained me. Gradually he did quiet down a little, but not entirely; and he nearly wore me out as I

tried to hold the attention of the audience in spite of his annoying nervousness.

Finally the thing was over and as is usually the custom some came up to speak their words of greeting or appreciation. But the chairman and president of the meeting said, "There is one man back here I want you to meet." And as we walked back he continued, "This large attendance tonight is due in a very considerable degree to the untiring, persistent effort of this one man." He took me by the arm and was leading me straight to this disturber of the peace. As we got near and he was about to introduce me he said, "This man is deaf and dumb but he has put in the last month going all over the town selling the tickets, pledging the men to come. In my judgment he doubled the normal attendance at this banquet by his own efforts."

I was so stunned that I just didn't know what to say, for the thought was rushing through my mind, how indescribably unfitting it would have been if I had said a single word of reproof because this man did not happen to be fascinated by my speech but seemed to be spending all his time making the people feel at home! The incident not only taught me a lesson at that time, but it has been a valuable asset many other times when I wanted to rebuke somebody because he didn't have brains enough to listen to me.

## IX

### A PERIOD OF RECOGNITIONS

**A**BOUT the incidentals to which I am now to give consideration I have had a strange time of uncertainty. I have wondered whether the use of such intensely personal references would be interpreted as indications of a lack of modesty and colossal conceit, or as merely an appropriate part of the story of my life. I have been so confused about it that I took counsel with more than a dozen of my most intimate fellow workers and friends, some of them being associates of over forty years. They all spoke quite confidently of the propriety and desirability of including this chapter. So I go forward in a measure from confidence in their judgment.

But I remembered that they were somewhat prejudiced by the very friendships of the years. Therefore, I sought further sanction and brought the Scriptures to my support.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."—Deut. 25: 4.

"For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes no doubt this is written: that he that plougheth should plough in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope."—1 Cor. 9: 9–10.

It seems as if God felt the old ox in his long day's work needed at least the cheer and comfort of an occasional ear of corn to keep up his morale. And I reasoned from this that He must have at least that much care for His sons and daughters who labor for the Kingdom, and perhaps is pleased when one is given some recognition to strengthen the hands and lighten the burden.

I also found this reference to brace me up and give added courage for writing and including these pages:

"And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give: for the laborer is worthy of his hire. Go not from house to house."—Luke 10: 7.

I think this "hire" is more than food and raiment or a daily wage. It is that highest satisfaction on earth, receiving a bit here and there of the foretastes of God's eternal reward. Whether these interpretations will stand the scrutiny of theologians or not I have a doubt. Nevertheless, in these Scriptural lessons, I found some added reasons for recording these events in my reminiscences.

But, beyond all else, I have reflected that to omit any reference to this part of my life would be a gross indifference to those from whom I have been the recipient of these tokens of affection, confidence, and recognition. And further I am prompted by the hope that younger men may perhaps find an added impulse to carry on valiantly for God, in an account of some recognitions that have come along to enrich my ministry.

The first of these was an invitation in 1927 from Dr. George Omwake, who was then President of Ursinus College in Collegeville, Pa., to deliver the commencement address in June and to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. The following is the citation with which Dean Calvin D. Yost presented me for the degree:

"And now, Mr. President, I have the pleasure to present the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. Fred B. Smith of New York.

"For more than thirty years Mr. Smith was connected with the Young Men's Christian Association in which he served in various capacities, as secretary, international secretary, evangelist, and religious organizer and leader. He was also the originator and leader in the Men and Religion Forward Movement; Chairman of the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement; and Chairman of the American Section of the World Alliance for International Friendship. He is also well and favorably known as a writer and author.

"Because of the distinguished service he has rendered as an organizer, evangelist, and religious leader and teacher; the high standing and esteem in which he is

held as champion and promoter of Law Enforcement and International Peace; and the valuable contribution he has made as an author to the Religious and International Peace Literature of the world, I now present Mr. Smith, that he may receive the degree of Doctor of Laws."

Early in 1930 I received a very cordial invitation from Chancellor Charles W. Flint of Syracuse University, to be one of the speakers in connection with the commencement exercises the following June. I accepted the invitation to speak. Then as we got a little nearer the date I was very highly pleased to receive a supplementary letter from the Chancellor saying that at that time they desired to confer upon me the honorary degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. I counted this a distinct honor, which came as a source of great encouragement to me at a rather difficult time in my life, but I was peculiarly impressed by the statement made by Chancellor Flint when he conferred the degree:

"Fred B. Smith, lay interpreter of Christianity in its practical application to life and to society, fearless, indefatigable, and effective evangelist and crusader, I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology and invest you with all the rights and privileges appertaining to that degree."

The unusual appreciation which I attached to this was not only because of my very high estimate of the life and work of Chancellor Flint, now Bishop Flint, and of the service being rendered by Syracuse University, but also because my oldest son is an alumnus of that university and had been very active in its life not only as a student but in all the years following. He has now been highly honored himself in being chosen as the Executive Secretary of the University, which, in ordinary nomenclature, would mean Assistant to the Chancellor.

Then in early May, 1929, at the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States I was elected Moderator for the ensuing two years. For two months previous to that I had been in Europe. I arrived at my home in White

Plains the Friday before the Council was to convene in Detroit. The next Tuesday I had heard that the Rev. Edward (Ned) W. Cross of Richmond Hill, Long Island, had written a letter to *The Congregationalist*, placing my name before the churches as a suitable man for the Moderatorship. But in my absence I had not seen his article. I had heard that I was being talked about for this service and expected that some of my neighbors would call to talk it over. But not a word was said. On the following Monday night I took the sleeper from New York for Detroit, as one of the delegates. There were many old friends on the same train. I thought surely some of these would talk it over with me, but not a word was said. I went to the headquarters hotel in the morning, had breakfast, and sat down to wait for the "delegations" to come, for it seemed certain that somebody would want something. But nobody came or telephoned. In the afternoon I went out alone to the church, sat under the gallery, heard myself nominated by my comrade Colonel Raymond Robins, seconded by the Rev. Roy Houghton of New Haven, and was of course gratified by my unanimous election. The withdrawal of other candidates, friends of mine who had been nominated and who were altogether deserving of recognition, was a feature of the election that increased my appreciation of the honor so generously shown me.

As is usually the case, this was not arranged of itself. Two years earlier the Rev. Frederick A. Fagley, my close friend and neighbor, had said rather casually, "Some day you will be Moderator of our Churches." I suspect he was the moving spirit, or at least quite active among the many friends present, who brought about that result. Of course, I never asked or hinted to any one that I would like this office for its honor. I may add, also, with deep appreciation, that in fifty years of Christian service, during which I was involved in many secretariships, chairmanships, and other offices, *I never once at any time or anywhere sought a position.* In each capacity I have been *asked or called.* Office-seeking may be justifiable or necessary in politics, but it is ordinarily improper in the sacred relationships of religion.

During the term of two years in which I served as Moderator, in addition to my duties in connection with the World Alliance, I traveled for speaking and conference engagements over one

hundred thousand miles. I thank God for this rare privilege. I was born and nurtured in the fellowship of churches. But I never really knew Congregationalism until during this time when I was taken into the inner circle of all the boards, commissions, and committees. I was intimate in the state conferences. I was the guest of hundreds of churches. I found nothing of which I needed to be ashamed. I found much of which I was proud.

In further reference to this high tribute paid to me by my own denomination, it seems appropriate to state that at the close of the biennium of my Moderatorship, I was elected to the chairmanship of the Executive Committee of the General Council, which is practically the functioning body of the General Council between the biennial meetings. At the time of writing I am nearing the end of six years of service in this chairmanship.

Taking together this entire period of official responsibility to my own church, I feel a sense of real loss and embarrassment that I cannot refer by name to that great host of ministers and members of the laity with whom I have worked with unbroken friendship. However, it is fitting that I should speak particularly of the privilege of being associated during these years with Dr. Charles E. Burton, the General Secretary of the Council, whom I now regard as one of the wisest, most discerning administrators of religious work I have ever met.

In the autumn of the same year, some of my associates of the World Alliance and a host of church and Y. M. C. A. friends tendered me a testimonial dinner at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York. They called it in honor of "The First Forty Years." I think the moving minds and the hearts of this affair, this evening which I could never forget, were Mr. Harry Holmes, Mr. Carlton Sherwood, Mr. Charles Stelzle, Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, and Mr. Linley V. Gordon. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman presided. The speakers were: Dr. Daniel A. Poling (who read a testimonial letter); Dr. Frank Theodore Woods, Lord Bishop of Winchester; Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Chairman; Col. Raymond Robins, Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, Mr. Winslow Russell, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Mr. Robert E. Farley, Mr. F. Gordon Smith (my oldest son), and Mr. Charles H. Strong.

I dare for love's sake quote from Harry Fosdick's address the following, because it includes some of the most profound utter-

ances of this great prophet and preacher, quite apart from any personal references:

"I know well enough that Fred Smith's sense of humor is causing him to wave aside all the fine things we say, and yet this must stick when he forgets the flattering outward encomiums that we press upon him tonight—that this friendship which we bear him is the by-product of co-operation.

"Because some of us have worked with him year after year, sharing common purposes and common tasks, we have waked up at last to find that we are friends.

"Let me pick out just two or three things from Fred Smith's character and life, that make my friendship with him a cherished and memorable treasure for myself.

"In the first place, Fred Smith has lived through a changing age. He has had the courage and progressiveness to change with it. From the old days when Fred Smith was the representative of a conservatism that he himself has forgotten, he has moved out to be one of our pioneers, one of our adventurers in causes that are most worth while in the world. It reminds me somewhat of a story I heard when last I spoke at Lehigh University, a true story of a young fellow there, not so very long ago, as time flies. He won his degree with honors by an able essay in which he proved that automobiles would never be anything except the playthings of the rich and could never have any economic importance or any popular use. It so happens that this man is one of the officials of General Motors.

"So Fred Smith came out of an older generation and a point of view so reactionary that he long since has forgotten it, to stand as he now stands before us, a representative of forward-looking causes. I salute him. He has widened his horizon and broadened his perspective, and I honor him for this, too—that with all his changes he has kept his keel well under water and a steady helm. For he has known that there are two kinds of things in life—the things that change and the things that do not change very much.

"So Fred Smith has mingled these two things indis-

pensable to a steady life and a changing generation. He has moved out but he has kept his balance.

"The second thing about Fred Smith that has made my friendship with him a cherished possession is that he has had a living faith. I mean by that, there are two kinds of faith in the world—faith in things finished and faith in things doing.

"Now faith in things finished is easy. You can have faith, for instance, in the heliocentric astronomy of Capricornus, and it is not hard—it is settled, it is a certainty. But there is no adequate faith, even in astronomy, that is only in astronomy's past certainties. Things are doing in astronomy, such as a new telescope with a two-hundred-inch reflector—so that we haven't begun to touch the garment's edge of what we are going to find out about the stars. Even in astronomy there must be two kinds of faith—faith in things finished and faith in things doing.

"There are some great minds in history that have not succeeded in achieving this double faith. Daniel Webster, for example, had faith in Massachusetts. That was secure. But once, when a bill was up in the United States Senate that would add \$60,000 to the budget to improve mail facilities between East and West, Daniel Webster stood up with all his ponderous eloquence to fight against it. He had no faith in that Western country.

"'What do we want of that vast worthless area,' he said, 'that region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands, of whirlwinds of dust, cactus, prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put those deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever do with the Western coast of three thousand miles, rockbound, cheerless, and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is today!'

"He had faith in things finished, but he did not have faith in things doing.

"In the chief interest of our honored guest, you can see an illustration of this thing. Once nationalism was an adventurous and daring hope. Would it ever be pos-

sible to gather these thirteen colonies with all their prejudices and sectionalism and make a nation out of them?

"Would it ever be possible to get together the separate states of Central Europe and make a German Empire from them? Nationalism was an adventure. It was not easy to believe in nationalism then. It is easy enough now. Nationalism is finished; any one can have faith in it.

"But the next step? Can we take our separate nations now and build of them an international fraternity? How many men who have faith in nationalism finished have not faith in internationalism doing?

"Fred Smith has had not only faith in past certainties but in future possibilities.

"There is one other element in Fred Smith's life that has touched us all. He has always seemed to be living for the fun of it. There never was anything beautiful that came into human life until folks began to play.

"So it is with religion. Religion at first was desperately utilitarian—a way of getting rain, raising crops, defeating enemies, warding off demons. But when the burden of life had a little lifted, men began to play with religion. They 'rejoiced in the Lord,' they sang songs and danced before the Lord. They built beautiful temples to the Lord. They were religious not because they had to be but because they wanted to be.

"That seems to me to be one of the keynotes of Fred Smith's life. He has lived for the fun of it, and all the best work in the world is done for fun. Millet, the French artist, had to paint livery stable signs. When both ends met and he could paint Brittany peasants for the love of painting, then in *The Angelus* and *The Gleaners* he did his best work. That is even the way John Bunyan wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. He says himself that he took it up as a pastime and diversion and set his pen to paper with delight. Just so! It is a great book, written for the fun of it.

"And so I put this laurel wreath upon Fred Smith's head tonight. He is a man who lives nobly, for the fun of it. As Robert Louis Stevenson said, 'A happy man is a better thing to find than a five-pound note!'"

A very beautiful engraved vase was presented to me, which I keep in a conspicuous place in my home, as a constant reminder of the exceeding goodness of friends and of the love of God.

In connection with this testimonial dinner, naturally my emotions and sense of gratitude were stirred very deeply by the thought of my friends who prompted and organized the dinner, by the generous attendance of a large number of intimate friends with whom I had been associated in various forms of Christian work, and by the addresses which were given. But I was equally stirred by the fact that there were in attendance many of my immediate and nearest neighbors from White Plains. I wish space would permit mentioning all of their names, but there they were, including my closest neighbor, Mr. Charles H. Seaver, whose house is in the same garden plot with mine and with whom I have lived in most cordial relationships for now about twenty years, and who has written the very gracious introduction to this book. And when the trophy was to be presented, another of my long-time neighbors, the late Robert E. Farley, was chosen to make the presentation. This element upon this occasion was and has been a source of great satisfaction.

In January, 1930, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Editor of *The Christian Herald*, notified me that the staff and officers of the *Herald* had chosen me for their annual "Distinguished Christian Service Award," which carried with it a complimentary cruise of the Mediterranean Sea and the Holy Land for myself and wife. The following statement was presented at a banquet given in the Pennsylvania Hotel:

#### "DISTINGUISHED RELIGIOUS SERVICE AWARD

for 1929

FRED B. SMITH

"Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, lay evangelist, crusader for law enforcement, for world peace, for Christian Unity, Christian Herald Association has elected you to receive the Second Annual Award for Distinguished Religious Service.

"You have been chosen because the Christian Church

for more than forty years has had in you a demonstration of what can be wrought by a layman who is wholly given to the purposes of Christ. In your position as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, you have contributed, largely, to the rallying of American opinion in support of the Pact to Outlaw War. As Chairman of the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement, you have provided a bulwark of support for the prohibition law. In your capacity as Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches, you have led, significantly, toward the consummation of union between your own and the Christian denomination.

"For these things, and because of the evangelical spirit which continues to characterize your leadership, we are of one mind in selecting you as the individual who, during 1929, has rendered the most distinguished service in the field of this award.

"For

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ASSOCIATION

"J. C. Penney  
Godfrey Hammond

Daniel A. Poling  
Stanley High."

If I should write at length, I could not approach a description of my deep feelings of humility upon one hand and glad thanksgiving on the other. This recognition came from the hearts of intensely intimate associates and was peculiarly a token of appreciation of my evangelical emphasis over the years. As I have written, I have never been a good sight-seer. I crossed the Mediterranean Sea and through the Suez Canal five times before I had time to break the journey and visit the Holy Land. I have always been going somewhere on a strict schedule of speaking engagements and just could not take time out for side pleasure trips. But this time I was persuaded. That cruise, under the joint direction of the *Christian Herald* and the James Boring Company, will abide with me through time, and I hope eternity, as the grandest travel experience of fifty years.

And so God in His own way just willed that occasionally the old ox should taste the sweet of the field in which he plowed. He directed that the laborer should get some special cheer once in a while. And why? Not to put a premium on any one's

talents, whether they were one or two or ten. Not to give prizes which might be drawn as in a lottery of life. Not to select here and there those to sit at the high places of synagogues. Not to make a few conceited or a few envious. Not as a sort of prize to be sought after. But rather to make honest, sincere service for the cause of His Kingdom glorious, not only in the supreme satisfaction it brings of itself, but also in the assurance of others that this satisfaction is no delusion of a self-deceived and one-track mind.

I pause here once more to guard against a possible misunderstanding. But I feel certain that those who read must know that when a man passes seventy years he is immune, or ought to be, from unholy ambitions or vain pride. I sit often and think of the obscurity of my younger life and wonder in amazement at the way I have been led. I could not write this much, were it not in the hope that other men who will pass through the fiery ordeals, which are unavoidable in long years of service, may be enheartened to fight the good fight.

PART THREE  
THE WIDENING HORIZONS

X  
PERSONALITIES

I REMEMBER with great satisfaction the unusual persons with whom I have come in contact. As one looks back in review of the events of many years, it is exceedingly interesting to discover how those whom one has met along the way have influenced the currents of life. Perhaps it was something they said, or something they were doing, or something they believed in strongly. More often, however, it was something they just were in character which was revealed unconsciously. They didn't talk about it, for no language could explain that undefined quality of personality. If I attempted to write in some detail of each of these who come back to memory from time to time, I should never finish. I will confine myself in the main to those of my own country. Many I have met in foreign countries were largely related to movements and situations which have so changed that reference to them now would be less interesting. And of those at home I may recall here my associations with only a few significant personalities.

Because he crossed my path early and enriched my life for more than thirty years, I remember with unusual distinction Richard C. Morse who was for thirty-nine years the General Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. This chief administrator of the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America paid me a visit in my second year as the general secretary of the Association at Sioux Falls. He came to inquire about the possibility of my giving some attention to the work among the Indians in the various reservations. But he was in no hurry. He stayed with me for

two days. He went to my very humble home. He ate and seemed to enjoy the simple meals my wife prepared. Two crying babies at one time, I remember vividly, did not upset his equilibrium. Then, from that visit until the days of his declining health and subsequent death, I sought his advice more, and profited by it more, than that of any other man.

What was it about him that was so remarkable and unique? He was not a great public speaker. He sang no solos. He boasted of but few superior talents. To me he was great because he could understand me. I have always been a more or less "breechy" colt in any pasture. Or, to put it another way, I have never been a submissive standpatter about anything. The *status quo* in any sphere has always annoyed me. I suspect many of my most intimate friends have not found it easy to be patient with this trait. I found in Richard C. Morse in all the years a patient, discerning, astute, unselfish counsellor. I have led off with this man, although long deceased, because more than any other man I have known *he could rise out of his own peculiar responsibilities of office or organization to see another's perplexities and share in counsel without bias or jealousy.*

I have been associated with many prominent men in various forms of religious work. With some I always felt uneasy. I wanted to look under the table to see what might be out of sight, or to peek up their sleeves to be sure there were no duplicate cards. I did not and do not condemn them. Human nature is human nature and is persistent to an appalling degree even among the saints. On this man I have dwelt because he was so free from this impediment, he was so directly and obviously genuine.

This was illustrated during the visit I have mentioned. He was as tender as any father could have been, as he advised me about the simple yet essential duties of a Young Men's Christian Association secretary. I was something of a singer. I entertained him with some of my specimens in this regard. I remember how quietly and definitely he said to me, "Your music is a great help. Be careful, don't sing too much." A lesser man wouldn't have said a word then. But in the next town or state he might have "confidentially" told some one "Smith is in danger of singing himself out of a job in Sioux Falls."

Perhaps something of the esteem in which I held him may be indicated by the fact that my youngest son was named Richard Morse Smith and was christened by that name by Mr. Morse. I have italicized one sentence about this man because I am sure it indicates a grace much needed in the ranks of religious workers everywhere, a grace which I have often wished I had had in a larger measure.

Even such a brief résumé of my relationships to the Young Men's Christian Association as I have given in a previous chapter would be incomplete if there were not generous mention of happy comradeship with Dr. John R. Mott. However, inasmuch as his life has been so splendidly interpreted in the biography written by Mr. Basil Matthews, any attempt at lengthy comment would be superfluous. But I do want to express my belief, based on contacts with him for a quarter of a century, as an employed officer in the Association and later in more than twenty years of relationships with him in other committees and organizations, that he has been and is the greatest administrator of all the religious efforts which have involved foreign missions and the Christian student movements of all lands. My memory and my judgment lead me to emphasize these two fields in which he has been so pre-eminently the guiding spirit.

Executive responsibility for other types of religious movements, including the Young Men's Christian Association in the home field, was perhaps less congenial to him. From his own days at Cornell to the present time his compelling, absorbing convictions have been in the fields I have mentioned, where his leadership has a brilliant distinctiveness.

An illustration of a situation in which he was not at home lives with me. Perhaps it gave some of us consolation for some of our own failures, to see so wonderful a man "put on the spot," as it were, or completely nonplussed. During the time when the tides seemed rapidly turning throughout the United States against the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcement acts, and at the time when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. had written a letter in which he expressed his doubt about that method of handling the liquor problem, I was called over the telephone to Dr. Mott's office for a conference. He then told me he was going to take the lead in inviting a very select group of persons promi-

nently interested in this question, on the "dry" side, to meet in conference at Atlantic City. He asked me to submit some names to him and also to supplement his invitation, both of which I was very glad to do. However, I remember going back to my office and telling some of my associates that I believed John Mott was marching into a place where angels would fear to tread.

The conference was convened and remained in session two and a half days. It became apparent, within one hour after the session opened, that along with other persons the wildest, most impractical zealots were present and proposed to be very articulate in the discussion. For the most part they had not come to make a serious effort for a united constructive program to face the future, which had been the distinct feature of the convening invitation. They were met rather to defend the past and to brand the "traitors" who had dared to think a new thought in this field.

Sitting at the top table presiding was this man that I had seen handle great assemblies of world leaders with such skill as I had never known in any other man. I recalled how I had observed him as he had used his ten talents in this field, in the conventions of student leaders from all the nations of the world, and in universal conferences of missionary leaders such as the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference of 1910; and I could not point to one single incident in these very complicated gatherings where he had seriously erred in judgment.

But this Atlantic City gathering of prohibitionists, by the end of the first session, was clear out of his hands. As a matter of fact, I knew for a considerable part of the time that he did not know himself what some of these men and women were talking about.

Near the end, when any kind or sort of agreement was shown to be impossible, Dr. Mott resorted to his favorite method in a crisis of that kind by suggesting that a "continuing committee" be appointed. This proposal was adopted. Dr. Mott was selected as chairman, and some rather distinguished persons were named on the committee. It is a matter of record, however, that from the day when we walked out of that room up to the time I am writing nobody ever heard of that committee again. No innocent boy, who in his curiosity explored a bumble-bee's nest,

ever kept away from them more faithfully afterward than did Dr. Mott from this issue.

I have intimated that this occasion gave me a kind of excuse as to certain situations in which I had been involved myself with about the same result; but also it gave me a certain kind of courage to take great hazards in unknown fields.

In the further consideration of personalities I am bewildered and embarrassed. As I remember these fifty years of contact with people, the number of those who have had a real part in my life-work seems countless. If I turned back the pages of the record of my connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, they would disclose thousands of laymen and hundreds of secretaries. Perhaps I cannot indicate my sense of obligation to these Association secretaries in any better way than to say that among some simple requests filed in my desk at home, to be carried out in the event of my death, I have asked that six old-time associates of the Young Men's Christian Association shall be the honorary pallbearers. I wish I could refer by name in these pages to persons in these connections, whose influence I have felt, to clergymen, college and university presidents and professors, and social workers in various fields who have inspired me, and to others who have consciously or unconsciously helped me. But special reference to a few will not indicate, I hope, any lack of high appreciation of the greater number.

I remember with deep gratitude my debt to the influence and generosity of the late James N. Jarvie. He was a tower of strength. I did not organize or launch any "movement" or "campaign" for more than a quarter of a century in which Mr. Jarvie did not share largely in planning and furnishing ways and means for its execution. I did not realize for many years that this great layman had virtually taken me into partnership on the religious and philanthropic side of his own life. He would call me up very frequently to meet him at lunch or to go to his home in Montclair for a night or a week-end, or up to "the farm" for a day. Upon many of these occasions I would come away with a new mandate to carry out some activity for the Kingdom of God, and usually with the ways and means provided. To his memory I want to pay high tribute in acknowledging his

share in my lifework. He was a giant physically, morally, spiritually, and surely one in his moral convictions. Just looking at it from the purely human standpoint, I rather suspect that I might not have spent these later years particularly in specific religious work had it not been for the influences brought to bear upon me by Mr. James N. Jarvie. And now his nephews, Dr. James Turner and Dr. William J. Turner, have entered into my life in much the same spirit.

I remember with ever-increasing appreciation my intimate relationship with the late James G. Cannon, then the President of the old Fourth National Bank of New York. As Chairman of the Religious Work Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association and Chairman of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, he was not only an intimate friend, but a far-seeing planner of programs. With a certain reverence I remember the late A. A. Hyde of Wichita, Kansas, who gave to Christian benevolences the largest per cent of his income of any man I have ever known. Likewise I remember the "Master of Mission Inn" at Riverside, California, the late Frank A. Miller, who made Mt. Rubideau on Easter morning famous and who as a "boarding-house keeper" (his own title) became a world power for international peace.

I remember with pleasure and thankfulness my long years of fellowship with Mr. James H. Post of New York. I once had the privilege of looking over his list of annual contributions to benevolences. I have never known any other man who gave time and money to so many things. He is the greatest extremely modest man I have ever met. Among his many graces, however, one stands out with unparalleled distinction. He has been the host of groups, large and small, at more luncheons, dinners, and other such social functions than any other man of his generation, I suspect. When he began over thirty years ago to co-operate with my work through this method, I wish I had started a record of the events. I am sure it would have run into the hundreds. It is important to note that so far as I can recall none of these was for merely social purposes. They were to promote the welfare of the Kingdom of God on earth.

On December 7, 1934, together with my colleagues of the

World Alliance for International Friendship, we organized a banquet at the Union League Club at which the Hon. Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, was the guest of honor and principal speaker. Mr. Post as usual was the host. Dr. William P. Merrill, the President of the World Alliance, welcomed the guests and the host. In his remarks he used the following:

"Some time ago I was touring in England with my family. We had one of those typically English automobiles (you know, 5-passenger, 2-horsepower, runs beautifully downhill, pretty well on the level, and occasionally consents to climb a gentle slope). We came to Stonehenge. Down below one of the great stone pillars I spied a bit of paper or parchment. Poking about with my umbrella point I pried it loose. I found it was an ancient document from perhaps the Eighth Century. Part was in Latin, and part in Greek; those parts I could of course read with ease. It began, 'Oraculum Engleberti Magi, erit, tempore remoto.' Then it lapsed into some unknown language, which I judged to be early Saxon. Later I came on the words 'Philoxenos Teleios,' which I recognized as meaning 'Perfect Host,' and it ended with another Latin phrase, 'significat, et semper significabit, Ye Perfect Host.'

"I said to myself, 'Take that to George Plimpton.' I knew he was an adept in two incomprehensible subjects, Old English documents, and modern treasurers' reports. So I took it to him and together we made it out. When I say 'we' made it out, I mean that we went through the same process that we employ in the case of one of his treasurer's reports; he told me what it meant, and I said 'Yes.' This was what I found recorded on that ancient parchment:

"ORACLE OF ENGLEBERT THE SAGE. It shall come to pass, at a time far distant, in a country not yet discovered, in a city that shall rise to heaven like Babel of old (which place it will in other ways also resemble) that a certain man wholly given to hospitality will by his comrades come to be known as THE PERFECT HOST. Being troubled with much busyness they will be men of a clipped speech, and shall speedily contract that title Perfect Host to P. Host. As men of Anglo-Saxon descent, disliking the letter H which they

reckon superfluous, they shall let it fade out, and his name shall be called POST. But let them ever recall that that name means, and always shall mean, THE PERFECT HOST.'

"I know I am voicing the sentiments of all here when I express our gratitude for this delightful dinner to our good friend, James H. Post, whose name signifies, and always will signify, THE PERFECT HOST."

Something like this ought to be inscribed upon the mausoleum where Mr. Post's body will rest after his great years of service.

I remember Clyde R. Joy of Keokuk, Iowa, James M. Speers of New York, C. B. Winslow of White Plains, N. Y., John T. Underwood of New York, James C. Penney of New York, Earl C. Sams of New York, William H. Mathai of Baltimore, Hugh Thrift of Washington, D. C., Colonel Patrick H. Callahan of Louisville, Kentucky, Wilfred W. Fry of Philadelphia, Lyman L. Pierce of San Francisco, Felix Warburg of New York, Clifford W. Barnes of Chicago, George A. Plimpton of New York. These and so many more come back as memory does its perfect work, to remind me that they must share in any of the good I may have accomplished. They have opened doors, removed obstacles, suggested avenues of important service, helped in correcting imperfect plans, supplied the ways and means, and best of all have given strength to spiritual issues. I should be selfish if I failed to remember them in these reminiscences.

There are three others who stand out in bold relief as I look back. First, Harry N. Holmes, my intimate associate of a quarter of a century. I met him first in 1904 in Australia. I was *en route* around the world and Mr. Holmes was general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Wellington, New Zealand. It was only a casual meeting, but enough to stamp his personality upon me. In 1910 he came to the United States and entered enthusiastically into the activities of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. When, a little later, the invitations were received to extend those conventions to Japan, China, Australia, South Africa, and Great Britain, I asked Mr. Holmes to go on before to organize the cities. He accepted and prepared the way with consummate skill. He was

then called to direct the field work of the British Young Men's Christian Association on the battle front in France. But soon after the close of the war I sought him out and invited him to be my associate in the work of the Commission of the Federal Council of which I was the chairman. He accepted, and for all the intervening years he has been my most intimate colleague. When I was asked to become the chairman of the Executive Committee of the World Alliance, I felt I could not undertake the tremendous task, unless I could have Harry Holmes at my side. Again he accepted an invitation I extended to him to share in that work. I have been chagrined many times in these years by having too generous credit ascribed to me for successful events, when as a matter of fact Mr. Holmes had been in a large measure the real force and genius behind the scenes. To this fine spirit, Harry N. Holmes, I pay tribute as a perfect colleague. His middle name should have been "Loyalty."

Second, Mr. James T. Lathrop, who was my private secretary during the ten most strenuous years of my life. As far as I know, Mr. Lathrop never sang a solo. I never heard him make a speech of fifteen minutes' length. I do not remember that he ever organized any spectacular stunt. He was and is a very modest man. But during the Men and Religion years and *en route* around the world, he knew no call but to keep every detail of correspondence with nearly half a hundred so-called "experts" as members of the teams. These experts are often hard to handle. The committees in seventy-seven cities had to be kept sweet and at work. All this and more Jim Lathrop cared for without a slip. I could not be just in a summary of my activities, if I did not give due recognition to this man, who dignified and ennobled his own life by being a superb private secretary.

Third, John James Virgo, Esq. I met Mr. Virgo at Adelaide in South Australia. I was engaged to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings and conferences for young men in the major cities of that fascinating country under the Southern Cross. After a long voyage from Ceylon, one day our ship came to dock at this first place for meetings. Suddenly, without notice or warning, a dapper, quietly moving chap came up to me on the deck. As he extended his hand, he said: "Hello, Fred, I am Jack Virgo of Sydney. I have come over here to welcome you to

Australia." I was a long way from home and family. I had been homesick. But that feeling all vanished in a moment. I was at top point in courage and ready with real enthusiasm for a two months' campaign. He was then the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Sydney. From that contact until I sailed for San Francisco, this marvellous man did not leave my side for one day. He organized the meetings everywhere, directed the music, sang the solos, smoothed out the rough places. I have heard most of the great musical directors of my generation, but I have never heard one, as it seemed to me, who could equal this man in directing a large chorus or glee club, or in leading six thousand men in singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," or other similar great hymns. He was and is a great public speaker, but he put that talent to one side, as he brought his multitude of others into action to set the scenes for me. Mr. Virgo later became general secretary of the London Young Men's Christian Association and built the beautiful Tottenham Court Road building. I have met him in many parts of the world since, for he too is a terrific traveler. I have entertained him in my home. Our contacts have been frequent and intimate. I have written of the impression he made upon me at our first meeting in Adelaide in 1904. There has been much of the same effect in every subsequent meeting. I remember many, many times when Jack Virgo has clasped my hand and said, "Hello, Fred," and inspired me to do my best. I acknowledge with gladness the part he has had in what I have tried to do.

In this part of my story I have confined myself, with one or two exceptions, to my own country. Although I have been around the world five times and have crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighty-two times and have met many wonderful men, space is not sufficient to follow these contacts. However, I may in one paragraph recall with highest esteem these British friends: Sir George Williams, the sainted founder of the Young Men's Christian Association in London, in whose home I was entertained upon frequent occasions; Lord Kinnaird, Sir Henry Bemrose, Sir Arthur Yapp, all of great distinction in the Young Men's Christian Association work; Joseph Parker, John Kelman, J. H. Jowett, Frederick W. Norwood, Canon T. Guy Rogers of

Birmingham, the Rt. Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, the Bishop of London, Henry Wickham Steed, Sir Murray Hyslop, Sydney Berry, A. G. Sleep, Edward Shillito, Arthur Porritt, Sir Albert Spicer. All of these have upon occasion strengthened my life. I owe much to them.

I should not be just if I left the impression that all has been happy and favorable in the intimate contacts I have had in these fifty years. As I have reviewed hundreds of them in memory, I have been confronted with some very pathetic experiences. Some of those I worked with back yonder along the way, who started upon a lofty plane with high ideals and purposes, suffered moral wreckage as the years passed. Others were prevented by misfortune from doing the service which their talents promised and to which they had dedicated themselves. And there were those who just lost the gleam, or found other gleams more alluring.

Some time ago I read an article by Richard Roberts in which he tells of a college friend with whom he shared a great vision of evangelizing the world. He says of him at that time, "He had fire in his eyes." Later this friend prospered financially and in the favor of men. Then Dr. Roberts sought him out in London. Of this later visit he says, "When I saw him, I did not at first recognize him. The lean, austere youth had become a sleek, well-groomed man of the world. The ascetic, wistful face was fleshy and hard; the eyes were dead. And when I recalled our young enthusiasms he sneered. I am not sitting in judgment on him. I do not know what temptation overtook him. I cannot tell by what stratagem his soul had been taken. But as I left I knew that I had seen a murdered soul. Sometime, somewhere, he had said to himself, 'I'll take the cash and let the credit go,' and what he sold for the cash was his very soul. Don't suppose I am pluming myself that I am better off than he. I do not know, as I said, to what fierce temptation he had succumbed. And if I have my dream still, even though it be very faded and thin, it is by the grace of God and no merit of mine."

I have borrowed this from Richard Roberts because he describes this kind of man so much better than I am able to do. But I remember, as I think of the yesterdays, of "murdered

souls" strewn along the trail. Some committed the act through overt, vicious physical sins. More, however, were led to the slaughter in the brutal economic warfare. Thinking of them I am reminded of the warning of Jesus, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom of God"; "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." Earlier in my studies I was worried and confused by this Scripture. I am worried now, but not confused. I understand it better as I think back fifty years. And so summing up "Personalities" there is a vast host who bring glorious memories. These have won out by the "grace of God." There are some who bring sad remembrances. They lost somewhere the power of God, the Kingdom of God that was developing within them.

## XI

### WITH THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

**A**S to public men, I do not think I can do better than to tell something of the Presidents of the United States I have known, if no more than one or two brief experiences with each. I have chosen them because I believe in every case the experience gives some indication of the character of the man.

It just happened that on something of current importance in which I was interested or involved I had interviews with seven of the last eight Presidents. The exception was Woodrow Wilson. Lest I may be misinterpreted, I think I ought to say that I have not been a hanger-on at the White House, seeking recognition for some trivial reason. In every such interview there was a vital question involved. On several of these occasions, I was invited to give some information upon mooted measures being proposed or under consideration in Congress, or about conditions of the people in different parts of the country, such as the soldiers, the Indians, the Negroes, and the farmers, or as to law observance or international situations. On other occasions, I was presenting some issue which I believed to have moral or spiritual implications and which interested some organization with which I was connected. I never asked an appointment of any character for myself, or made any recommendations for positions for my friends, although it seems as if I was asked to do so a thousand times. But I did give information about the qualifications of many persons when it was requested in any of these interviews.

#### WILLIAM MCKINLEY

In a previous chapter I stated that the evangelist Dwight L. Moody had chosen me, as a Young Men's Christian Association secretary, to be his liaison with the evangelistic speakers and singers who were at work in the army camps in 1898. As I was *en route* south after my arrangement with Mr. Moody, he sug-

gested that I call on the President and tell him personally of some of the work we were carrying on. He wrote a letter of introduction which I presented to the secretary in charge of appointments, Major E. J. Halford. He was a man of the Moody type and there was but little delay.

I walked into Mr. McKinley's office with much fear and uncertainty. In a boy from Lone Tree, Iowa, being ushered into the presence of the President of the United States, some rapid heartbeats were to be expected. His genial, fatherly smile, his warm handclasp, and his cordial "What can I do for you, young man?" dispelled all fear. I told of Mr. Moody's desire for his assistance in securing adequate funds for the evangelistic work and the great social work of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was a brief talk. Had it been a long one, I should have fainted. He promised full co-operation; sent his warm regards to Mr. Moody; wished us abundant success; smiled and bade me good-bye. I do not think I have ever met a more impressive personality. His face was lined with responsibility. He had stern eyes. He was in earnest. But he had a broad smile which called for kindness and confidence.

The war was over. The protocol was signed. I had been through the Southern camps and on to Cuba. I was to go North. I received a telegram from Mr. Moody asking me to see the President again about the future of the work. There were a million young men in the army either in Cuba or in the Southern camps. They could not be demobilized in a week or two. The need for Christian service was greater than when they were under the tension of strict discipline. He wanted me to explain to the President that the work must go on and funds would be needed. He instructed me to ask the President to write him a letter recommending the continuance of the work.

With another letter of introduction I called and was received almost immediately. This time I went in with my head up. My step was firm and regular. I had no fears. I was going in to receive the high approval of the Commander-in-Chief of the victorious army and navy of the United States of America.

I introduced my direct message by telling the President how glorious had been the victory of our "colors." I told him our officers and men had conducted themselves with "*great bravery*." This I remember distinctly. I told him "we had thousands of

unheralded Deweys and Hobsons." During this part of my well prepared and practised set speech, it seemed to me he was unnecessarily grave and serious. I was embarrassed. The anticipated enthusiasm and approval were not forthcoming. When I had "*run down*," this Christian man leaned over on his desk and said, "Mr. Smith, did it ever occur to you that perhaps this war was an entirely unnecessary one? If the people had been more patient the difficulties might have been peacefully adjusted."

Then, very much subdued, I presented Mr. Moody's request, which he granted freely and fully. I went out more thoughtful about the war mania than I had ever been before. I had had a "close-up" of a man of fine ideals, who, under pressure from powerful sources and from a large section of public opinion, had been impelled to direct a war against a weaker nation, while in his heart he was saying, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

#### THEODORE ROOSEVELT

My contacts with the original "T. R." were more varied than with any other President, although less intimate than with some others. I met him first at a banquet in the old Astor Hotel, when he was Police Commissioner of New York. He had delivered a furious speech about the "crooks and stick-'em-up bandits." That was the first time I ever heard the expression "stick-'em-up." I have ever since associated that slang with him and regarded others who have used it as just amateurs. I was introduced to him after the exercises were finished. I have never known why he did it, but suddenly he asked, "Are you a public speaker?" I was elated and was going to tell him at least of my ambitions in that direction. But as suddenly he espied some pal back in the line and shouted, "Hello, Bill, Tom, or Jim." He brushed me aside as though he were the big right guard of a football eleven and I a midget quarterback on a second team. The question remained forever unanswered. He was in too much of a hurry then and ever afterward to spend time on details. I remember well that I knew then I had met something different in the human species. I was sure he wasn't cast in any standard mold and wouldn't run along to any fixed pattern.

With that beginning I met him occasionally during the following years. There would be too much of a duplication to write of each meeting in detail. Three perhaps will best picture him as I knew him. These were while he was President.

One was in Topeka, Kansas, at a convention of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association. He was to lay the cornerstone of a new "Y" building at twelve o'clock noon and to address a great mass meeting of delegates at night. As usual he came in ahead of time. I had a letter to him from an old friend of mine, one of his Rough Riders, who was very sick and wanted this letter put in his hands. I went to his private car and presented the letter. He read it, and for one brief moment was quiet. He gave me a message to the sick soldier. Then he broke out true to form. He wanted both the speaking engagements moved up so that he could get away in the early afternoon. He instructed me to attend to it at once. I told him I had no official relation to the program. That made no impression upon him. I told him that not more than one-half of the delegates had arrived. Every train was then bringing them in by hundreds. His blunt answer was, "All right, I will speak to the half who are here." He was in a hurry. At about that time, however, Colonel John J. McCook came in and told him that Miss Helen Gould was to arrive later in the afternoon. That news seemed to calm him, and the program was saved. But for high esteem for Miss Gould and the persuasive manner of Colonel McCook, who was something of a rough rider himself, I think the program might have been upset.

A second typical experience was on January 19, 1903. A great banquet was given in the Willard Hotel in Washington as a regular feature of the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association and as an opportune method of launching a campaign for funds for a new building. The President had agreed to come in for a short time and make a speech. Naturally the program was built around him. However, to get the essential facts about the plan over to the guests, it had been arranged that five seven-minute preliminary speeches should be made. I happened to be the last of the seven. It had been definitely promised that the President would not come in until these setting-up addresses were finished. But as I was introduced and had just had time to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen," lo-

and behold, from the far side of the room there bolted in Roosevelt himself. He had arrived in the lobby. He refused to wait. He told those who tried to hold him that he wanted to hear the speeches. He crashed the gate. He was in a hurry. Pandemonium broke loose. I sat down. When the chairman got order, the President insisted that I should finish my address. The toastmaster called on me to do so. I knew how futile that effort would be. I arose, thanked the President and the chairman, and said, "I will not continue. We are all waiting to hear this distinguished guest. I will withdraw and cast my accustomed vote in favor of President Theodore Roosevelt." This statement made a rather favorable impression. Amid the applause the President got up, walked half the length of the dais, pointed his finger at me, grinned that never-to-be-forgotten grin as his teeth stood out like a set of huge pearls, and said, "All right, old boy, I will make you a Major-General some day." Certainly on at least a half dozen subsequent occasions when I met him, he would say, "Oh, that is too bad, I haven't given you that job yet." He did not forget the occasion or the joking promise.

Third, I was booked to make a speaking and conference tour of South Africa in 1908. I thought it would be an advantage to have a little message to convey from the President. I wrote of my desire and was promptly invited to have an interview on a certain day at a certain hour. I was there at the appointed time. The Hon. George B. Cortelyou was private secretary and had made the arrangement. I went into his office. He said, "We are in a kind of jam here today." From where I stood I could see through the door into the President's private office. Sitting around the desk were five members of the House of Representatives. In the center of them was the fiery Speaker Joe Cannon. His face was flushed with excitement. His arms were flying in every direction, and frequently he pounded the desk. I took in the situation, scented the atmosphere, and thought to myself, "This is no time or place for a Y. M. C. A. secretary." I apologized to Mr. Cortelyou, thanked him, and said I did not think I ought to intrude upon the President. I was compelled to go back to New York in the afternoon as I was sailing the next day. He would not listen to this proposal. He said, "The appointment is made for this hour. In view of your contem-

plated tour, your desire for such a message from the President is justified." He led me to the door, pushed it open and said, "Mr. President, Mr. Smith." He did not go in to make a formal introduction as the secretary is accustomed to do. He rather shoved me through the door and let me take my chances in the semi-riot.

The President looked at me, jumped to his feet, and said in a loud voice, "Oh, yes, you have an important engagement with me right now. I am very glad to see you." He shook hands vigorously and led me to one of the south windows overlooking the gardens. I then presented my apologies to him and said I wouldn't keep him a moment from that vital conference. He drew near and said in a very moderate voice, "You stay and talk to me until that gang goes out." For the first time in my life I found Theodore Roosevelt, as far as I was personally concerned, when he was not in a hurry. He was in a terrible hurry, however, to get that delegation out. He used me as the buffer. It was a good piece of strategy. One by one they walked quietly out until the furious Speaker Cannon was left alone. Thereupon he arose, gave the President a sort of salute, and followed. In the meantime the President had given me the message I desired, which I may say was widely used in South Africa, greatly to my advantage.

But when that door closed his manner changed. He was in a *hurry* again. He wished me well and invited me to see him upon my return. He bade me a blunt good-bye. I went out faster than the delegates who preceded me. When they had retired I thought he might relax a little and joke about it. But no, there was no time for that commonplace. He was in a *hurry* to meet the next issue in the next big fight, for he was always in one. Here was the snapshot I got of this dynamic man. Many, many times I have contemplated the contrast between these two Presidents, McKinley and Roosevelt. The first—calm, deliberate, unemotional—giving an impression of dignified strength. The second—restless, high-pressured, impetuous, a sort of political stormy petrel—had a dignity of a different kind and a youthful vigor. They had different convictions about the functions of government. They had different techniques. They were as unlike in personalities as any two public men I ever met, and yet each by his own peculiar method seemed to get

about the same result in the things he tried to do, and certainly to command a great measure of popular esteem.

#### WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

In one way my contacts with President Taft were not as close as with some of the others. There were fewer planned interviews or incidental meetings and less important issues involved. Nevertheless, these contacts gave me a high appreciation of the man. I had previously met Mr. Taft several times in and around Cincinnati. Every one of these meetings seemed to be *unusual*. There were no drones in that family. This tradition continues. It has been pathetically true of some Presidents that in the second generation there were only weak, insipid imitations. Not so in the Taft strain.

I met Mr. Taft once when he was in the Roosevelt Cabinet. He was busy and said I could see him on the train from Washington to Baltimore, if I desired. I availed myself of this courtesy. I wanted him to make a speech upon "Patriotism" at a Young Men's Christian Association convention in a certain city. He said he "didn't know enough about that subject to make a speech of that kind," and then damned the city where the convention was to be held for its "corrupt political leadership." He laughed heartily, declined the invitation, put his hand on my shoulder, shook hands, wished me "good luck," and ushered me out. Notwithstanding the result of the interview, I was thrilled with his blunt manner. His language, especially his adjectives, was so definite that there was no doubt about what he meant.

Early in his presidency, a great upheaval occurred in one of the government departments, where certain civil service rules had protected men in their positions. It involved many men and women. One of these I knew intimately. He had rendered very distinguished service during the Civil War. He was being made the "goat" by a gang who were in peril. Prison seemed ahead of him, and unspeakable disgrace for two beautiful elderly women who would suffer with him. A name that had been the glory of a proud family was to be sullied. I wrote a letter to the President, asking if I could see him briefly on an entirely personal matter. An appointment was made. I told him the story as best I could with limited facts. He was as sympathetic as any kindergarten teacher could have been with a child in need

of a friend. Not one word or tone of voice, not a look in his face, reminded me of the man I met before on the railway train. This time he was just a big, kindly human being full of compassion. After a few questions he said, "I will look into the matter." I never knew just what happened. I learned only that the man involved was entirely dropped out of the case. I knew he must have been innocent, for Mr. Taft was not the kind to shield for sentimental reasons any man who had done wrong. Opportunity never did arise for me to inquire about the procedure. I wrote the President a letter of earnest thanks. It was not answered. But I had a snapshot of this man which abides with me and is different from most of the pictures of him I have seen.

I was in another interview with him in the White House. This time William Knowles Cooper, who was then general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Washington, was with me. He suggested that we come after dinner to meet him in the library, where we should be less disturbed than in his office. He sat in a very large easy chair in one corner of the room. He was then at the top notch of his weight. We took turns in presenting our request. No matter what it was. We all three believed it to be important. Certainly Mr. Cooper and I thought so, else we would not have imposed upon his time. Certainly he thought so, else he would not have received us. He told us he had had an immensely difficult and irritating day. Congress was in session. After some little time we discovered that he was in a sound sleep. He gave unmistakable evidence of it. Naturally we were embarrassed. To talk to him further was useless. To talk to each other and disturb him would be impudent. We could only wait. It was not too long when he was aroused. He apologized. We apologized. We thanked him and went our way. I do not want to believe our presentation was so dull that it had that effect. I am sure he meant no discourtesy. But leaving all doubtful questions aside, this was another snapshot of him at another focus.

He had small interest in the cat-and-dog snarling and clawing and the "log-rolling" which were and are so much involved in the legislative process. The same thing I am sure was true of him in reference to political campaigns. If he had been given to vituperation, the result of the 1912 presidential campaign might

have been different. I once heard him say at a banquet in New Haven, "I regard it as a shame and a disgrace that candidates for public office, by our system of politics, are forced to go out as barkers for themselves." He did not go to sleep that night of our visit because he was bored or because he was uninterested or because he was weak in convictions. Of course he was physically weary. But there was a reason beyond that. His culture, his temperament, his aptitude gave him no relish for a political tug-of-war. Situations of that type made him mentally weary. He was no politician to the manner born.

I saw him once for a brief "How do you do?" when he was Chief Justice of the United States. I visited the Court more than once when he was presiding. He fitted that picture perfectly. He was a great jurist. This is how I remember William Howard Taft.

#### WOODROW WILSON

Lest I be misunderstood in reference to the World War, a note of explanation as to why I did not confer with President Wilson during his administration seems to be needed. I had called on him and known him when he was Governor of New Jersey. But after he became President, I came more easily into frequent contact with the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, with whom I had an intimate friendship. Mention of this is made later. Moreover, during the first Wilson administration I was out of the country a large part of the time, and nothing, so far as I can remember, came up which prompted me to make a request for an interview with the President. During his second administration, when the war came and I went to the camps and overseas, I had my contacts with the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker.

I make these notes that I may add the statement that I held President Wilson in very high esteem during his life. I cherish his memory as one of the greatest advocates of universal peace in all the history of America.

With the next three presidents I am going to draw some lessons from the psychology of a cigar. I have long been interested in the peculiar use made of a cigar in certain situations in social, political, economic, and sometimes religious circles. At a critical

moment a confused man says, "Have a cigar." He produces one and it is accepted. If the situation is social, they light up and conversation flows easily. If it is an economic problem—buying, selling, or borrowing—the differences are more readily composed. If the problem is political, this becomes the mildest form of bribery. If it is religious, that "Have a cigar" exchange has a beneficent influence upon theology. I have seen a "fundamentalist" and a "liberal" who, under other conditions, would vocally fight come into genial fellowship under the spell of the aroma of a cigar proffered and accepted.<sup>1</sup>

#### WARREN G. HARDING

I have a distinct memory that in 1920 I was unhappy at the prospect before the meeting of the National Conventions of the two major political parties. The fighting in the World War had ceased two years before, but peace had not been realized. The Versailles Treaty of 1919 was beginning to be a nightmare. The nations of the world were showing signs of shell-shock. Woodrow Wilson was ill. He had lost his grip on the country to an alarming degree. He had lost so much prestige in his own party that he could not nominate his successor. A great man was needed. Of all the men in the Republican Party, only one seemed to be able enough in administrative capacity, and he was a militarist.

I sat in the gallery of the Republican convention at Chicago for two days and was so disgusted that I left for New York. Two days later Warren G. Harding was nominated. I was thoroughly disappointed. I said, "I will wait for the news from the Democrats in San Francisco." They nominated Governor James M. Cox. As it seemed to me, that was another disappointment. They had a Newton D. Baker, but they passed him by.

For more than twenty years I had relied for inside political wisdom upon Raymond Robins. I tried to find him, for I had left him in Chicago and could not now locate him. Finally he sent a telegram from New England: "Disgusted, going to Florida fishing for the next four months." A few days later he came

<sup>1</sup> An apology is offered to any theological disputants who "never use tobacco in any form." I am not surprised, however, that they get into so much trouble with their brethren. This is written from experience, for I once had an anti-tobacco complex, and now, after having smoked my share, I keep cigars on hand mainly to put my friends in good humor.

to New York. We lunched together. Reluctantly he showed me a telegram from Senator Harding inviting him to come to Marion, Ohio, for a conference. I asked him what he was going to do about it. He replied, "Nothing; I am going to Florida." I told him I thought he ought to go, and added, "If any presidential candidate of any party should telegraph me to come to see him for conference on issues, I would go." He said, "All right, I will go, but I will not come back to New York. I will go direct to Florida from there." He did promise, however, to telegraph me from Marion.

Days passed. I heard nothing. In the meantime, one morning I received a telegram from Mr. Harding asking me to come to Marion for conference. I put it in my pocket and wondered why. During the same morning I was called on the 'phone by Robins. He proposed we lunch together. We went back to the same room where we had lunched before he went to Marion. I looked at him and knew he had been persuaded into the camp. He showed me the basis of his agreement with the candidate. It looked good. After some delay I revealed my telegram. He asked me what I was going to do about it. I said, "Nothing; I am too busy." He reminded me of what I had said to him in similar circumstances.

The next day I went to Marion and had a pretty long conference with the candidate. I asked him his attitude about the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, Internationalism, the League of Nations, the World Court, etc. He was vehement about the first. He said, "I will enforce those laws if I have to call out the whole army to do it." Of the second he said he was unqualifiedly for an "Association of Nations," which would be the League modified to meet the fears of some Americans. I went over to Dayton and made some inquiries, among trusted old-time friends, about Mr. Cox. The result was not encouraging. Upon my return to New York I saw Mr. Will Hays and Mr. Robins. With some misgivings I supported Mr. Harding, as did my friend Raymond Robins.

So much for a background. After the election and inauguration I waited patiently for some of these things to begin to happen. Then I went to the White House. As a matter of fact, I went a good many times during his administration.

Here is where the psychology of the cigar comes in. When

you were admitted to his private office your reception was splendidly cordial. I am sure it was equally sincere. He was glad to see his friends. After the salutations he would open a drawer in his desk and take out a handful of cigars and say, "Put them in your pocket. Give them to your friends." He was *generous* almost to an error. When reminded of earlier understandings or new desires, he was *generous*. But his memory was not too good. He was too pliable under the influence of varying types of men. He would undoubtedly have done better as President had he never been in the Senate. He would undoubtedly have done better if he had never met Harry Sinclair or any other oil manipulators. I am sure his heart was right. I am sure he was not personally dishonest. His greatest weakness was his strength in *too much sociability*. That handful of cigars carelessly thrown across the desk is a real portrait of the character of former President Harding. Sometimes he threw a handful of appointments carelessly to men who betrayed him. Sometimes he threw a handful of social amenities across the table to persons unworthy to be guests of the White House. It was thus I knew Warren G. Harding.

#### CALVIN COOLIDGE

Of the various Presidents I met in the White House, Mr. Coolidge was the only one with whom I had no previous contact or acquaintance. I had met each of the others in their public life before they came into the presidency. These earlier experiences, to some degree, had paved the way for a favorable hearing. With Mr. Coolidge I had to start cold. I could not tell him "how pleasantly I remembered our previous meeting." Of all seven of them, Mr. Coolidge was probably the most difficult to meet in that way. His reserved manner was well known.

My first interview came about in this way. In the early summer of 1923 a committee of distinguished men and women had been organized to make an appeal to the country for "Law Observance and Enforcement" with special reference to the Eighteenth Amendment and its enabling acts. This Amendment had been adopted upon the supposition that there would be concurrent enforcement legislation by the various States and the Federal Government. At first most of the state legislatures very promptly passed laws for this purpose. But as the sentiment in

favor of that prohibitive method of dealing with beverage liquor changed, these laws in several states were repealed, thus throwing all the burden and responsibility for enforcement upon the Federal Government. This produced an utterly impossible situation. One result was the demand for some effort by a convention or committee such as I have mentioned. I was elected as the convener. It was felt that if such a convention was to be held, it would be most effective in Washington, D. C. It was also believed that the President of the United States ought to be the principal speaker.

I went to Washington and presented such an invitation to President Harding. I reminded him of his promise to me in October, 1920, and told him I believed this would offer just the strategic opportunity to fulfil that pledge and rally the country to his support. He generously thanked me for the invitation and accepted. When this was announced it gave a tremendous impetus to the whole plan. The committee went forward with the call for the convention to be held in Washington in October, with the President of the United States as the speaker at the great opening mass meeting in Convention Hall. Then in late August there came the news of the sudden death of the President, followed by the succession of Vice-President Coolidge. This change made it necessary for us to revise the entire program. A hurried meeting of the committee was called. I was asked to go to Washington, have an interview with President Coolidge, and, if possible, get him to take the same part in the program which Mr. Harding was to have taken.

I had no trouble in getting an interview. I was met by a cold, mechanical handshake and asked to state my wish. I presented a carefully prepared one-page letter stating the facts. He laid it on his desk unread. A dreadful silence followed as I paused for an answer. At last he slowly turned, looked at me, made a gesture with his hands, and said, "Go on, go on." I then proceeded to tell him of our plan, of President Harding's deep interest and offer to speak, of the great crisis for the cause, of our embarrassment, of our intense desire that he give that opening address. Another silence followed. Finally realizing that my time was fast slipping away and that I must get something which I could use to advantage, I decided to ask a question which would involve an answer, "Yes" or "No." I, therefore, rather strenu-

ously said, "Well, Mr. President, do you think such a convention ought to be held?" He sat slowly touching the tips of the fingers of his hands, looking out of the window upon the gardens, in an exasperating attitude of seeming indifference. My time was up and I had no answer; his secretary appeared at the door, announcing the next caller.

I went out to take stock. The President hadn't declined to speak. He hadn't accepted to speak. He hadn't declined to give a reception to the delegates. He hadn't accepted to give a reception to the delegates. He hadn't said such a conference ought not to be held. He hadn't said such a conference ought to be held. He had expressed no opinion. He had asked no question. I had no fixed idea or hint of what might be in his mind. I only knew that I was a poor salesman, as far as this President was concerned.

Thus it was I began my relationship with this man, a relationship which, I may say, continued and grew more friendly until the last visit in 1932, to which later reference will be made. The conference referred to went forward but apparently without the co-operation or active interest of the President. However, when the delegates had assembled, one thousand of them, representing every state in the Union, and the sessions had begun, I received a telephone message asking me to call at the White House. At that time the President said he wished to fix an hour when he could receive the delegates and give such encouragement as he could to the work to be undertaken. This invitation was accepted and carried out with success. He also said at that time he did not think it wise for him to speak to the convention as he had not as yet formulated his own method of dealing with this problem. He added that it was his desire to ally himself with the conference and that he would like to attend two of the sessions if I would suggest what times would be the most appropriate; further, that he would be pleased to invite three or four of the most representative speakers to dinner or lunch at the White House, and requested me to make suggestions.

In line with his request I asked him to attend the conference at the time when the late William J. Bryan was to speak and to invite him to the White House. He responded favorably to both these ideas. During Mr. Bryan's address he applauded vigorously at several points. He invited Mr. Bryan to dinner one

evening and for supper as a second social event. The last day of the sessions he invited me to dinner and talked at length of what could be done by the government to make these laws effective.

From that time to the last day of his administration I was an occasional caller. This subject, as well as international peace, was discussed repeatedly. I believe he did his utmost for the observance and enforcement of the laws of the country, including the Eighteenth Amendment. Whatever errors there may have been in this regard were not of his heart or conscience. More than once I intimated to him that his own high sense of citizenship tempted him to have too much faith in the average man's loyalty to the Constitution and to the laws enacted under it. I heard him say, in substance, upon several occasions that he believed the people ought to obey the laws as an evidence of true patriotism. In his first message to Congress after his inauguration in 1925, in reference to this subject, he said, "I believe it to be the duty of every citizen to obey the law and to let it be known that he is in favor of law observance." He did not realize that many men of political and commercial prominence in the country, as well as persons of other stations among us, had respect for the Constitution and laws only so far as there was no interference with their personal habits and interests. His greatest error about this peculiar issue was in his appraisal of actual conditions.

I have dwelt upon this subject at some length, for here is a picture of the character and method of Mr. Coolidge. When I went for the first interview he had nothing to say. He did not know much about the background of the invitation I presented or of the complications involved in the subject to be dealt with. *He promised nothing. He did a lot.* I remember my discussions with him covering a period of about ten years. This element in his character was revealed all the way along. Others, I remember painfully, were prodigal with promises and free talk, but in performances notably disappointing.

Then there followed frequent calls upon Mr. Coolidge; most of these were for definite purposes, and few were social calls. As far as I have been involved, no other administration was more cordial. When he would say, in bidding good-bye, "Come in again," I knew he meant it. I was his guest at breakfast, lunch,

and dinner, and also upon two occasions for unhurried conversation in the evening in the library.

One breakfast is worthy of special comment. I once told him I should like to bring a dozen or fifteen business and professional men to talk over with him the problems of law observance and enforcement. He very quickly responded to the suggestion and said, "Bring them here for breakfast at seven-thirty o'clock" on a certain morning. The invitation was of course accepted. When we arrived the number turned out to be just nineteen, among them being John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Elbert H. Gary, V. Everett Macy, George A. Plimpton, William F. Cochran, Patrick H. Callahan, Clifford H. Barnes, Sebastian S. Kresge, and George Otis Smith. The breakfast period was a delightful social occasion. We had fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, hot cakes and sausage (with Vermont maple syrup), toast, and coffee. When the meal was finished the President lighted a cigar and said, "Gentlemen, what did you wish to talk with me about?" A very satisfactory conference followed.

But now to return to the psychology of a cigar. At that breakfast of rather distinguished men, no cigars were passed around. If the smoker had any in his pockets, well and good. If not, it was just too bad. And I may add, at no other time when I was present were any cigars passed out. He smoked a good deal himself but did not tempt his guests. On several occasions I gave him liberal opportunities. Once I remember I did this by hesitatingly lighting one of my own, but the outcome was the same. He did not avail himself of the practice of passing out cigars, as a social amenity, a token of friendship, or as a mild form of bribery.

Here is a mysterious sequel. I was at Lake Sunapee, N. H., in the summer of 1932 with about fifty ministers and laymen of the Congregational Churches in an International Good Will Institute. They requested me to talk to them one evening about experiences in Washington, talks with public officials, religious events, social events, etc. I told them I could not do that freely unless the session was an executive one without publicity. The general meetings were being conducted in a large hotel where the guests and the public were welcomed and a considerable number of newspaper reporters were present. It was, therefore, arranged to have that particular meeting in a private yacht club. I spoke

in a glassed-in sun parlor just off a large open veranda. The entire club was dark except this one room. One of the committee, Dr. Frederick L. Fagley, had especially urged me to tell this cigar experience at the White House, which I did, knowing there would be no newspaper reports of my remarks.

The next morning my wife and I started by motor for Silver Bay on Lake George. At evening we came to a very attractive hotel in Woodstock, Vermont. We stopped and registered for the night. There seemed to be a very large number of automobile tourists in the place. I asked the clerk if there was any unusual event going on or any special place of interest near by. He said the only thing he knew about was that Plymouth, Vermont, was only twelve miles away and that Calvin Coolidge, ex-President of the United States, was there at his country home. I told my wife that I wanted to go a little out of our direct route the next morning and have the privilege of seeing Mr. Coolidge, if he was there. I called Plymouth on the telephone and asked the operator to give me Mr. Coolidge's residence. The woman replied, "Mr. Coolidge does not have a telephone in his house. There is only one in this town and that one is in the store and post office and this is it. If you would like to speak to his secretary—he is sitting on the front porch—I will call him." I thanked her and assured her I should be very much pleased if I could speak to the secretary. He was on the wire at once. I told him who I was and of my desire. He replied that he was sure Mr. Coolidge would be glad to see me if he did not have a fishing engagement the next day. It was agreed that I should take chances of seeing him at ten o'clock the following day.

At the appointed time I went to the house and asked for the secretary. I was told I should find him in the garage, which, in New England style, was attached to the house. I went there and found a young man in overalls greasing a car. I asked him if he knew where Mr. Coolidge's secretary was. He said, "I am the secretary." I gave him my name. He said, "Mr. Coolidge is waiting for you." He took me to the veranda, and very soon the former President appeared.

Seated in comfortable rocking chairs in that lovely simple town, with the Green Mountains on every side of us, we talked, or perhaps it would be better to say "visited." Suddenly he arose, excused himself, and went into the house. He came back

with a cigar which he gave to me, saying, "It is mild, it won't hurt you." He struck a match and lit my cigar. I was puzzled. I watched his face for some sign of a joke, but got no satisfaction. Just thirty-six hours before, at a spot only one hundred and fifty miles away, I had told those delegates that he never gave me a cigar. And now this had happened.

We talked some more. I thought I would see if I could get any light on this mystery by bringing up the cigar question again. I said, "Mr. President, this is a very fine, mild cigar you have given me." He said, "Wait a minute." He went into the house again and came out with another one and said, "This is a different brand. Throw that one away and try this one." He insisted upon it. I watched him closely some more. But no sign in his face indicated anything extraordinary.

We talked on for some time. I took a snapshot of him with my own camera, which I have been told was the last picture ever taken of him. In the meantime my wife was exploring the town, had bought some maple syrup, the only thing to be done in the place, and from around the corner was indicating impatience to be on the way. As I arose to thank him and say good-bye, he said, "Wait a minute," and went into the house for a third time. He brought out a third cigar, with the remark, "This is another brand; put it in your pocket and smoke it on the way." As I feebly remonstrated with him, he tucked it in my coat pocket, and shook hands in a cordial good-bye.

I was firmly resolved that upon my next meeting with him I was going to ask him bluntly the *why* of this reversal of a long-time habit. But in a short time the world was shocked by his untimely sudden death. What had really happened? Did some newspaper reporter listen in on that open veranda at Sunapee Lake and 'phone to Plymouth and tell the secretary the joke, which a little later was turned on me? I do not know. Was he changed because he was out of official public office and free from any possible embarrassment through gifts of this sort? I do not know. Had he developed some more generous impulses as he had grown older? I do not know. The mystery remains.

In all these interviews two topics were prominent:

(1) The reduction of armaments as a guarantee of enduring peace. He talked much of the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice, in both of which he

strongly believed. But he had a dread that increased armaments would some day plunge the world into another war. His philosophy upon this subject, which he advanced to me on many occasions, was epitomized once in an address in Omaha, as follows:

"We have been attempting to relieve ourselves and the other nations of the old theory of competitive armaments. In spite of all the statements in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace, or to insure its victory in time of war. No nation ever will. Peace and unity are more likely to result from fair and honorable dealings among states and mutual agreements for a limitation of armaments among the nations than by any attempt at competition in squadrons and battalions."

(2) The moral welfare of the people and the growth of religious sentiment. I do not remember any interview where this subject was omitted. He was far more religious than most people realized. As a matter of fact, that last talk with him at Plymouth was almost entirely about moral and spiritual conditions. At one time that day when he asked, "How do you find things throughout the country?" I started to say something about the "depression." He interrupted: "I mean, how do you find things morally? The depression will take care of itself, but I am alarmed at what I hear about moral conditions." I am perfectly safe in declaring that beyond all questions of politics, business, or society, Mr. Calvin Coolidge had his deepest interest in religion. On one occasion, when I had been his guest at dinner and he had to leave rather early for a speaking engagement, as he walked to the door with me he handed me a slip of paper with the remark, "You may use that if you want to." The following statement was typewritten upon it:

"Whatever inspires and strengthens the religious belief and activities of the people, whatever ministers to their spiritual life is of supreme importance. Without it, all other efforts will fail. With it lies the only hope of success. *The strength of our country is the strength of its religious convictions.*—CALVIN COOLIDGE."

I was later told that this was a quotation from a speech he had made or was to make. If so, I never saw it and could not find it through his office.

One more element I remember in him. He was a likeable man. I have made mention of that first meeting with him. I hoped then I should not be called upon to make many requests of him. But in every subsequent contact I grew to think more highly of him. At the last one on that summer's day I felt a genuine affection for this truly great man. I have lived since his death in the sense of a real personal loss. This was President Coolidge as I knew him.

#### HERBERT HOOVER

I met Mr. Hoover first very soon after our entry into the World War, when he was administrator of food supplies. A conference of religious people was called in Washington. He presented his plan. In his opening remarks he left no doubt about his antipathy to war, but none also about his loyalty to his own country in the crisis which had arisen. He first emphasized production. His call was for increased acreage for every product of the soil, which could be used for food. He advocated plowing or spading up the flower gardens around our homes and planting instead potatoes, beans, onions, cabbage, and the like. His second proposition was conservation. We were to advocate the use of no pure white bread, but little white sugar, and strict reduction in everything which could be sent abroad. He was sure that in the last "trenches" of the great struggle "food, food, plenty of good food would win." I wondered then and wonder now what becomes of food supply in war time. There are no more people in the world to be fed in war time than in peace time. But somehow, somewhere it vanishes. Anyway, it was here I got my first impression of this man. He openly revealed his character then and there. He was serious about everything. He was dead in earnest. He was sincere. He was not playing any theatrical stunt. He was a master of administrative technique. In these impressions made upon me then, there has been but little change. I have written of others, especially Mr. Coolidge, where first impressions were in error and had to be revised. Not so with Mr. Hoover.

I met him next when he was a member of President Harding's Cabinet. I wanted him to make a speech somewhere. Two things I remember of that interview: (1) He delivered a calm but fervent protest against the idea that men in public life should be expected to run around the country making speeches for "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Well, my name wasn't Tom, Dick, or Harry, but nevertheless I understood what he meant and got out before he had time to decline the invitation. (2) In our preliminary conversation he introduced the topic of armaments and said that men and organizations of my kind ought to work with all energy against the then threatened race for bigger and bigger armies and navies. The particular errand which took me to his office did not in any way involve this question. But I came away knowing that here was a patriotic man who had a deep moral conviction against militarism.

I have commented upon his characteristics as I observed them in my first contact. I had now heard his strong opinion about big military displays as a forerunner of wars. I have met him in various ways in the intervening years. He has been consistent in all these respects. He has run true to form. He is not vacillating. He is not easily turned aside from a fixed purpose. I might well close my recollections of him here, as the main impressions he made on me have been covered, but I want to put a few more details into the picture and to add some little side lights.

My next conversation with him took place in his headquarters in Washington during the campaign of 1928. I had three questions to ask him. But before I could say more than a few words he led off about armaments and peace. I remember distinctly that he gestured by bringing his open hand down on his desk, not boisterously, but emphatically, as he said, "We must break through somewhere for reduction of armaments." During the talk he repeated this three or four times. This was an answer to my first question. Later, still leading, he declared this could only be "successful and permanent by international agreement." He gave an exposition of this idea which was more convincing than anything I had ever heard. This was an answer to my second question. The third question I did not reach under the pressure of a crowded lobby waiting for a chance to get in. He asked me to call again. I have

since been sorry I did not go again, for that other question involved some policies in which I think he made some mistakes, and I should like to know what was his attitude toward them at that time. But inasmuch as I did not present my question, there is no reason to discuss it now.

During the four years of his administration I called upon him frequently, always with pleasure and satisfaction. I remember that on most of these occasions the baffling situation about armaments came into the discussions. Upon this I believe he was absolutely sincere in his determination to "break through." I believe at the beginning of his administration he was sure something worth while could be accomplished. I believe he was and is an extraordinary advocate of World Peace. His Quaker vocabulary at times seemed too restricted, as he attempted to express his contempt for war as a method of composing disputes and misunderstandings among races and nations.

Perhaps there is no better proof of his deep sincerity for disarmament than his efforts, his utterances, and his final proposal during the pathetic great conference for world disarmament, which was held in Geneva, opening in February of 1932. It will be remembered that late in June it seemed that the conference was going to break up utterly and adjourn *sine die*. I went down to Washington, not expecting that I should be able to accomplish very much, but to be on hand if there was any service to be rendered. Intense as was the day, I had an interview with President Hoover, and I found him set to keep the conference from adjourning without some worthy result. He had before that, through our representative, the Hon. Hugh Gibson, made proposals of American reduction in all types of armaments if the other participating nations would follow. And now finally he offered as a last appeal that the United States would sacrifice three hundred thousand tons of existing ships and the abandonment of the right to build a further fifty thousand tons then under consideration. He also offered that the United States would scrap one thousand heavy guns, nine hundred and twenty-four tanks, and over three hundred bombing airplanes, and topped it all off with the offer of twenty-five or more per cent of absolute reduction in every form of arma-

ments, as well as in enlisted men in the army and the navy, if the nations would go along.

There is nothing sadder in the history of the years since the Armistice of 1918 than the fact that these proposals of the President met with no enthusiastic response; indeed, they met with indifference. One cannot help but believe that the world might be a different place today if President Hoover's zeal for reduction in armaments could have met a favorable response in that famous Geneva conference, which has now practically faded out of existence. Whatever may be said of him, no sincere, informed person can doubt his convictions upon this element of the peace movement.

I cannot conclude these reminiscences of Herbert Hoover as President of the United States without a slight reference to his indifference to social amenities. In 1930 while I was the Moderator of the Congregational Churches of the United States there was held at Bournemouth, England, the great International Council of these churches, which meets only once in ten years. Delegations were coming from all the nations of the world and it was known that each of them would bring some message or memorial from their most distinguished statesmen. Naturally we wanted such a message to carry over with the American delegation. I went to Washington and arranged with the President that upon a certain day we would bring a group of our most representative ministers to call upon him. We would present a message to him, telling him of our high esteem for him, and in turn he would answer with a message which we could carry to the great gathering at Bournemouth. He approved the plan and on a given day, which we agreed upon, I arrived with some of the most representative clergymen of the denomination of our whole country. Some of these men had traveled long distances. At the appointed time we were ushered into his office. We stood in a semicircle around his desk and I read our message to him, which included a request that he give us a message to carry over to Bournemouth. My expectation was that immediately, as soon as I had finished reading what we had prepared, he would read something he had prepared. Instead of that he very abruptly asked his private secretary, Mr. Ackerson, if the arrangements had been made for the photograph, which had also been approved, and instructed the secretary to take us out at

once, get us in position, and then let him know when we were ready. I thought then it was his purpose to read the message to us out in the garden where the picture was to be taken. We went out and were properly posed by the dozen photographers who were there. Then the President came out, stood in the center, and as soon as the last click of the camera was heard, without even turning around to say "howdy" to this group of Christian leaders, walked back into his office; and the conference closed abruptly.

Later, when I telegraphed him from New York asking for a message to read at Bournemouth, he did send a very gracious one. But all those who accompanied me that day felt very keenly that they had not been shown the social courtesy which might have been expected. I am perfectly sure he meant no discourtesy, and his action that day when without shaking hands with any member of this delegation, or speaking one word of interest in what they represented, he walked hastily back into his office, was and is a fair picture of Herbert Hoover. He was never meant to be the social secretary of some fraternal society. If he could have had just a little touch of one predecessor's affability, as illustrated when he would throw out a whole handful of cigars, the result of the presidential election in 1932 might have been different.

Just at this point, not to break the continuity of the psychology of a cigar, I may say that Mr. Hoover had a technique that was all his own. He would very quietly open his desk, reach down into a box of cigars, and take one between his thumb and first finger. Then, with as much care as though he was afraid it might be a stick of dynamite or a glass tube and if dropped might either do harm or crash into bits, he would reach across and present you with one cigar—no more. In his most enthusiastic moments I never saw him offer anybody a second one. There are those, I suppose, who would trace this to old Quaker Friends' training in frugality.

#### "PRIVATE SECRETARIES"

I may add here a word about the power, influence, and political sagacity of the private secretaries in the White House I have met during these years. For the most part they were wonderful men. I think I shall not attempt to name any particular

ones, lest some omission might seem to indicate a disparity; but as I let my memory recall instances when I made arrangements for appointments and appeared at the time of the engagement, and the processes which were necessary, and then as I observed these men upon many occasions handling the multitude always surging around the White House executive offices, I think of them as having been giants. There were two or three, however, that I felt never ought to have been there.

I have a vivid memory of an incident in connection with one private secretary that President Coolidge had for a time. He was just a natural-born grouch. I have always wondered how on earth he got in there. He seemed to have a contempt for everybody, himself included. There was an occasion when I was particularly anxious to see President Coolidge upon a matter that would involve but two minutes' time and would not carry with it any request for the President to make a speech, or go anywhere, or appoint anybody. I went in on an average day when there was no unusual excitement or unusual pressure, and stated my case to this growling private secretary. He scarcely listened for me to state my case when he said, "It is absolutely impossible now or any other time," and with that staccato sentence he turned away from me, walked over, and stood looking out of the window over the gardens. I didn't like his manner, and I didn't like his abrupt decision.

I went outside and walked down a little hallway and there happened to meet another of the private secretaries, the one particularly in charge of social functions. He was just as different from the other one as any man could be. I very tactfully whispered in his ear what my desire was and that I had been told it was utterly impossible. This man replied, "Wait a minute." I never did know just what he did, or where he went, but inside of two minutes I was in President Coolidge's office, greeted as I always had been, most generously. I stated what was on my mind, presented my greetings and felicitations, and walked out past the dyspeptic one who had refused me admission ten minutes before. I have in me a strain that is just mean enough still to recall my sense of supreme satisfaction and look of superiority as I walked past that bumptious private secretary.

I think it was on the same day, or within a day or two at least of that time, that in conversation with a Republican, a United

States Senator, I told him the story. He said, "I, too, have always wondered how that man came to be the private secretary to a man like Calvin Coolidge," and added, "He must have tremendous political influence." But later, when he came into prominence in a presidential campaign, the Republicans lost by, I think, the largest majority in their history, so it couldn't have been because he was wise in politics. Anyway I am glad to record that he was the only one of that particular type that I ever saw in the White House.

#### FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I have heard it said, "Never write much or speak much about any man while he is alive." This philosophy gives a certain caution in commenting about President Roosevelt. In the first place, he is very much alive physically. In the second place, nobody knows what his condition politically may be five or ten years hence. At the present time, President Roosevelt is under the terrific strain of trying to meet the needs and demands of a distressed and perplexed people:

(1) Over four million people, young and old, now on public relief. Most of this burden is being carried in and laid on his desk. Whatever may be the ultimate good or evil of his technique, one thing is sure. No other President in the history of the United States was ever confronted with such a baffling economic and social situation.

(2) An economic depression which has passed into its seventh year. A dozen remedies have been brought forward. Some of these were, politically, of Republican origin. The sure theories of Herbert Hoover were tried and failed pitifully. Others have been the dramatic, spectacular, cocksure prescriptions of Mr. Roosevelt and his "brain trust." These, too, in the main, up to this time in 1936, have fallen short of their promise. At the date of writing, I have just finished a ten-thousand-mile speaking tour of the great northwest, down the Pacific, and via the southern route east. The most hopeful assurance I heard was: "We believe things are a little better." In other quarters I heard: "Business is so upset that we just don't know where we are coming out." By the time this book is published, a greater measure of confidence may have emerged, but now doubt and unrest still prevail.

(3) An unparalleled condition of international irritation and confusion. Export trade has fallen to a low level, causing distress in industries and agriculture, which depend upon foreign markets to take their surplus and find there the difference between profit and loss. Meanwhile a frantic nationalism in nearly every country has been aggravating this condition and blocking efforts to remedy it.

(4) Perils of world war which would probably involve the United States. To preserve peace the militarists are clamoring for more guns, bombing airplanes, coastal fortifications, soldiers, armies, and the "biggest navy in the world." The present Secretary of the Navy would have graced the cabinet of Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1914. A world in arms gives strength to their arguments. To preserve peace the allied international good will societies and the church organizations are demanding reduction of armaments. They are pouring in their protests against the militarization of the country, by petition, by memorials, and by visits of representative deputations. To which is the President to give heed?

(5) The conflicting elements of his own party. The left-wing radicals, progressives, socialists, or whatever one may choose to call them, say he promised them in 1932. The right-wing conservatives of the older school, ably championed in the Senate by the great Carter Glass of Virginia, and on the outside by the former presidential candidates, John W. Davis and Alfred E. Smith, say he promised them in 1932. The "center," so-called, which carries the balance of power, wants him to travel in the middle of the road, but is not certain where it is. Every day seems to bring new issues; one problem leads to another. The middle-of-the-road people can go to the right on one vote and to the left on the next. They say he promised them in 1932. And thus he is beset before and behind, to the right and to the left, and one takes a hazard in predicting his future.

There is another reason why I can mention him only briefly. I have as yet met him only casually on two or three occasions, and only once seriously. The first two times were during his governorship of New York State. No particular question was up for consideration, and these passed as mere social opportunities.

The interview in the White House quite specifically involved

international good will and co-operation. I carried with me the following quotation from one of his radio addresses, delivered after his inauguration, and asked him if his mind had in any way changed from this statement:

"Hand in hand with the domestic situation, which, of course, is our first concern, is the world situation, and I want to emphasize to you that the domestic situation is inevitably and deeply tied in with the conditions in all of the other nations of the world. In other words, we can get, in all probability, some measure of prosperity return in the United States, but it will not be permanent unless we get a return to prosperity all over the world."

He answered emphatically, "Not in any way." I then discussed with him what seemed to be the feeling of the church and religious people about international co-operation, reduction of armaments, etc. However, I found it exceedingly difficult to keep the conversation upon this subject. He very adroitly told me of ways by which I could help him carry through some of his various "New Deal" plans. When my time was up and I was about to leave, he cut a rose from a great vase on his desk and presented it to me with a request that I wear it with his compliments. Here was his social amenity method, in sharp contrast with three of his predecessors: Warren G. Harding, a handful of cigars; Calvin Coolidge, no cigars; Herbert Hoover, one cigar; Franklin D. Roosevelt, an American Beauty rose to wear in the lapel of your coat.

I went outside that day and stood on the steps of the White House to cool off and calm down. Then I recalled that while I was with the President I had promised to do my bit to help put over his program. I also recalled that I was not too sure of what exactly he had said about the proposals I had made. Of one thing I am convinced beyond any argument, that President Roosevelt has the most fascinating, irresistible personality of any of the Chief Executives I have ever met in these forty years.

I have suggested some characteristics of each President as I happened to know him. All of them gave me the impression of sincerity. Human as they were and prone to mistakes, I do not

think there was a trickster among them. I have never had any patience or sympathy with the critics who sometimes seek to smirch the characters of men in this highest American political office. After all, the American people, through the educational processes of presidential campaigns, have been singularly free from serious error in their suffrage, so far as the characters of their Presidents are concerned. All of them, I believe, have been earnest and high-minded men.

## “GET A KICK OUT OF BEING ON TIME”—A HOBBY

**I** REMEMBER, during the later years especially, when comments were being made on my travels, which carried me fifty thousand miles a year for about a quarter of a century and which often involved one major address every twenty-four hours, I was frequently asked, “Well, have you any hobby?” I was embarrassed in any attempt to answer, for I had so many whims that I did not know which could be called my particular one. Once I thought I could say in answer to the question, “Yes, amateur athletic sports. Baseball, track, rowing, and, pre-eminently, college football.” I have struggled over sixty years with an unsatisfied hunger to participate in and witness these sports. But these seemed to be too general to make a suitable hobby. Once I thought I could answer, “Yes, hunting, fishing, camping.” I have crawled a half mile through mud and water to get a shot at some wild ducks or geese. I have tramped all day long behind a bird dog to get a shot at a grouse, pheasant, prairie chicken, or quail. I have reveled in the privilege of rolling up in a blanket to sleep in the open with God’s blue sky as the canopy. But older years have cooled these zeals and they do not furnish a permanent basis for a distinct hobby.

Once I was quite sure I could answer, “Music,” at a period when I was doing a good deal of singing. I had ambitions in this field. I went to Chicago one year while general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Dubuque, Iowa, to attend a week of grand opera. I had taken a few lessons from a Professor Minor. He arranged one afternoon for eight of his students to have a half hour with the wonderful Jean de Rezke. He was the greatest tenor I ever heard, Caruso not excepted. He had each of us in turn run over some scales and sing part of a favorite solo. He was to tell us his impression of our talents. Without a comment he dismissed six of the try-outs. He then called me to the piano

and asked whether I had a family dependent on me, and if so, had I any money. I told him I had a family and no money. He then said, quite thoughtfully, in substance: "I think you have a voice. I think you might succeed. I am not sure of it. If you had no one dependent on you and could endure some years of struggle with poverty, I would advise you to make a try of it. But you have no right to impose this upon your family, with so much uncertainty for the future." And so, although I have loved high-grade music through all the years, and hated trash, especially in church, as I walked out of De Rezke's studio that dream ceased to be a hobby.

But one has endured. With this one there has been no ebbing tide nor wavering. Advancing years have not chilled the zeal of younger days. Of this one I am sure that all of my associates and friends of the years will agree that it can be designated as a real hobby. It is just *being on time*. And I would add, *getting up early in the morning*.

These two characteristics are very closely related. I cannot recall any one I have known who had the one trait without the other. The first one, however, is the forerunner of the second one. I do not know exactly where I got this hobby of being on time. I may have inherited it, for my father insisted on things being where they ought to be when they ought to be. He didn't say much about nine o'clock being nine o'clock, because we got up at sunrise, winter and summer, and worked until sundown, and thus were on time. This early tradition I must have cultivated, for as long as I can remember I have been "on time" and have remonstrated with late arrivals. When I have made engagements for 9: 25 o'clock A. M. at some one's office, or 2: 20 o'clock P. M. at a Y. M. C. A. building, or 6: 30 P. M. at a hotel, I have been at that place at the agreed hour, or a little before, and not five or ten minutes late. When I have announced mass meetings or committee conferences for 2: 30 o'clock, if I was in control of the situation, they began at 2: 30 o'clock and not at 2: 32. This has been a lifelong habit with me. It has been so, not because I ever made a resolution about it or any one advised it, but because it has always seemed to be the decent, honorable way. I have felt as though I had no more right to lie about time than I had to be false about money or anything else.

Before getting too far into some conclusions about this being-

late habit, two reservations ought to be made. (1) There are occasions when it is justifiable to be late. Unforeseen emergencies will make delay unavoidable. I once missed a ship in France by twenty-four hours. (2) Some vigorous, vital men deliberately go to meetings fifteen minutes late, to economize their own time, because they know the sessions will not open on time. This is especially true of some loyal members of religious and philanthropic societies. One of the highest-grade men in New York once told me that he put on his calendar, for meetings of church organizations, a time fifteen minutes later than the notice. He said, even under this rule, he was usually ahead of the opening. My conclusions are subject to these exceptions.

The habitual tardiness I have in mind is of a different type. After long years I have discovered that, generally speaking, the tardy are the same persons all the time. Once, some years ago, in the first session of a convention of great importance, held in Washington, D. C., as I looked the delegates over, I wrote on a piece of paper the names of those who would be late at each meeting and showed it to a few of my friends. These trailers did not fail me or spoil my prophetic standing in three days. They were late all the time. I have been studying some of these men and women who regularly come late to meetings and conferences and to their offices. Frankly they are or have been a mystery to me. I am getting it solved by some mature conclusions.

(1) *Some of them are just naturally dishonest.* Here is a meeting where there are to be fifty people participating. Forty of them are on time. Ten of them are stragglers. A false courtesy may lead the chairman to "wait a few minutes until Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ come in." And after a while they shuffle in without a blush on their faces as they hypocritically mumble that worn-out oft-repeated stuff, "I am so sorry to be late. I have been so busy this morning. I hope I haven't kept you waiting." They have robbed forty energetic honest men and women of *time* which is more precious than dollars. Not only is this true in reference to playing fair with other people's time but if this habit continues long it leads to just common ordinary lying. These folks come in late and calmly indulge in falsehoods about "Why?" Here are some samples. "I was held

up by an important business engagement." I have heard men say that who haven't had a business engagement of any kind in ten years. "I had to do some important errands for my wife." "There was a traffic jam in the subway." I know one man who used one of these excuses three times in one week and it was false every time. The "being-late" habit is essentially dishonest.

(2) *It is an indication of colossal conceit.* This being late, I am persuaded, is carefully cultivated by certain types of folks. There are people I know who are proverbially late for purposes of calling attention to themselves. It is a banquet perhaps or luncheon or committee meeting or entertainment. The proceedings are going on. They come in, interrupt everybody, wave signals across the room, run over to shake hands with Mr. or Mrs. ——, and say, "Oh, how sweet to see you again. When are you coming over to see us?" They sit down. That first seat may not be just right. They move up nearer the front where all may see them. Finally, after this display, the exercises begin again. These late-for-effect folks have satisfied their vanity and aroused the disgust of the rest of the people. Much of the being-late idea is conceit.

(3) *It is a prophecy of slovenliness.* Usually this person who is by habit late for everything has no deep convictions about anything. He has never espoused any cause which involved real sacrifice. He is riding along easily, complacent about everything. The man who has been hit by some compelling moral question will be alive enough to be on time anywhere he goes. Usually this person who is by habit late has a disorderly mind. Of this I cherish a degree of real confidence. These people who are just a little behind time are not *busy*. The truly busiest men I have known in fifty years have been *prompt in engagements*. I have watched other men who were without very many pressing duties deliberately fiddling around with small things and being late at everything. The same carelessness appears in other habits. Usually this person who is by habit late is slovenly in dress and personal attire. Not infrequently have I observed one with the front of his waistcoat spattered with gravy which he had acquired in his haste to catch up with a luncheon to which he had arrived late. His clothes often have not been pressed. Some buttons are off. The heels of his boots

are worn down and not shined. His hair has not been cut or combed. His necktie is yellow and his suit a faded green. I am convinced that when this slovenly habit about time gets grip of a man it will affect all the finer qualities of his personality.

Once in a great industrial plant I saw this sentence on the bulletin at the entrance to the offices:

**"GET A KICK OUT OF BEING ON TIME"**

Whether my analysis of this my supreme hobby is altogether adequate, I cannot say. *But this I do know, I have much abiding satisfaction in being on time.* This characteristic of which so many of my friends have spoken is a pleasant memory. Yes, I have got a real "kick" out of punctuality. I commend it to those whose minds and muscles are not already atrophied.

In this connection I find myself strengthened in my convictions in reading Hesketh Pearson's *The Smith of Smiths*. This is the story of Sydney Smith, a canon at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, one hundred years ago and a founder of *The Edinburgh Review*. I have been something of a student of this really marvellous Smith, and several times I sought to figure out in some way a kinship, but not successfully. However, one thing is sure. If I could have lived when he was living, or if he were alive now, we would have had some good times upon this subject of promptness, punctuality.

One of his hobbies, or better perhaps one of his habits, was punctuality. His daughter Iaba once said of him, "Punctuality with him was rigid enough to be called a vice. The house was run by the clock." Pearson summed up this characteristic by adding, "People were seldom unpunctual with him more than once." Sydney Smith also wrote, "Nothing produces melancholy so easily as darkness." He insisted that the room in which he sat at evening was to be "lighted up like a town after a great naval victory."

He had three qualities which I admired and emulated to some degree: (1) He was on time and expected every one else to be the same. (2) He loved brilliant lighting in the evening. (3) He arose early. Five o'clock in the morning was his favorite

time to begin writing his sermons. Small wonder he was a leader in his day and generation!

Among things I remember is an almost universal appreciation of people who are on time for their appointments. Even those who habitually shamble in late can really get up some enthusiasm about those who are accustomed to be on time. Out of long years I only recall one instance where being a little ahead of time was considered wrong. This occurred when the Emperor of Japan had an engagement at a certain time to visit a great educational institution, the Nishi Primary School and the Kiryu Technical College in Kiryu. One of the officers in charge of the affair became so enthusiastic that he had the Emperor arrive twenty minutes ahead of his schedule. The poor fellow was so grieved over this error that he attempted suicide. The answer to this incident, however, is in the fact that he wasted twenty minutes of the Emperor's time.

Something like this was also involved when President Theodore Roosevelt crashed the gates seven minutes ahead of time at that banquet to which I made reference. He was only living up to his inherent habit of being in a hurry for everything.

## XIII

### FAMILY RELATIONS

**A**SSURED as I am that early home training is most vital in giving a right kind of direction to life, I am equally certain that family relations are almost the last word for weal or woe in keeping one to the good course in the long years of pressure and struggle.

In this respect I have been very fortunate. I remember that as a very young man, when I came into some realization of the inestimable influence of my boyhood home upon my life, I was highly resolved that should I ever have a home and family of my own they were to be as far as possible of that pattern. In writing intimately and freely of this phase of my life, I am fully aware that there have been thousands upon thousands of families quite as happy as mine has been. I am paying to something of great value and importance a tribute in which thousands would gladly share. I am, however, loath to believe that many men have been any more fortunate.

I married first in Dakota a thoroughly Irish girl by the name of Minnie Colvin. Her father and mother were born in Antrim in the north of Ireland. They had met and played together as children on a sailing vessel on a six weeks' rough voyage as immigrants to the United States. They had the Covenanters' tradition on both sides, and their daughter who became my wife was brought up in it. As far as I can remember, she was the only girl with whom I ever went out alone to a party or a dance. I went out many times with bunches of boys and girls, but had no particular girl but her. She told me the same of herself. I cannot now understand this modern habit of "mushing around" with a dozen or more affinities. I think each of my own children had at least a dozen "terrible cases." They did not inherit this from their parents. It is either a hold-over from some mentally deficient period or an unnatural grafting-in of a wild growth.

At our marriage we planned a great honeymoon trip to Kimball, a small town about twenty-five miles away on the railroad. We expected to travel by horse and in a vehicle called a buckboard. We were to stay overnight in a hotel which charged twenty-five cents a meal and thirty cents for a bed. Two days had been set apart for the great tour. But as things developed this elaborate plan proved to be too expensive. We compromised and didn't go anywhere. We had no money. We owned nothing except a team of horses and a wagon, upon which I had placed a small mortgage at thirty-six per cent interest, to get money enough to buy a new suit for the wedding. We went into a sod shanty I had built with my own hands and some help from my brother-in-law. This palace had one window, one door, a homemade bed, and a table. Meals were served temporarily at my father-in-law's domicile near by. I may add that two years later my first son, Gordon, was born in that same shanty. We were supremely happy and had great hopes for the future. More has been told about this prairie life in another chapter. This honeymoon in a sod house was the beginning of thirty beautiful years together, in which there were born to us five children—Gordon, Lucile, Helen, Dorothy, and Richard.

We lived on the farm in Charles Mix County, South Dakota, and in Mitchell and Sioux Falls of the same state; in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in Dubuque, Iowa, in Nashville, Tenn., in Chicago, and in White Plains, New York. During the last twelve years of this itinerary we lived in eighteen different houses. We just did not seem able to get entirely unpacked anywhere before something occurred which made it necessary to "move on." The babies were born along the wayside wherever it seemed to be most convenient. Of this Irish girl, the mother of my children, I can truly say that during those thirty years of many hardships in the struggle with the elements in Dakota—with blizzard, drought and grasshoppers; of the failure of salary payments as a Young Men's Christian Association secretary; of the long vigils in the care of babies during my enforced absences in travel, I cannot now recall one whine or disheartening word from her. She had a marvellous capacity for endurance. But towering over all her many beautiful characteristics was her loyalty to me and that family. She was a wife and mother, and her home

A THANKSGIVING REUNION—1935

Sons (2), Daughters (3), Sons-in-Law (2), Daughters-in-Law (2), Grandchildren (11),  
Mr. and Mrs. Smith





was her throne. Then at the close of those wonderful thirty years, taken with what seemed to be no serious illness, she suddenly began to fade away; and in a few rapid weeks, despite all that the best medical science of New York and Baltimore could do, she drifted out into the Great Beyond, true to her traditions, with no complaining.

Later I married Lillian Eberenz, thoroughly German in ancestry. Her father was born in the south of Germany; one may add, a long way from Prussia and all that it represents. Her mother was of German descent. In Germany the families had been Bavarian Catholics. But in the United States they were Presbyterians. Once when we were motoring through the Black Forest we hunted out the little town Seelbach in Baden, where her father was born and lived for twenty years. We learned that for two generations at least the men had all been teachers or musicians. Her grandfather Eberenz had been for many years the organist of the old Catholic Church in the village and headmaster of the school. Since she was born of such culture, I have understood fully her love of music and literature and her inclination to search the libraries for the best books to read. As I write I am nearing the completion of twenty very happy years with her.

I was impetuous in choosing my second wife. She had at one time been my private secretary, and I had often said that she was the greatest private secretary any man ever had. I believe that yet. My earlier experience was repeated. Again, I went out with no other woman but her. Of many evidences of the goodness of God in guiding my way, I place her gift to me as one of the greatest. She came into a difficult relationship—five children, one married and others of marriageable age. I learned years after that for a short period my oldest son Gordon had to exercise his good offices as the eldest son in smoothing the way. But quietly this new wife went her way in patience and sympathy with her duties. And now the love these children bear to her is second only to what they could have given to their own mother had she lived. And then to strengthen the family ties and to increase the family responsibilities, there have been added eleven wonderful grandchildren, to whom she has given all the attention and affection which any real grandmother could

have been expected to bestow. If they call her by any other name than the usual "Lillian," it is "Aunt Lillian." I know of no higher tribute to give her than to quote from a letter written to her by my oldest daughter Lucile: "There is one thing I should like to have literary ability enough to do some day; that is, to write a true story of a certain stepmother I know who played the part perfectly."

I have written of these two wives thus because they have been, each in her unique way, of inestimable influence in making possible anything I have been able to accomplish. But more, because they have been essential to the family bonds which I hold in such high esteem.

My deepest emotions give me warrant to add something of my personal relations to my children and theirs to me. Somehow, by a love that is peculiar to a parent, I have shared in a large measure the burdens of each of them. When any one of them was ill, I seemed to be indisposed myself. When they were in trouble of any sort I felt the strain myself. Some of my most intimate friends have at times said I was influenced too much in this way. Anyway, I could not have changed it had I tried. But the great thing about it all is that the family has been bound together in a marvellous way.

It may be with a certain conceit that I include some messages—all received on a "Father's Day," nearest my seventieth birthday.

(1) From my son Gordon:

"Dear Dad: This is Father's Day. I am glad they have such a day for it gives a chance to tell how wonderful you have been, whether you like it or not.

No family in this land celebrating Father's Day can boast of a greater father. You have been a marvel and a tower of strength to us all."

(2) From my son-in-law, "Chick" Cross:

"You're a great old Dad and we all love you. They didn't make many like you!"

(3) From my daughter Lucile:

"Who ever had a better Dad—I'm just asking you. Nobody! What a pal! God made one of you and then destroyed the pattern."

(4) From my daughter Helen:

"You're the finest Dad on the face of the globe. You sure are unbeatable, Dad. And you'd know how fine you are if you could hear a couple of your children get together and discuss you. You and Lillian would be terribly conceited if you could hear what we say and feel about you. You're both great people."

(5) From my daughter "Dot," my son-in-law "Pat," and my grandson "Johnnie":

"Pleasant sailing, Dad, to you  
Through many a happy year,  
For you deserve a world or more  
Of joy and lifelong cheer!"

(6) From my daughter-in-law Marion:

"This is just a little note to greet you on Father's Day. Fathers-in-law are just as important as fathers—and as a daughter-in-law I want to tell you of my great regard and affection for you."

(7) From my youngest son Richard:

"No words could explain my feelings about you. You have been the greatest Dad any fellow ever had."

Once when I was to address an annual banquet of the Rotary Club of Syracuse, after the usual preliminaries of music and greetings, as the time came for me to be introduced, the president—to my astonishment—presented my son Gordon, who introduced me with these remarks:

"This man I have known intimately for a good many years. In my early life he took a great interest in me. When I was a young boy he had a great deal to do and say in moulding my life. In fact, there were times when

it became necessary for him, in order to gain results, to so mould that he nearly ruined me.

"For a good many years he has been my financial adviser, and during a good share of this time has been my banker. He has carried some of my paper at times, only later to destroy it when he realized that the chances were slim of getting anything but good wishes for it.

"I have known him always as a companion. Many good times we have had together. Many things we have done together. So I say I have always known him as a companion even though there is some difference in our ages.

"He is a generous man. He gets most enjoyment out of life doing for others. All who know him are at once struck by this generosity.

"He is a great harbor in time of trouble. There have been times in my life when through serious illnesses in my family it looked as though the world was closing in around me and as though sorrow was to be my lot. Some of these times I nearly lost my courage and my fight, only to turn and always to find this giant by my side. His optimism and confidence at these times set me right again and gave me what I needed to 'carry on.' He looked as solid as the Leviathan.

"He is a millionaire. He is not a millionaire in dollars and cents, but a millionaire in friends, and these friends are not only in these United States but in every nation of the world. He is a Rotarian and has spoken to Rotary Clubs in nearly every nation where one exists. He has turned down many opportunities to acquire wealth, in order that he might do things that would bring greater peace to us all and give us a better world in which to live.

"He is a great man. He has had an active life filled with many missions. He has in the last few years given up some of his former duties in order to devote the balance of his life to law enforcement and world peace. And I know of no two greater problems confronting us today than these. I am proud of his life and believe in it one hundred per cent. If I had the power or right to alter his life I would not make a single change or correction. And I hope his life will be spared

for years to come, for I think each day he remains the world is better for it.

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, you can easily see why I have counted this a rare opportunity to be allowed, for the first time in my life, to introduce the speaker of the evening, a man whom I admire, respect, honor, and love, my father, Mr. Fred B. Smith."

Although this appeared in the *Syracuse Journal* and was reprinted in some pamphlets and magazines, I prize it so highly that I venture to repeat it here. My readers, I hope, will pardon it to a father's pride in a son's loyalty.

During all the years my sons have preferred to go fishing and to baseball and football games with me rather than with any "gangs," much as they have been attached to these at times. The continued intimacy of the family after they began to separate for school, college work, marriage, and other interests has been largely due to family reunions and parties for birthdays, Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving. These were inaugurated by the mother of the children as soon as they began to "go away." She took great care to make frequent occasions which would bring them together at home. This same plan has been marvellously carried on by their "Aunt Lillian," so-called. Again and again in each year they have all been mobilized at home upon her invitation to celebrate something or some day. At a recent Thanksgiving she invited all of them for the day and the week-end. There were fourteen in the house (built for seven) for the week-end, and twenty-two seated at the table (made for seven) for the Thanksgiving dinner. No outsiders were admitted. It was the family exclusively. By events like this and constant visits back and forth, the family has been and is a unit. The members live in six different homes in four different towns, but it is one splendidly united family.

I have written of this part of my life, in the first place, because of human weakness. But in the second place, because the happy family is the finest foretaste of Heaven and an illustration of the Kingdom of God. I have heard social reformers talking beautifully of the "co-operative state," of the "neighborliness" required for the good of society, and much more high

idealism, whose own family relations were downright bad. No man or woman ought to go on the platform to preach, or into the library to write about community, state, national, and international social perfection, who has failed by his own neglect or misdoing in the first step, which is a good, pure, unselfish family society.

And in the third place, I am quite sure that happy family relations are a powerful factor in the life of any man who succeeds in great struggles in outer turmoil. To put it another way: A man can go out and fight a good fight against severe odds in almost every or any sphere of life if, when he comes home at the end of the day, he opens the door to an atmosphere of love and companionship. But to reverse it, one must be a super-man to be buffeted in the modern political, economic, educational, or even religious world and carry on with his head up, if his home is a continuance of the same outside strife. I have known and now remember men who were driven to the dogs morally and financially by a home in which there was a nagging, faultfinding, socially ambitious wife.

One of God's greatest gifts has been the "family" with real love, good cheer, and pulling together. Among the influences which have shaped my destiny, and helped me to be whatever I am that is of good report and to do whatever I have done that is worth while, I place second only to the home training of my childhood the relationship of those who have contributed to making my family life happy and serviceable.

I have frequently said in public addresses, and particularly in addresses which I have been called upon to make around the time of our great Thanksgiving celebration of each year, that to me, in some respects, this is our greatest day. While I do have deep reverence for other sacred and holy festivals and observances, yet some of them have so much of superstition attached to them that sometimes I have felt a shrinking; as a matter of fact, I just cannot enjoy superstitions even in the name of religion, even if behind the incongruous things there are certain great moral values. But Thanksgiving has commanded my whole-hearted enthusiasm, not only because this annual festival calls us to remember God, to think again of religion, and to be reminded of the blessings that have been vouchsafed to us as a nation, but because it centers around the family reunion. I am

for anything that will increase the number of occasions when the family is called together.

On another page is a picture of one of the recent Thanksgiving celebrations in my own home. It shows twenty-two of us. They are all grandchildren, sons and daughters and in-laws, besides my wife and myself. There are no aliens there. And from the beginning of my family life we have magnified this coming together upon Thanksgiving beyond any other day in the year, for this helps to build a home.

In the order of their importance I have heard different men list in chant relationship—the Home, the Church, and the School. I am bound to say that for me the home comes first. I was profoundly impressed some time ago, in reading a sermon upon home life by Harry Emerson Fosdick, by these words:

“A man might conceivably get a house by merely aggressive methods, but no man ever secured a home that way. A house is a thing which we can get; a home is a spiritual consequence which comes when the conditions are fulfilled. ‘Consider the lilies, how they grow!’”

I have written earlier of that strong bond in my own boyhood home and of its powerful influence upon my life. I have written now of my immediate family. My father and mother carried on with their rigid struggles with the frontier life in Dakota for approximately twenty years after I moved out into other relationships. They died not very many months apart at approximately the age of eighty years each, and are now buried side by side in the little cemetery hard by the church with which I first united and to which earlier reference has been made. My oldest brother, who spent nearly a lifetime as a Y. M. C. A. secretary and an evangelist, passed away in his seventy-fifth year, having conducted meetings, speaking and singing gospel hymns, to within thirty days of his death. My older sister Harriet also lived on in Dakota until the time of her death, also aged about seventy-five. Down deep in my heart I have always felt that she died of a broken heart, brooding over the untimely death of two of her sons, as well as the continued years of the drought and the failure of the beautiful dreams she

had of Dakota in her younger years. My second sister Helen, the wife of Robert E. Brown, died in California at about the same age, and I harbor a feeling that perhaps the toll of the frontier life more or less hastened her death. There remains only my brother Burr, still in Dakota, who I may say inherits more of the spirit and characteristics of my father than any other member of our family. However, of nephews and nieces and grandnephews and grandnieces, there are still living in that same neighborhood in Dakota about twenty-five who continue courageously to carry on.

## XIV

### I BELIEVE—THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER

THE years of nearly one-half a century involved in direct religious work have been crowded with some satisfactory achievements, many disappointments and confusions, periods of pessimism, doubt, and great elation. Out of it all, however, there are some things that I believe so strongly that I would unhesitatingly "bet my life" on them. Here they are:

1. *I believe in divine destiny.* "And David when he had served his generation by the will of God fell on sleep."

I believe that behind all the storms and the north winds there is a God of Wisdom and Love who cares. It has not always been easy to keep this faith. There have been times and places where one felt the end of the road had been reached and that there were no marked detours or beaten paths. In these hours, looking forward was extremely difficult. Along the waysides of life I have read and heard the cynics' sordid theories, such as:

"Drink your drink, laugh your laugh, sing your song, life is a gamble, it is all the same in the end."

"Man is only a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on a gigantic fly-wheel."

"Man's life has no more meaning than that of the smallest insect that crawls from one annihilation to another."

I have heard all this in varying forms many times and sometimes I just wondered. But now, looking backward, there comes assurance that the wisdom and love of God have repeatedly intervened to give direction, and that life is not a gamble.

I never heard a satisfactory sermon or address upon "Finding a Lifework." Every one of them seemed to miss the mark at the pivotal moment. I am sure I could not deliver one now with all the steps marked out. Experience gives its guidance.

We marvel at the radio as it picks up the strain of music and the spoken word from the remotest places of the world, but it is not so mysterious after all. It is perfected in the high

degree of harmony in the two instruments which are used. The receiving radio must be in perfect tune with the wave length of the broadcasting station. If the dial is off center by one-half point the result is a jangle of irritating, exasperating dis-harmonies.

Equally true is it that to know the divine destiny of one's life there must be an intimacy with God which makes it possible to hear the prompting voice. In these pages I have frequently written of some time or event in my life as "and then something happened." That is what it seemed to be. But now, looking back, I can believe with deep gratitude that God influenced the "happenings."

All the experiences of life have deepened my conviction that somewhere, somehow, notwithstanding all the confusion, there is a divine purpose in every human life, and that somehow the Infinite God has kissed the brow of every one of us as a token of His expectation that we may be able to live in that divine plan.

But perhaps no incident in life ever so confirmed this faith as the experience which came to me in Derby, England, many, many years ago. I had been speaking there in connection with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the local paper was exceedingly generous in publishing abstracts of my addresses, printing almost in full an address that I gave to an audience of young men one Sunday afternoon. A prominent chemist came to me and said that the great Herbert Spencer, who was a resident of the town, had extended an invitation to me, as well as two or three others, to call and have tea with him on a certain afternoon. When this invitation was presented to me, at first I demurred about accepting it. Indeed I frankly told my friend that I thought Herbert Spencer was probably an infidel, or at least an agnostic in his theory of life and the universe, and that I did not care to be drawn into any conversation that might result in a dispute with him. As a matter of fact, I think, if all the truth were to be told, I was afraid of what effect he might have on me. However, my friend, a very ardent Baptist, reassured me. He said he had been strengthened in his faith by his contact with this great scientist and philosopher.

The result was that I accepted the invitation, although reluctantly, and on the afternoon appointed four of us made the

call. The great man was very advanced in years and infirm physically. It was a cold winter day. He sat in a large chair by the fireplace, with a sort of blanket thrown over the back of his neck and shoulders which almost covered his face. We were seated in a semicircle on cushions at his feet. With his own hands he served and passed out the tea. The conversation for some time was just about the weather, general news about the little town, and some discussion of British politics. But after a time he turned to me and said: "I think you are the man who has been speaking to our young men." I answered that I was, feeling certain that he was going to ridicule what had been printed in the papers, if he had read it. But much to my surprise he said, in substance: "Mr. Smith, when you are speaking to young men throughout the country and the world, say to them for me that the great 'First Cause' had a thought about each of them before they were born."

Several times during the conversation which followed, I tried to get him to use the word God but could not. Repeatedly, however, he spoke with real emotion and fervor about the "First Cause," and all the time emphasized the original thought that this great First Cause had a plan, or, as he called it, a "thought" about each and every one of us human beings in the world. As he was bidding us good-bye, he repeated this and added: "The most important thing in every life is to learn what that thought was of the First Cause."

I walked out from the presence of that giant, who perhaps had thought more profoundly about the universe, the human family, and the ultimate outcome of it all than any other man in his generation, and found myself not disturbed in my faith in God but tremendously strengthened. The experience remains vivid in my memory after nearly forty years. He helped me to believe as I had never believed before that life after all is not just an accident, not a mere gambler's hazard, but that it has in it the touch of the divine, and that beyond all other issues of life the supreme one is to know and enter into this divine plan.

There is to be found at the opening of these paragraphs that superb tribute to David found in the Acts of the Apostles. It seems to me that nothing grander can be written of any life than just that. After all the ups and downs and the many perplexities, I believe in *divine destiny*.

2. *I believe in work.* "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

I have tried to emphasize the splendid truth of the presence of God in human life. That being true, the next question is, what is life for?

I believe the realization of that divine purpose means work. Hard work. In long days and many years. I do not believe any man can know the will of God, unless he is oftentimes wearied by the severity of his task. I do not believe any man can know the will of God upon an eight-hour day. I do not believe any man can know the will of God who works about nine months in each year and then takes a prolonged three months' vacation. This God-given life was meant for hard work to achieve worthy purposes.

I once put down the names of eighteen men in the United States who had achieved great distinction in their fields of endeavor. Some of these were in commercial pursuits, some in the professions, and others in politics. Two were special religionists. All of them were of high repute. No hint of unworthiness had been heard of them. I asked them what the average of hours a day of actual work was with them in the period of their most active life. I suggested the period from twenty-five to fifty-five years. Two or three said they could not give a suitable answer. But of the others the average was fourteen hours per day. (Edison was not in this list.) These men worked hard.

I once wrote an article for a Young Men's Christian Association paper about the "I am so busy" men. I am sorry the paper is discontinued and I am unable to find the copy. I gathered these data from interviews with various types of men I met. I observed that men in big positions never talked about "being so busy." But the little fellows were generally fuming and frothing and perspiring about "I am so busy, I am just about tired out, I ought to get away for a rest." I am sorry to say that I heard this more often from religious workers than from business and professional men. As a matter of fact, many of these men are not really busy and never have been. They are not tired except with worry about getting away for a vacation.

I believe God meant us to work desperately hard for some worthy object, and that it is immoral for a man to seek some easy way of slipping through life.

I recall walking into my home one day when some member of the family had turned on the radio and over it was coming one of those so-called "sketches," in most of which I usually have had no interest; but this time I was attracted to what was being said and sat down and listened. I do not know who the players were. There were just two of them. I tried afterward to learn from the radio station who they were, but all the information I got was that they were two very well-known actors whose names were withheld from the public.

The substance of the sketch was this: One man, who was something of a sport, prosperous, and the owner of a high-powered speed automobile, was one time indulging himself in the highest possibilities of this favorite car, when going around a curve he went over the bank and was killed. The next thing he knew was when he woke up in Heaven. All around him he could see people robed in white with wings on. The very air seemed to be highly and beautifully perfumed. Sweet refrains of beautiful music could be heard in the distance. He was rather surprised, for, according to the life he had lived, he had not been so sure that, in the event of death, Heaven was going to be his dwelling place.

Then he looked around and saw a servant standing by, robed in white with wide wings on his shoulders. He asked him who he was. He learned that he was his former man-servant and was told that he had been assigned to care for him and that his every wish would be immediately met. So after conversing with this new heavenly man-servant, the first comment he made was that he did not like the pictures on the walls of his mansion, he did not like the furniture, he wished it might all be changed for something of the Italian Renaissance. And quicker than he could snap his finger the pictures and the furniture were changed and he had his full heart's desire.

Then after a while, when he had indulged himself in all these things, he happened to think that perhaps he would like some more lovely music. He conveyed this new desire to his man-servant and once more, quicker than he could snap his finger, there was an immense choir and a great orchestra rendering grand opera for him privately. He enjoyed this for a time and then, growing weary of the inactivity, he called the man-servant and told him he would like some lovely women companions. He

did not want the coarser kind, but women companions who could entertain him, and again quicker than a flash a whole bevy, led by two of the most famous and well-known actresses in history, marched in in their heavenly robes to entertain him with poems, recitations, and drama.

This went on for several thousand years until again the inactivity bore down upon him. He called his man-servant, told him he was sick and tired of the place, and wanted him to go out and find some suitable work for him to do. He wanted something that was hard to get, hard to do, difficult to achieve. Whereupon the man-servant told him that that was impossible because everything that was to be done there had been done, that everything was perfect; there was no such thing as work.

Then the star of the sketch said: "Very well, if that is so, I don't want to stay here. I want to go to hell." Whereupon the man-servant said: "Where do you think you are? This is hell."

I have read Dante's *Inferno*, I have studied the perdition pictured by Mephistopheles, I have heard a few preachers hysterically picturing a hell of everlasting fire and brimstone, but for me the worst hell imaginable would be a place where there was no work to be done. Yes, I believe in hard work as the only sure pathway to realizing the Will of God.

3. *I believe in the just reward for every honest, worthy service rendered for good causes.*

Two popular lyceum lectures I heard, as we were approaching the close of the nineteenth century and preparing for the "glory" of the twentieth, had a tremendous influence upon my life, and to a considerable degree made possible the emphasis of this part of this chapter of summaries. One was by the late Professor John B. DeMott, who was then a member of the faculty of De Pauw University in Indiana. I do not remember the title of his address. The essence of it was that every noble energy released in behalf of human weal is eternal in its effect. Over and over again, by scientific analysis and by charts and diagrams, he drove this idea home with what to me was an unexcelled power. He argued from the standpoint not of a moralist but of a scientist. It took deep root with me.

The other was the famous lecture by Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Temple University, Philadelphia, on "Acres of Diamonds," which it took him about two hours to deliver, but the substance

of which was that in every life there are acres of diamonds right on the spot where you are, if you have genius enough to find and develop them. He played upon this central idea by the greatest regimentation of thrilling illustrations I ever heard in one address before that time or since.

Putting these two dominant ideas together gave me a sort of philosophy of life which has been of inestimable strength. I, therefore, believe that when one does well and faithfully the task at hand, in line with the duty of that hour, there is sure to be a just reward with probably larger fields of service later. The man who does his part with courage and fidelity, no matter how humble it may be at the time, is not overlooked. Experience and memory might lead one to reverse this: the man who sulks and whines under unhappy temporary limitations and does his task poorly usually finds himself being shunted to less important and more unhappy tasks.

There is something else akin to this which deserves a brief passing mention. I believe every worthy job of any name or kind, which any man at any time is called to perform, can and ought to be done a little bit better than it ever has been done before. Daring, courageous experimentation is vital to every sphere of life from the blacksmith shop to the greatest research laboratories. Nothing is finished yet; so leave out of consideration entirely the word "perfect." Perhaps there is no realm where this idea of initiative, experimentation, is so needed as in the ranks of organized religion. It is true that here and there one meets a real adventurer in the church and its affiliated societies, but the vast majority are standpatters, time-servers, deep in the grooves and ruts of mumbled-over phrases, which have long since lost their sweetness and their power to attract attention and command service. So strongly have I believed this that all the way along I have been trying out something else. I have cherished a contempt for the *status quo*.

Somewhere, sometime, I found an anonymous paragraph which gave great satisfaction. In searching it out of the files I find I had written over the top "These are my sentiments." Here it is:

"How pleasant and profitable it is to attempt new discoveries either of the sundry sights and shapes of strange beasts and fishes, the wonderful works of na-

ture, the different manners and governments, the sights of strange trees, the news of new-found lands, the sundry positions of the sphere, and many others."

I do not know whether the author of this was a man or woman, an Oriental or an Occidental, but I am sure he was forever trying out some new thing. I have believed and do believe in that. I believe, therefore, that every sincere effort to advance the Kingdom of God among men will bring rewards—results.

4. *I believe in the Christian Church.* I have told in other parts enough to leave, I hope, no doubt about my faith in the real, true New Testament Church. But this is so much the keystone to all the years of past service, as well as the abiding source of hope in the future, that reiteration is essential. However, as in other subjects, some cautions must be included or I may be accused of being ignorant or evasive of what is being thought and talked of, especially in student life and indeed the entire youth movement.

Ofttimes when I have heard some preacher or high ecclesiastic, in resonant tones, lauding "the Church" I have wondered just what he meant. I have had a sort of desire to interrupt and ask for a definition of this glorious Church of which the speaker was so confident. Experience and observation and intimate inner contact with the organized Church have brought some tempering of early notions.

I have a vivid recollection of a few years when I always lifted my hat in reverence as I passed any building marked "\_\_\_\_ Church." It did not matter what its especial brand was, I just did that because I believed then that that was a super-sacred place. Now when I pass such a sign or bulletin board I wonder what is really going on inside. I wonder whether Jesus, if He went in there, could recognize His basic constitution of the genuine Christian Church as expounded on the green hillside overlooking the Lake of Galilee. Now when I see a highly ornate, illuminated emblem marked "The First Congregational Church of \_\_\_\_\_, the Rev. \_\_\_\_\_, D.D., LL.D., S.T.D., Pastor," I pause to ask and wonder what that really is, for sometimes upon closer acquaintance I have found it to be a sort of glorified ecclesiastical garage, with a highly paid, well-informed chauffeur in charge.

No, not everything marked church is a church. Not long since I was invited to a great occasion in a so-called church. To tell all the truth, the invitation had enclosed a "reserved seat." I confess to a slight feeling of superiority, as, one of the elect, I walked through the crowds of *hoi polloi*, the proletariat, who stood by the wayside, to my front seat. The dignitary who preached to that vast audience that day said that, from the days of Jesus to that date, the priests of his faith and particular order were the result of the unbroken laying on of hands in ordination, and dogmatically affirmed that there was no other real ordination except that of his church, together with that of the Roman Catholics. He did not pause long enough to let his audience remember that in that time there had been vast years of no reliable history, periods when no authentic knowledge is available as to what was being done in religion especially. He swept away as so much heathen refuse all Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Disciples, and Congregationalists. Once I might have been impressed by that stuff. Now I laugh in contempt.

As I went out of that building I met at the door the president of a great university. His face was set hard in wrath. We shook hands. He then said: "My God, can any man get away with such bunk as that in this age of world history?" I laughed heartily and said: "That chap expects to go higher up the ecclesiastical ladder preaching that stuff. Don't take him too seriously." My friend and I parted as he said: "Well, I am glad you can laugh but I am too mad to get the humor of it." I do not believe in that as being a Christian church, insofar as that dogma is really a major feature of its life.

The fact is that, in common with other institutions, the organized church is in need of being "shaken down" of some extraneous things, or perhaps a better term would be "debunked." For in the centuries a good many parasites have attached themselves in one form or another. For instance, by the present church polity, a group of selfish godless folks can get together and organize themselves and call it a "church," and, if they had some economic or social or even political pull, could get recognition by some of the denominations.

But enough of this phase. I have frankly written of these handicaps that I might even more strongly testify to my faith

in the triumph of the true Christian Church. This confidence is built upon two convictions.

(1) The ultimate triumph of the good in the world over the evil in the world. Christianity's slogan in the universe is moral perfectability. Every mountain is to be made low, every valley is to be filled up, the rough places are to be made smooth, the lion and the lamb are to lie down together. God deals with ages—aeons. Therefore, notwithstanding the rise and fall of moral tides, I believe in the ultimate victory of goodness.

(2) I believe the Christian Church to be the only enduring deposit for the moral welfare of the world. There may be a thousand contributing factors to this hope, but in the midst of them all, in season and out, in affluent periods and in temporary reverses, there stands the true Church with its unfailing foundation of a redemptive Christ. Some time ago I read a book of 307 pages of very severe criticism of the Church. I think it best not to quote the author or title. Suffice to say the author is one of great intellectual prominence and the book a "best seller." After these scathing criticisms, near the close, he says: "However, it is undoubtedly true that if all the churches and synagogues were closed, the world would be left without moral leadership or guidance of any kind."

And so I believe in the Christian Church.

5. *I believe in friendship.* Just here there is a real temptation to indulge in a burst of sentiment about the high, inestimable value of one's friends. As a matter of fact, so strongly do I feel this that it is not only a temptation to oversentimentality but also the easiest way to record this "I Believe." However, honesty demands something of a definition of what is meant by friendship, or one's friends. I have already noted in another connection the subtle influence of the prostitution of the loftiest elements of life to unworthy, ignoble purposes. Therefore, just here some exceptions must be emphasized lest a serious error is involved. As illustration:

(1) *I do not believe in economic friendship as an abiding basis of true value.* I have known many, many men to enjoy, for a season, the effusive, superficial, false friendship of a host of people during the period of their economic affluence. But later when the uncertain money tides changed I have known some of them to be abandoned by those whom they had thought

to be their true friends. Long years of experience and observation have convinced me that silver, gold, stocks, bonds, and bank credits of highest dimensions do not build real friendship. They do not constitute the elements of high, lofty comradeship.

(2) *I do not believe in political friendships as having enduring qualities.* Although never having been a professional politician, I have been rather intimate with this kind of public life. I have observed men rise to heights of popularity in the political field when they were on the winning ticket and had power to dispense favors. Their doors then were jammed with their "friends" waiting to get in to pledge love and loyalty. These would join in boisterously singing, "For he is a jolly good fellow," while he was on top. But when the fickle public changed its mind and the same man went down in defeat, I have watched him go into shadowed loneliness. The political arena has no code of sustained friendship where there is not also some higher bond.

(3) *I do not believe in society friendships.* I know of nothing more pitiful in these years than the memories of the frantic passion of some socially ambitious folks to buy their way into the circle of the "Four Hundred," more or less, of the upper set in the society world, represented by those who keep books upon the dinner, tea, and theatre obligations of their social competitors. These have no item of true friendship in their ledger. I have known some of these climbers, who, by dint of personal and financial energy, have literally forced their way to temporary recognition, but who when their capacities for entertainment had slackened were thrown out like scraps on the refuse heaps.

There may be rare exceptions to this general rule I have noted of friendships upon an economic or political basis, but I have never heard of one in the social field. Professional social amenities are shallow, brutal, conscienceless. They have no high friendship tests.

(4) *I do not believe in some types of religious friendship.* I have known men, even in the ranks of religious workers, for selfish purposes, for the hope of advancement in position, or in a desire to hang on to a position where their usefulness had passed, to throw themselves into a class of church politicians who had but small if any genuine interest in the cause.

Yes, it is sad, but true, that this same sort of poison can and does invade organized religion. But even here the law of cause and effect is not abrogated. Eventually these men are deserted. I find here and there straight across the country some of this type, who, in advanced years, are paying the bitter price of being friendless, as a penalty for earlier unworthy efforts to have the support of unworthy so-called friends. Even a coalition of some self-seeking and insincere men in religion does not constitute real friendship.

However, with all of these exceptions, I come back with confidence in a thus limited affirmative about the foundation for one's friends at the end of a long life. True friends, abiding friends, unchangeable friends, are those who have been found and nurtured in the fellowship of great moral and spiritual endeavors. The deepest and richest of these friendships are found among those with whom, from time to time, there has been involved actual sacrificial service. Hardness has been endured. Friends of this brand are worth more than mountains of silver and gold in the maturing years.

Before I became a professed Christian and a church member I used to wonder what older folks meant when they talked of how they loved God. It was a mystery to me. I knew why I loved my father, mother, brothers, and sisters. I knew why I loved beautiful flowers and green fields and streams and mountains and sunsets and moonlights. But how about God, whom no living person has ever seen or heard speak? But I am sure I know how one learns to know and love God. It is in fellowship and working with God for good things in human life. Any other basis I believe is false testimony. I write reverently when I say that as the years of service have passed I have been increasingly glad to count upon God as one of my best friends. Jesus had this exalted idea when He spoke so tenderly of His "friends." Yes, the years have multiplied and now I call upon all that is in my capacity to be grateful for true, tested *friends*. They are of more value at past seventy years than all the passing whims and desires, even if they might all have been realized. I often sit now in quiet and let memory bring back the names and faces of my friends in so many parts of the world, as well as those who have gone out to Henry Van Dyke's

RENDEZVOUS<sup>1</sup>

*I count that friendship little worth  
Which has not many things untold,  
Great longings that no words can hold,  
And passion-secrets waiting birth.*

*Along the slender wires of speech  
Some message from the heart is sent;  
But who can tell the whole that's meant?  
Our dearest thoughts are out of reach.*

*I have not seen thee, though mine eyes  
Hold now the image of thy face;  
In vain, through form, I strive to trace  
The soul I love: that deeper lies.*

*A thousand accidents control  
Our meeting here. Clasp hand in hand  
And swear to meet me in that land  
Where friends hold converse soul to soul.*

One of the final, supreme tests of life is just this: How many honest-to-goodness friends does one have?

Before reaching a conclusion, I want to insert a sentiment which might be placed anywhere from chapter one to the end. In his address referred to in the chapter upon "Period of Recognitions," Harry Fosdick says I seemed to have got a lot of fun out of life. When I heard him say that I was a little shocked at first. But when I thought of his kind of fun I was quite satisfied. Now I am sure life has been a lot of fun, according to his definition. Yes, it has been fun, real fun.

Summing up the whole story of the life I have tried to live, and the service I have sought to render, from the boyhood home on the farm in Lone Tree, Iowa, with carrying in the wood, herding the cows, following the plow and the harrow, to the plains of Dakota with the droughts and the blizzards, to the various forms of Christian work, down to the later years of slowing down a little with more time to meditate, I am profoundly grateful for those deeper rewards of heart and conscience.

<sup>1</sup> Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

Here again I borrow a sentiment. It is so exquisitely given that it is more beautiful than I could write. I found a peculiar satisfaction in reading in James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* the part where the old High Lama of Shangri-La on the plateau of Tibet sought to win the popular Oxford man, Conway, to the life of a recluse in the lamasery. Among the many advantages and virtues he argued for that life as against the western high-tension type was this: "There will be much gain to match your loss; you will achieve calmness and profundity, ripeness and wisdom, and the *clear enchantment of memory.*" I should have been a desperate failure as a secluded monk or a pillar saint. But I pass on to others a witness that the long years of strenuous Christian service have ripened into the "*enchantment of memory.*" I have not been sheltered from the winds, but taken altogether there are so many lovely things to remember that I anticipate with gladness some quieter older years in which to think.

*The Christian life and service fill the maturer years with the enchantment of memory.* I should like to leave this witness to younger folk who may read these rambling reminiscences and episodes, but particularly I would leave it for my family and my intimate friends.







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